THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

MAR. 19, 1910 — 5c. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
WORTH BREHM

More Than a Million and a Half Circulation Weekly

GARDENING FOR HEALTH AND RECREATION

In the garden you can forget the cares and worry of business. You can find health and recreation in contact with the soil.

You can beautify the home with the color and fragrance of flowers. You can add to your table the flavor and freshness of your own fruits and vegetables, and bring to it a new appetite.

You will start for the office with new life in the blood and vigor in the brain, after your half-hour in the garden with the dew and the flowers and our

TRUE TEMPER Outfit of Garden Tools

This outfit contains the following carefully selected, high-grade, guaranteed tools:

One True Temper Special Hoe, Self-sharpening
One Solid Bow Steel Garden-Rake
One Four-Tined Spading-Fork
One Hand-Forged Steel Weeder
One Steel Blade Turf-Edger
One Solid Steel Garden-Trowel
One 45-Foot Garden-Line and Stakes

Price of Outfit Complete, $4.50

The first essential in successful gardening is proper cultivation with reliable and well selected tools.

The busy man has no time for exhaustive investigation. He wants the right tools, ready to hand and ready to use.

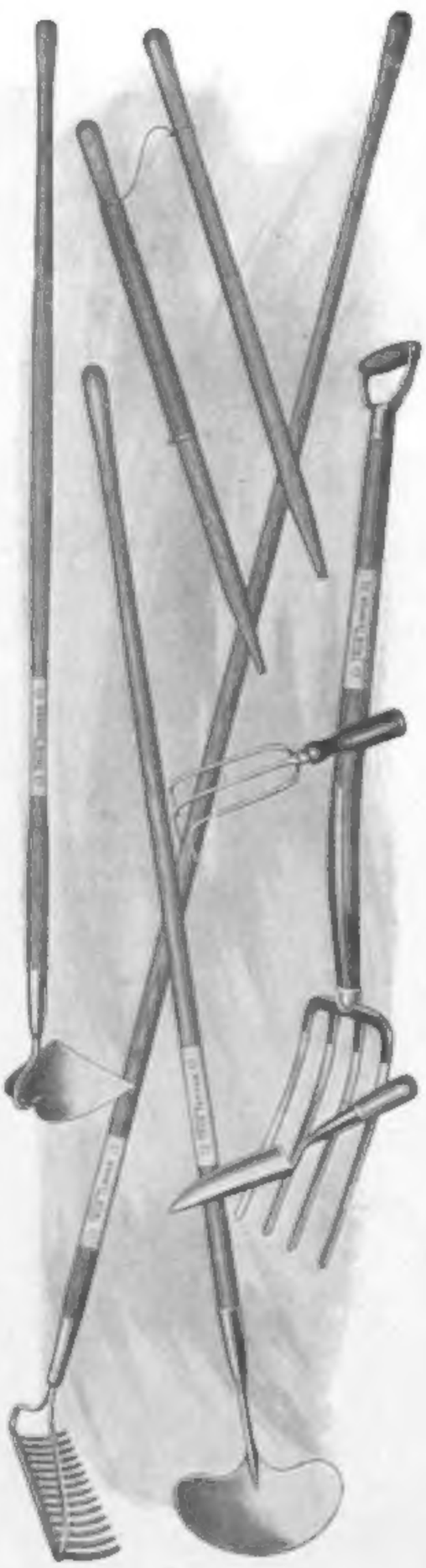
Never before could he get in one outfit just the right tools of guaranteed quality—tools that will last long and require the least labor in operation.

He finds just such tools in the True Temper Outfit. Each tool is wrapped in paper, the whole outfit bundled and sewed in burlap. Our label guarantees contents and quality. Each tool is selected True Temper stock, the best and strongest made; each is the one most adapted to the purpose.

Our True Temper Special Hoe, for example, is the most efficient garden-hoe made. It is everywhere known as the hoe that sharpens itself and always has a sharp edge for good service.

Sold by leading hardware and implement dealers everywhere. See that you get the genuine True Temper Outfit, wrapped and labeled as shown in the illustration at the left side of this advertisement.

Send to us for Valuable Booklet— At your request we send free our booklet entitled, **"Gardening for Health and Recreation."** Full discussion of the benefits and pleasures of flower and vegetable-gardening, with list of the best books on the subject, including prices and names of publishers.

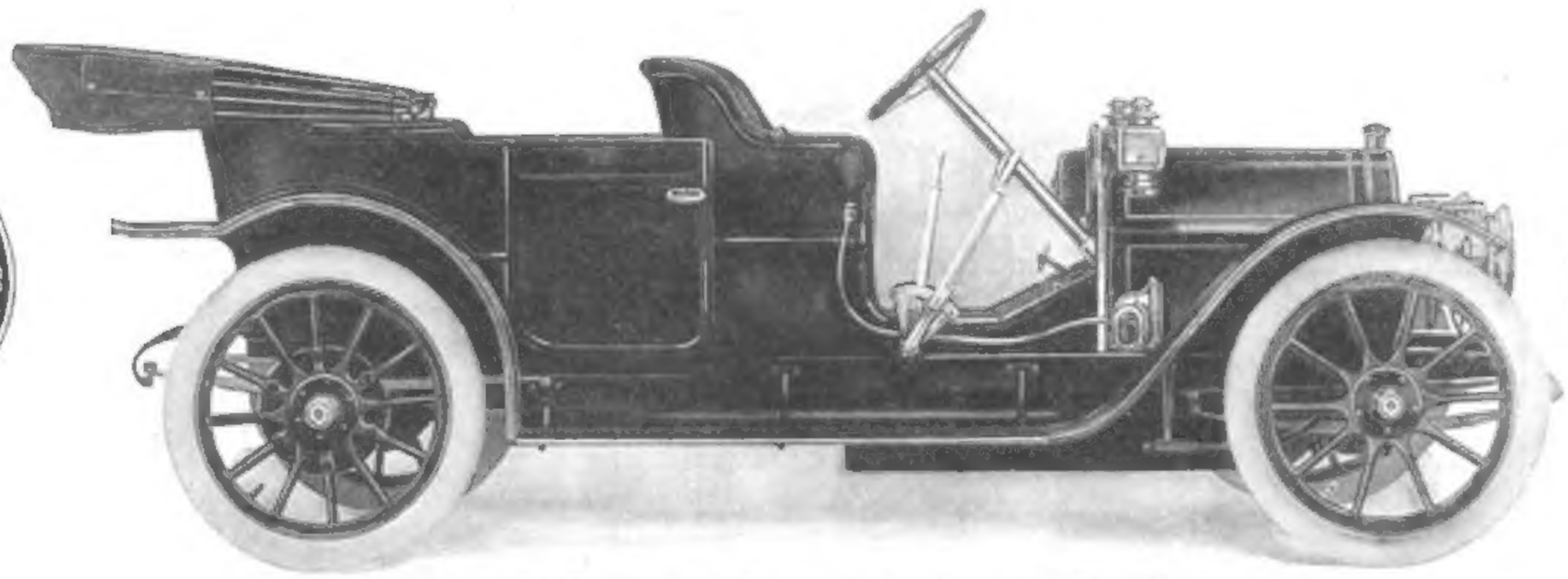


AMERICAN FORK & HOE COMPANY

Largest Manufacturers of Farm and Garden Hand-Tools in the World

Address Department "B," CLEVELAND.

On the radiator



On the radiator

Chalmers "30" Touring Car and Roadster, $1500; Pony Tonneau, $1600; Inside Drive Coupé, $2100; Limousine, $2750

"This Is Another Chalmers Year"

That is what a man who has owned automobiles "from the beginning" said as he stood in our booth at the Chicago Show and watched the people crowd in to examine the cut-out chassis and the models of the "30" and "Forty."

Many others have said the same thing. Nearly everyone has noticed that this is another Chalmers year.

We know that our cars are popular. Through their beauty, their durability, their performance—through a certain something called "personality" and "class"—they have won their way into the hearts of millions.

No Record Like This

We know that our cars have a good reputation. We know it from what thousands of people who visit our exhibits at the shows say. We know it from what the owners say. We know it from what people in the trade say. We know it from a thousand things we hear from all parts of the country.

This is the most gratifying fact we could possibly know. It is the realization of our hopes.

This could not be a fact simply because of advertising. It could be a fact only because the cars themselves have made good. They have made good with the people who have bought them, one by one.

They have made good in contests of all kinds during the last two years in a way that no other cars have equaled. In two years of motor contests they have won 89 firsts, 32 seconds and 21 thirds. They have won a higher percentage of events entered than any other cars.

They are the Champion Cars.

Consider Point by Point

More than a million dollars will be spent this year on automobile advertisements. But you are not fair with yourself if you buy solely by an advertisement.

Undoubtedly some one can write a better advertisement than we can write.

Yet we are honestly convinced that no one can offer you so good value in a car as we can offer.

Hence, if you did not take the car, **rather than the advertisement,** into consideration, you would not be treating yourself fairly.

All the advertising in the world won't make a car a good car. It has to be a good car, if it is good, because of its design, its materials and its construction. Advertising cannot take the place of those things.

Why a $10,000 Exhibit?

We have an educational Show exhibit that costs us $10,000. We did not prepare this exhibit simply for the purpose of advertising, or even for the purpose primarily of making immediate sales.

We prepared it because we wanted to give everyone interested the fairest possible opportunity to see everything there is to see about the construction and operation, the workmanship and finish, of Chalmers cars.

We are so sure of our car that we cut the chassis open from end to end for inspection at the shows. We are glad to show it all, for we are proud of it all.

And the interest in this cut-out chassis was so great at the shows that we have decided to send three of them all over the country during the next six months for display by our dealers.

We Favor Shows

We are in favor of automobile shows, just as you are. You are in favor of them because they enable you to put competing cars side by side and go over them point by point.

All we ask is that you examine our car in comparison with all the other cars point by point; test it out as well as you can; take the past records into consideration; then if you buy some other car we have nothing to say.

The Chalmers car pleases first through the sense of sight. We believe that no car is more satisfying to the eye than the Chalmers. The lines are beautiful. The finish is the best. There is nothing skimpy about the Chalmers car. Nothing cheap.

Every Chalmers car has that tailor-made, well-groomed, carefully-finished appearance that is always a source of delight and pride to the owner. Yet our prices are low.

Little Things Mean Perfection

So many "little things" have been carefully looked after on the Chalmers cars which have been left undone on other cars. Go over this car from radiator to rear axle. Put any other car alongside of it while you are doing so.

The radiator looks good and it is good. Note even the cap on the radiator, and the monogram—very small things of themselves, but showing thoughtful attention to details. Note the fenders: They are heavy and strong, securely fastened. Nothing tinpanny about them.

Note the care that has been taken to protect the mechanism and the passengers from dust; examine the running boards, the door latches, brass work, wiring and dash assembly.

See if any car could be more comfortable for the driver than the Chalmers.

Note the wood-work on the car. Compare the wood, and the finish of it, with any other car selling near our price.

Note the upholstering. Note the care with which the painting and striping have been done.

Note the big steering wheel and steering post, and even the wood of the steering wheel. Note the big, handsome doors. Note the tastefully designed gear and brake levers. Note the large wheels and how the rear wheels are bolted to the brake drums.

The "little things," the little matters of taste and style, that mean perfection, have been taken care of in the medium-priced Chalmers cars. Good taste has a commercial value and we realize it.

We Take Pains to Succeed

We are able to give the kind of cars we do at the prices we ask simply because we have **taken the pains to do so.**

We have taken the time to design good cars and to test them out. The designing of the Chalmers "30" was a two years' task.

We believe we have an inspection department that is second to none in the business. This department is one of the highest priced in our organization. But we find it pays.

We employ 103 men whose sole duty it is to inspect materials, manufacturing processes and finished cars.

There is never a moment, from the time work begins on the raw material until the finished car goes out of the factory, that any single part of the car is not under an inspector's eye.

We give every chassis the severest possible tests on the road. If it can be broken we want to do the breaking.

Every finished car is submitted to a scrutiny that is almost microscopic.

Will There Be a "Clean-Up"?

Another reason we are able to give so much for the money is that we are willing to accept a reasonable profit. We are not trying to make a fabulous sum of money in one year or two years. We are making a reasonable amount of money, but we are not advertising fictitious profits.

Some people say there is going to be a "clean-up" in the automobile business some day. Maybe there is and maybe there isn't. But if it ever comes we expect to be in the business **after** the clean-up, as we are in it before.

We think our business policies justify us in holding this belief. We are building only as many cars as we can build and have every one up to the Chalmers standard. We are selling quality; not price.

"It Is Like the Chalmers"

There are many people in the automobile business who take pride in the fact of their former connection with our organization; many who are proud to say of their product, "It is like the Chalmers."

We appreciate such compliments:

It shall be our aim to so improve our product from year to year, and to so maintain the high standard of our organization that none will ever have cause not to be proud of us and of having been with us.

* * * *

Again we say: It is easy to make advertising claims for cars; but to make cars that will make good the claims is hard.

We ask automobile buyers this: After the advertisements have attracted your attention, then in fairness to yourselves and all the manufacturers, compare the cars point by point. That is all we ask.

Chalmers Motor Company

Licensed Under Selden Patent

DETROIT, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

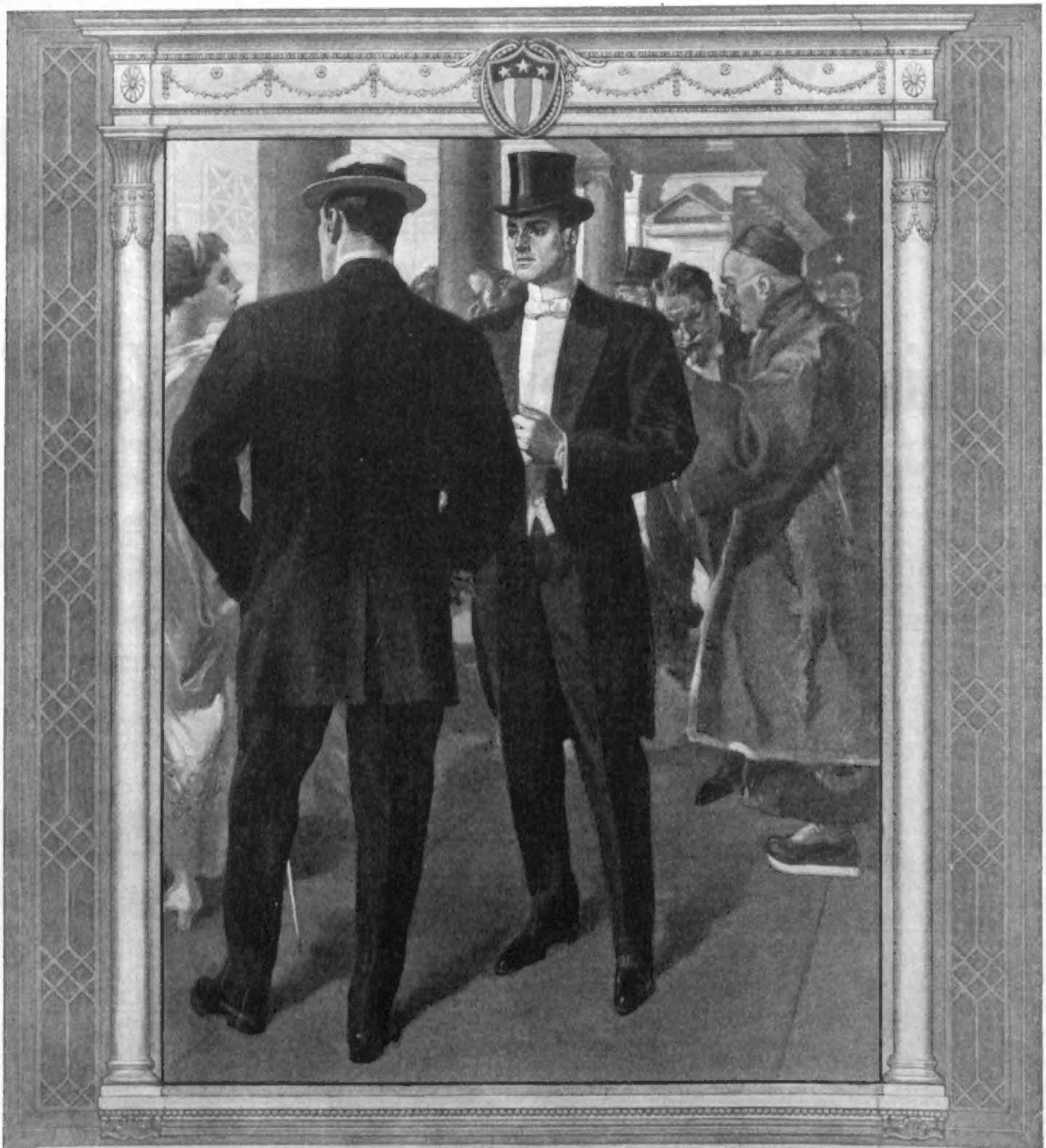
Sat. Eve. Post, March 19

Chalmers Motor Co.
Detroit, Mich.

Please send me copy of "Flag to Flag" book giving the story of the Denver-Mexico City trip; also send your catalog.

Name .....

Address .....



Entering the Belasco Theatre, Washington, D. C.

Copyright 1910 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

YOUNG men of quality—men from the embassies, or his royal highness, the young American Citizen—find our clothes suitable for any time or place. All-wool fabrics, a distinction in clothes now-a-days; correct style; fine tailoring. When you buy clothes look for our mark.

Our Spring Style Book is a Washington number; showing many good clothes styles. Send six cents for it.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago Boston New York

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Copyright, 1910, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

Founded A° D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 182 — PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 19, 1910 — Number 38

"What is There in it for Me?"

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

The Question That Has Ripped the Republican Party in New York Wide Open

Promises to See What He Can Do for a Consideration

THERE are several methods for curing the ills of a political party. One good way is with an axe. They are trying that process on the Republican organization in New York now, and the bulletin that will be issued on the morning after election day next November is likely to read: The operation was successful, but the patient died.

The situation that has developed at Albany has made judicious Republicans grieve and injudicious Republicans tremble. Still, it has no aspects of newness, except in casual location. There is nothing novel about it. The only extraordinary feature is that some of the local statesmen who have been making or unmaking the laws of the Empire State seem to be suffering from exposure. Nor need the citizens of any other state in the Union be smug about it. What has happened in the New York State Legislature during the past seventeen years, while the Republicans have been in power, has happened, or is happening, in every other state legislature in the country. Legislative graft is as old as legislatures. The same methods are employed and the same results obtained. Broadly speaking, the graft is divided into two forms. The first is the introduction of "strike" bills and the taking of money to kill them. The second is the taking of money to pass bills that individuals, corporations or combinations are interested in—bills that will work to the financial profit of those interested. There isn't a state capital in the United States where these industries do not flourish and have not flourished for years. Occasionally, the grafters have been exposed and, at rare intervals, sent to jail. Usually, the game goes on without much interruption. There are fat years and lean years. Sometimes those interested in legislation are easy and sometimes they are hard.

When an explosion comes the rank and file of the party that sent the grafters to the legislature are horrified. Sometimes they retire the party of the grafters from power and put in the opposition party. That helps for a time, but not for long. It makes no difference what party is in power, there are always some men who are looking for chances to take money for promoting or retarding legislation, and, if these chances are not found easily, who make the chances themselves. Do not understand me to say that all men in all legislatures are corrupt or venal. I do not think that more than ten per cent of the members of any given legislature could be bribed. The great majority of the lawmakers are honest according to their lights, partisan, but not morally oblique. However, there are always some men, usually those in control, who demand money for their power and influence and get it, or make things very difficult for those who refuse to give it. Sometimes the percentage is more than ten and sometimes it is less. Still, the honest legislator, being honest, is also unsuspicious, and he, innocently and without profit to himself, helps along the schemes of the dishonest ones on party or personal grounds.

How Law-Breaking Corporations are Quietly Milked

NATURALLY, in a state like New York there are more chances for a crooked legislator to be crooked than in a smaller and less populous state. New York has eight million people, with all sorts of corporations amenable to such laws as the legislature may see fit to pass. New York has been for years what the grafters call "rich picking." Strike bill after strike bill has been introduced and killed for a consideration. Legislation favoring these corporations or greedy individuals has been passed. Occasionally, when the public gaze is too intent, money has not been able to accomplish the desired ends. It is said the people who wanted to defeat Governor Hughes' anti-betting legislation spent $600,000 in Albany. They lost, because the people were interested and watching.

The grafters get their money when the people are not watching. It is likely there are a hundred strike bills introduced every session at Albany. Most of these affect some particular corporation or individual, not the morals of a whole state, as did the anti-betting bills, and no attention is paid to them. The striker gets the attention of the persons aimed at and promises to see what he can do for a consideration. It is a secret operation, secretly conducted. There is no public clamor. If the corporation or the individual cries out it will be found, usually, that the bill has for its actuating basis something that is for the good of the people at large and is intended to mulct the protestor. Wherefore, there is no ground for public sympathy. Imagine a gas company trying to get public aid against a bill reducing the price of gas, one of the most ancient and common varieties of strike bills, by the way.

To come back to the statement that there is nothing novel, to those who know about legislatures, in the situation developed at Albany, it can be said that this sort of thing has been going on at Albany for years. Large sums of money have been extorted from people on whom no sympathy need be wasted for furthering or suppressing legislation. The grafters are not feeble-minded. They know their victims. They know that if a bill striking at a corporation that is extortionate in its rates, illegal as to its charter, or otherwise vulnerable, is introduced, the men they aim at are as crooked as themselves and must pay for protection. It is a case of pot and kettle. A crooked man demands and a crooked man pays. Occasionally, there is a demand on a legitimate enterprise, which becomes blackmail. Usually, the ordinary business man, being afraid of trouble, pays when he might escape if he would protest.

The outrage is on the people, the people who sent these men to Albany, and the people who sent similar men to other state capitals.

Legislators Who Become Rich on Trifling Salaries

THE ordinary voter does not think his neighbor, whom he helps to send to the legislature, is a thief and a grafter, although he may sometimes wonder how it is the neighbor can serve two or three terms at the state capital for a few dollars a year and then come back and build a fine new house or pay off the mortgage on the old one. Such a situation was once explained by a Pennsylvania legislator who, when asked how he could build a new house on his salary for two years, said his wife and himself kept no hired girl when they were in Harrisburg.

The real reason why the ordinary voter is not informed as to the crookedness of that neighbor is that, while many men know of grafting, bribery and blackmail, are absolutely sure of it, it is not one time in a thousand that a man who does so know can prove what he knows. There is a vast difference between knowing and proving. I venture to say there are, of the men familiar with affairs at Albany and not grafters, fifty—yes, a hundred—who know, absolutely, of specific cases where money has been paid for the promotion or suppression of legislation, know how much was paid, who paid it and who took it. And, if put to it, they could not prove one side of it. The men who

A Crooked Man Demands and a Crooked Man Pays

take money at legislatures and the men who pay it do not work out in the open. The money is always in cash that cannot be traced, and the transfer is always in secret, the grafter refusing to deal with any person except one he knows and can "trust." A grafter who would take a check would be sent to a home for idiots.

Thus, while the insiders have known, either generally or specifically, of what has been going on at Albany, only vague rumors have reached the public. The insiders who would tell, if they could, have not been in the business of buying legislators themselves, and have no direct proof. It is a dangerous thing to make a charge of bribery or blackmail without proof. Always it reacts. And a writer, for example, can write in general terms that there is bribery going on, until he is black in the face, without getting anywhere; for generalizations, without proof, are generally put down as partisan fulmination. And no checks pass—or very few. It is always cash.

Moreover, the usual strike bills are petty-larceny propositions. It is only occasionally a big one is put through. There have been cases, so common report goes, when as high as fifty thousand dollars was promised and, perhaps, paid for a single vote; but those are rare. Whenever a grafter is exposed the public, misled by general stories of the size of bribes, is always amazed at the small sums for which the grafters work. This is true in the first investigation that was held at Albany, the investigation that started the chopping by Governor Hughes. There was a case where only six thousand dollars is claimed to have been involved. The allegations were that two men, one the Speaker of the legislature, took a thousand dollars each, and that another man took four thousand dollars, presumably to be distributed, in lots smaller than a thousand, among other members. The sum seems entirely inadequate when the men are considered. Still, if the allegations are true, it was enough, and is said to have been received gladly.

The Conger Charges Against Allds

IT IS an interesting story, this particular transaction that stirred up the whole mess and put the Republican party on the defensive, arousing the people all through the state, and all through the country, for the matter of that. When Senator John Raines, who was the Republican leader in the New York Senate, died there was a scramble for the place. One aspirant was a Senator named Allds, who had been a member of the Senate and Assembly for years. There was a meeting of a few insurgent Senators to talk over the leadership, and a Senator from Groton, New York, named Benn Conger, attended. Conger's family is in the bridge business. When names were up Allds was mentioned.

Conger said Allds was not fit for the leadership, for he personally knew of a time when Allds took a thousand dollars for defeating a bridge bill—bridge bills being favorite strike bills—or passing one, as the case may have been. There was a Senator named Newcomb in the conference. Newcomb had formerly been an editorial writer on a New York newspaper. He went to that newspaper, told the editor what he had heard, and the editor wrote a letter to Allds, telling him of the information in the hands of the newspaper and asking Allds what he had to say. Up to this time the information was not public, nor the charge.

Allds did not reply, the story goes, and the editor telegraphed, telling Allds that the story was to be printed and he would better send in his side. Allds then replied with a general denial, and the story was printed, names given and as explicit statement as possible made. Naturally, to have a man so prominent in the Senate as Allds charged with taking a bribe made a sensation in New York State. Allds denied everything and demanded a Senatorial investigation. Conger stuck by his statement, and the investigation began.

At the investigation it developed that there was six thousand dollars concerned in the transaction Conger mentioned, one thousand of which, Conger testified, went to Allds, one thousand to S. Fred Nixon, who was Speaker in 1901, when the transaction is said to have taken place, and four thousand to Assemblyman Burnett. Nixon and Burnett are both dead.

These are the allegations made under oath by Conger at the investigation, which is still in progress as this article is written. There is no claim here that the case is proved against the men named, for their case is not in at the time of writing. The incident is cited merely to show the active cause for the condition that confronts the Republican party in New York State. That party has been in power for seventeen years in the legislature, with a majority on joint ballot, at times, of as high as eighty votes out of two hundred and one members. It has had the state administration for nearly as long, entirely almost all of the time, and, so far as the Governor is concerned, for all the time.

The Democrats had been in power in the state for a good many years, and a contributing cause to their defeat was a rank election scandal. The people of New York rose and ousted them. Political history has shown, time and again, that the long continuance of any one party in power leads to abuses that finally remove that party from power. It may be that the scandals that will be developed in the course of investigation that is to proceed at Albany will not defeat the Republican party in that state next fall. This hope is voiced by some of the Republican optimists in the state who say that the investigation will be thorough, that no guilty man will escape, that a whole party cannot be condemned and will not be for the sins of a few of its members, and that if a man not identified with any faction or combination is nominated—a big, broad, honest citizen—he can be elected. Likewise, it is asserted that the Democratic party is in none too good shape itself, being torn with dissension, and that, as is usually the case when the Democrats in New York State have an opportunity to win, will let the Republicans in again.

It is probably true that the mere scandal of paying six thousand dollars for bribes to three men, if proved, will not have the effect of driving out the strongly-intrenched Republican party. But, if this probe goes to the bottom of the ulcer, it will be found that this simple and comparatively petty instance of grafting is not the cause for the sore, that it is merely a symptom. Conger himself said this episode is merely a fleabite when compared to what has been going on. That is probably true. The only question is whether any way can be found to prove the other and bigger cases of dishonesty. No sane man who knows anything about Albany doubts that this case is merely a fleabite. Large sums have been spent in Albany for the retarding of legislation. The only trouble is to prove it.

In the old days the individual operated. He put in his bill, collected on it, and kept the money himself or, at the most, gave but a little of it to others. This was crude and unsatisfactory both for the bribed and the briber. Sometimes the man who took the bribe could not deliver. Sometimes the briber would not pay after the work was done. Gradually there evolved the organization that came to be known as the black-horse cavalry. This was a combination of crooks outside and inside the legislature, to be blunt about it, that had for its object the holding up of all sorts of corporations, businesses, public-service companies—anything from which a dollar could be extorted. The black-horse cavalrymen were rapacious in their demands. Gas companies, street-car companies, electric-light companies, paving companies, banks, railroads, and especially insurance companies, were their particular meat. They had the method of drafting bills that would harass, annoy or deplete the treasuries of these companies or corporations down to an exact science. They put in their bills, collected their tolls, and put in their bills again next year, and the men who controlled the institutions affected or aimed at kept paying the bribes for protection.

On the other side of it, they promoted the bills put in by various corporations to grab streets, extend franchises, change charters, take waterfronts, get land, or any similar enterprise that might be in the minds of those aspiring gentlemen who desired to become Captains of Finance at the expense of the people. It was all one with them. They insisted on a share of the spoils if there were to be spoils, and they insisted on recompense for preventing spoliation fostered and invented by themselves in their strike bills.

The Black-Horse Cavalry Becomes More Select

DETAILS concerning the money that passed into the pockets of the black-horse cavalrymen were usually exaggerated, no doubt. The tendency of the man who gossips of the size of a bribe is to stick a few extra ciphers on the end of the sum to make the story sound better. Thus, when it was charged that the insurance ring spent millions it was probably true that it spent hundreds of thousands. Still, it spent large sums and debauched many legislators. However, exaggeration of the size of amounts aside, the men who rode with the black-horse cavalry got rich.

Presently old-timers dropped out and new recruits came. The black-horse cavalry, from being a company, became a squad. From being an everybody-in organization it became a close corporation controlled by a few men in the legislature—the outsiders being dropped—who worked two ways. Either they controlled the important committees that passed on and reported out or killed this sort of proposed legislation, or they helped out political organizations, got orders for party men from the bosses, put the bills through as party measures, and divided, not paying the men who voted anything but the dubious compliment of allowing them to be regular and vote as the party bosses dictated.

This close corporation represented the flower of the What-is-there-in-it-for-me era. They were rapacious and remorseless. They demanded their pound of flesh from everybody who had a promotion to make or desired a suppression. Nothing was too small for them, and nothing too large. The insurance investigations closed out the insurance ring and took away a large producing element from the grafters. Other forms of publicity helped to drive out various grafts and, of late, the business has dwindled to some extent and the returns have not been so large.

Still, there were other methods of getting money besides those of helping or killing legislation. That was but one item. There were sales of land, goods, and what-not, to be made to the state, contracts for improvements, all sorts of jobs for getting money. One of the most vicious was the Adirondack land scheme, whereby men who were in the combination bought from private owners large tracts of land and immediately resold that land to the state for its Adirondack park and forest reserve, at twice or three times what was paid for it, passing on the sales and confirming them themselves. After the Conger-Allds investigation of the six-thousand-dollar episode had been under way for a time there was some publicity of the Adirondack scandals, and Governor Hughes appointed an investigating board, which is at work now.

The grafters at Albany did not have it all their own way. Money is always needed for state campaigns, and the State Committee took its share in the form of contributions from persons who had legislation that needed help in one way or another. After the contributions were made the party bosses in charge of the State Committee would issue the necessary orders to Albany and what was ordered would be done. There is no suspicion that this money so contributed was used for any other purpose than campaign expenses, whatever that term may imply. It did not go to the personal benefit of the party bosses, but at times extra contributions were demanded by the Albany operators before the orders of the bosses were carried out.

The Coreless Adirondack Apple

NOW, this sort of thing has been going on at Albany for seventeen years. It went on before that during the Democratic régime. The Democratic legislators and the Republican legislators who are grafters are all tarred with the same stick. It went on back in the days of Tweed. It is nothing new. But it has been a long time since the people of the state have had it put up to them so squarely. There is something tangible this time. Charges have been made, amounts and dates named, and alleged recipients designated. That is the starter. Senator Allds may prove himself innocent. The other two persons who are charged with having taken money are dead. This particular Allds-Conger case, however it may come out, is not of much consequence *per se*. The big fact is that it has started the probe, that there is to be an investigation that will cover the Adirondack frauds, that if any other specific charges are made they will be investigated. Allds may be innocent or guilty. That is still to be determined at the time of writing.

There is no doubt that a searching, honest investigation, and that is the only kind Governor Hughes will tolerate, will bring out a mass of material damaging to certain members, and high-up members, too, of the Republican party in New York State. The interesting question is: What will be the result?

Party leaders who profess to know the temper of the people say that if the investigation is merciless, if no one, no matter how influential or prominent, is spared, if the knife cuts to the bottom of the sore, there can be no complaint on the part of the men who vote with the Republican party, and that its candidate for Governor at the election will be elected next fall. The theory is that the Republican party in New York State, instead of trying to hide this corruption, went boldly at it, cleaned it up, punished the guilty men, and deserves the support of the people for thus handling the situation fearlessly and regardless of who is hurt.

That is talk prior to the event. It is a long time until next November. There is no telling what can be proved. If everything could be proved there would be no doubt of the result. The Republican party would go out of power, for a time, in New York State—for a period of reflection, regeneration and reconstruction. What is familiar about Albany conditions, to party leaders and insiders, has come as a distinct shock to the great bulk of the voters of the state, and they do not like what they have heard, nor will they like what they will probably hear.

It may be, of course, that it will be proved that there were Democratic members of the What-is-there-in-it-for-me Association, and there probably were; but the broad, general statement can be made that if anything particularly choice came along the Republican Association did not let the Democrats in. They wanted it all themselves. There are occasions when the Democrats tried to break in, among them the Adirondack graft, it is currently charged, and were repulsed with the statement that there was going to be no core to that apple, that the close corporation wanted it all. And the mere proving that the Democrats were as bad as the Republicans would mean nothing in the way of justification.

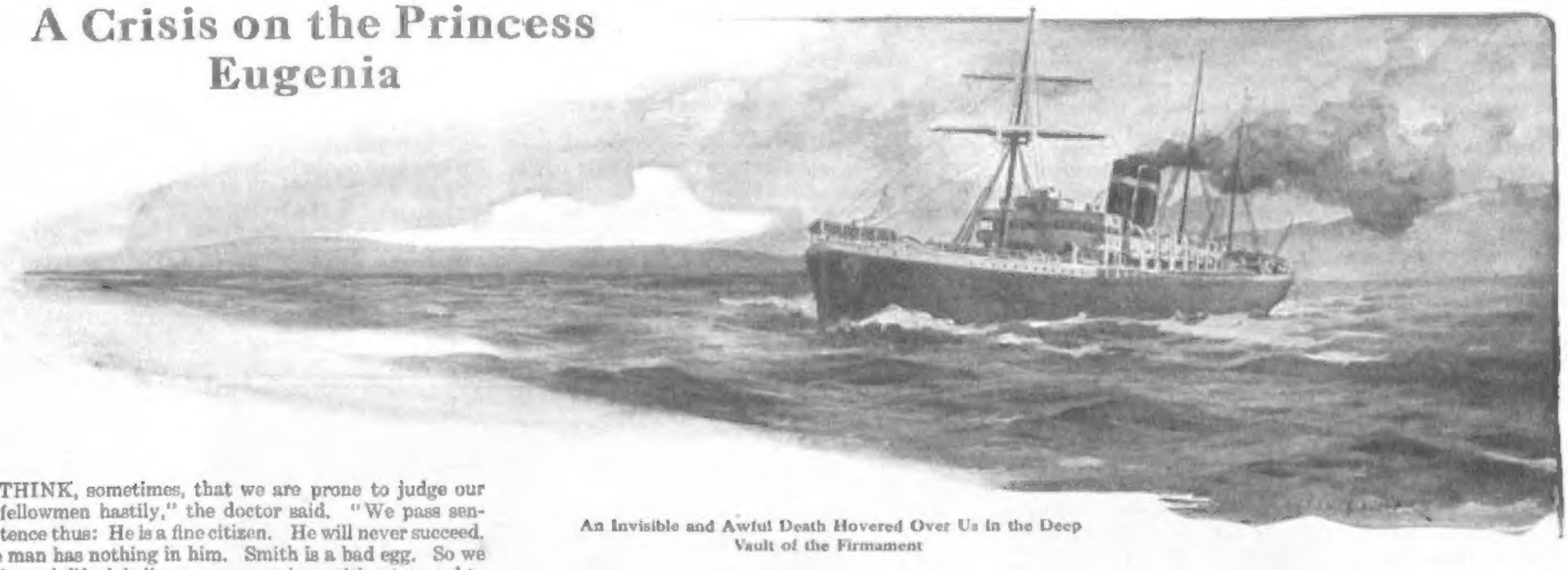
Looking at it from any angle, the Republican party in New York is in a bad way. It may have the sheer luck to pull through because the Democrats divide, but if the Democrats remain reasonably cohesive the chances of the continuance of Republican rule in the state are not good. It is likely that Governor Hughes could be reelected if

(Concluded on Page 54)

THE BAD EGG

A Crisis on the Princess Eugenia

By John Fleming Wilson
ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON FISCHER



An Invisible and Awful Death Hovered Over Us in the Deep Vault of the Firmament

I THINK, sometimes, that we are prone to judge our fellowmen hastily," the doctor said. "We pass sentence thus: He is a fine citizen. He will never succeed. The man has nothing in him. Smith is a bad egg. So we go through life, labeling our companions without regard to the purpose of God, or Providence, or Destiny, as you may choose to term the ruling power. There is work in this world that has to be done; rude, rough, cruel work. Neither you nor I—being what we call gentlemen—could do it. We aren't up to it. And when it confronts us we stand aside, and the bad egg, the condemned one of yesterday, jostles us to one side and we see the task completed. I knew a man ——"

. . . . . .

It's four years ago that I was appointed surgeon of the steamer Princess Eugenia, running in the mail and passenger service out of British Columbia ports down to the Colonies. It was a good berth. The Princess was a fine ship, an oil-burner, and one of the first trans-Pacific boats to use the new fuel which, as you know, is handled entirely by machinery and does away with the big stokehold crews of aforetime. On my first trip—and my last on that steamer—we left Puget Sound with about one hundred and fifty passengers, the royal mails and general cargo. A man named Joseph McLean was master and Edward Rush was chief engineer. McLean was an old-timer on the Pacific, bore an excellent reputation with the company, and was popular with his passengers. His promotion to the Princess was as fitting as the choice of the chief engineer seemed strange. The engineer was not a man whom you would pick out for such a command, being a silent, hard, cruel character, commonly endowed by his subordinates and shipmates with half the dull vices and all the petty meannesses. I can't recall a tithe of the stories I heard of him. But he had used fireroom crews so scandalously that twice he had been in danger of losing his ticket. There was a dark rumor that he had killed a man. He had no friends. But no one suggested that he was not a skillful and competent engineer.

Physically he was a chap of about thirty-five years of age, well built, almost handsome in feature and with a very arrogant manner. His eyes were striking in their expression of self-assertion. He stared straight at you without winking.

Among the passengers were two young women. Mary Russell was a pretty, petulant girl accompanied by her mother, bound, I understood, on a pleasure trip that Rush had proposed. I know we were certain that the chief engineer and Miss Russell were engaged to be married and I, as the ship's surgeon, was told that the mother's health was not good. The other girl was an Edith Halsey. She was one of those slender, black-haired girls you sometimes see to admire. Oddly enough she was possessed of a double beauty, due to the great difference between her full face and her profile. If you spoke to her you found yourself looking into steady, brilliant dark eyes; her cheeks weren't full, but gave one the impression that she was finely poised. Her mouth was clearly cut, red-lipped and deeply indented. I tell you she was not only very lovely, but very alluring.

Her profile was that of another woman. The piquant nose here showed itself straight and slightly sharp at the tip. The full eyes became appealing, gentle, timid. The deeply-curved mouth gave an expression of fragility and suffering and faint sorrow. Add to these strange and incongruous perfections of face a fine form, a tuneful voice and the walk of a healthy woman. That's as much as I can tell you about Edith Halsey, except that she was educated and refined. With her on the Princess Eugenia was her father, a well-to-do, somewhat stupid old chap of eight-and-fifty. He dozed all morning till time to get up the Calcutta sweep, took a temperate interest in this and then relapsed into a game of whist with three cronies.

So you have us for the first few days: Edith Halsey walking through our little society gracefully pleasant to us all; McLean stiff and straight on the bridge; Rush silently vanishing to his engines or almost as silently standing beside Mary Russell's chair, now and then stooping over her to adjust a rug or pick up a book that had slipped to the deck; and myself, the doctor, watching them all with a paternal eye. Even now I like to recall that scene because of its peace and friendliness; because Rush's arrogance was lost for a little in his devotion to the pretty, spoiled girl; because McLean was peacefully enjoying his new command; most of all, it is possible, because I see once more Edith Halsey's wonderful face and catch her quick, warm smile.

We arrived in Honolulu and passed on again for the South. There came no change into our daily life. We reached latitude six north of the line before a strange thing happened.

At two o'clock one night I woke up choking over fumes of what I took to be furnace gas. I got out of my berth, opened the lattice widely and was face to face with a grimy stoker. "You're needed below, Doctor," he said unceremoniously. "We're main sick in the fireroom."

I paid little attention to my own inconvenience, thinking that a whiff from the funnels had, by a breath of wind, been diverted into my room. We were all suspicious of the oil-burners, anyway, they being a novel affair. I hurried down into the engine-room and found Rush at the fireroom door.

"It's a funny thing," he told me. "Six of the men are on their backs. Of course, it's hot down here, but the boys have the draught and I don't understand this sudden sickness. One of them is dead. Be careful it isn't mere funk on the others' part." He stared at me with a peculiarly grim expression of determination as I nodded and passed in.

The roar of the furnaces took hold on my ears as I paused in the boiling heat that poured around me in that stokehold. Flame spit out at me from the peepholes in the doors, and a curl of dark, bituminous smoke shot like water from a hose across my passage. Here and there the glow of the bellowing fires, fed with steam and oil, ruddied the sooty beams and bulkheads. Overhead the gauges throbbed and hissed. I was almost afraid to move, but a voice called me and I went over to where a man knelt under a pounding pump.

I stooped over beside him and looked down into the dark, swollen face of a man dead from heart-stoppage. This is nothing unusual in the tropics, particularly in coal-burners, yet I remember wondering at the sudden, rigid tenseness of the man's wide nostrils. Then, my inspection finished, I got up and went forward under the cool tanks where five other men lay gasping. At sight of them I knew my work was laid out for me and I ordered them carried up on the after-deck. When they were stretched out there, over the drumming screws, they gaped miserably up at me, their flesh quivering under the glare of the electrics. I did what I could, but they died.

As I've said, it is nothing out of the way for one or two men in the fireroom to develop bad hearts and die in the heat. But six men lay under the tarpaulin on that deck, and from all over the ship came calls for the doctor. Stewards pulling their white jackets over their shoulders hailed me as I passed, and I myself could hear a general complaint, the sound of people stumbling to open ports, the low moaning of the unawakened. Then a certain silent, intangible, invisible something clotted in the air, so to speak, and while I hurried hither and yon with boys at my heels carrying soda water and ice, Captain McLean sent for me to come to him on the bridge. I went without jacket or cap.

On the bridge the skipper met me with expressions of perturbation. "What is the matter?" he demanded in a harsh voice.

"Heat and probably carbon monoxid from the furnaces," I replied.

"And—and they are sick?" he inquired, with an odd gesture of dismay.

"They are dead—six of the firemen," I told him. "The passengers are ill, some of them. There must be leakage of gas from the oil-burners."

While I spoke I observed that he stared up into the dark starry sky, his face depicting bewilderment and dim horror. He shivered when I finished and said in a constrained voice, "It's up there!" and tossed his open palm heavenward.

You will understand that the Princess Eugenia was traveling quietly along over a calm sea and that we had had no premonition of trouble. The air was heavy and lifeless, to be sure; the sky seemed profound and unlit by the many stars; yet all this amounted to nothing. And all over the ship, I tell you, was a sense of uneasiness, of discomfort, of increasing pain, of positive horror; nothing that one could lay hands on, yet a distinct and universal feeling of evil. And six men were dead. And our captain was staring upward and reading in the dark heavens only this amazing legend: "It is here!"

What was up there? I tell you, gentlemen, that was the horror of it: We didn't know; didn't know, in truth, whether there was anything "up there"; whether our skipper was mad; whether an invisible and awful death hovered over us in the deep vault of the firmament. All that was certain to me was that the ship was awake at three in the morning, and that six men had turned their swollen faces to eternity under some mysterious and mortal impulse. I left the bridge and went back to my duties.

Day came, as it dawns in those waters, with brilliance and splendor. We hastily buried the dead, while the stewards clattered the early-breakfast dishes in the saloon. And when the last man was over the side the chief engineer asserted to the captain—who still held the prayer-book open with his thumb—that he would have to work his men double watches to keep steam up. "If something is wrong with those oil-burners," he growled angrily, "I'll find out what it is."

But McLean laid his lean hand on Rush's sleeve and repeated, with great emphasis, looking upward: "It's not your furnaces; it's up there!"

Rush looked inquiringly at me, but I refused to diagnosticate the captain's mental state, even by a glance. In turning my eyes away I caught sight of the first officer's face. It changed in a flash from an expression of steady vigilance to one of extreme misery, pain and terror. He breathed sharply, with a wheezing inspiration. Then the dull purple of quick suffocation rose to his temples and I ran for him. I caught him as he fell. As my arms went around him

there entered my nostrils a faint whiff of an indescribable odor, an odor of infinite smouldering fire and smoke and combustion of poisonous materials. To my fancy it seemed that a small spiral of a horrible, noxious gas had been wafted across my face; the pain in my throat struck clear down into my vitals. I heard the captain muttering: "Yes, it's up there!" We got the mate below and revived him. An hour later he was on the bridge, a little shaky, but composed and vigilant. The second engineer, however, was dead. He had gone to take a look at the condenser; there he had been stricken down mysteriously.

At the end of the next twenty-four hours the Princess Eugenia was steaming slowly over the sea with barely enough pressure in her boilers to give her steerage-way. The fireroom was empty, the stokers and water tenders huddled on the after-deck in sullen mutiny. Of the engineers Rush alone was left, and two of the passengers had been choked by this incredible death. We knew at last what it was. Not gas from the furnaces, but gas from above.

Floating on the lower air lay a great pool of poisonous vapor, jetted up, I suppose, from a submarine volcano. In the still, windless atmosphere it hung in an invisible and fatal cloud, eddying hither and thither to the slight impulse of the sluggish rollers below it. And whenever a tiny stream of that mortal fluid came down upon our ship some one strangled, stared up—and died.

The horror of it was that this great sea of poison was settling down. Hour by hour it lowered upon us. Gulls soaring upward in the swift arc of their flight would stop, flutter and drop like stones to the water. Then there were no more gulls. Occasionally we passed a whole school of flying fish, lying on a wave like a handful of torn paper.

What were we to do? was the question.

Apart from the passengers, now thoroughly scared, Captain McLean, the mate and I continually discussed this, throwing uneasy glances to the cloudless sky. The skipper was for keeping on; the chief officer advocated turning from our long course southward to hasten out of such waters into the north. "We're running deeper and deeper into this," he would say, with a shake of his head. "We'll run square into the main body of it soon, and inside of ten minutes no one will be left alive."

"We can't—no one can say as to that," McLean would contend, wringing his fingers. "There's always the risk of doing worse. We're on our course now. It's all in the dark, at best. I couldn't explain to the company. Let's steam on toward our port and trust to God."

"But the engines are almost out of commission," we would both urge on him. "Nobody is left on watch below but Rush. The steam is going down hour by hour. The stokers are openly mutinous, and no one seems to see any way of setting them to work again. The propellers are barely turning. How shall we keep the fires going?"

In the end the captain sent for Rush. He came, grimy, white-lipped, clad in greasy overalls and a sooty undershirt. I see him yet coming up the clean deck, stepping among the silent passengers, a quiet, arrogant figure of a man, and as he passed in his dirt and uncleanness they groaned. When he had mounted to the bridge McLean looked steadily at him and said: "Mr. Rush, I have been taking advice. I may state that I am firmly convinced that we should keep on our course. This phenomenon may cease at any time. But I understand that your department is crippled, that you can't keep your men at work."

Rush nodded in his insolent way. "There's only myself left to stand a watch," he told us. "My fireroom crew is gone by half and the other half is sucking thumbs on the after-deck. Give me authority and I'll keep the engines going, captain."

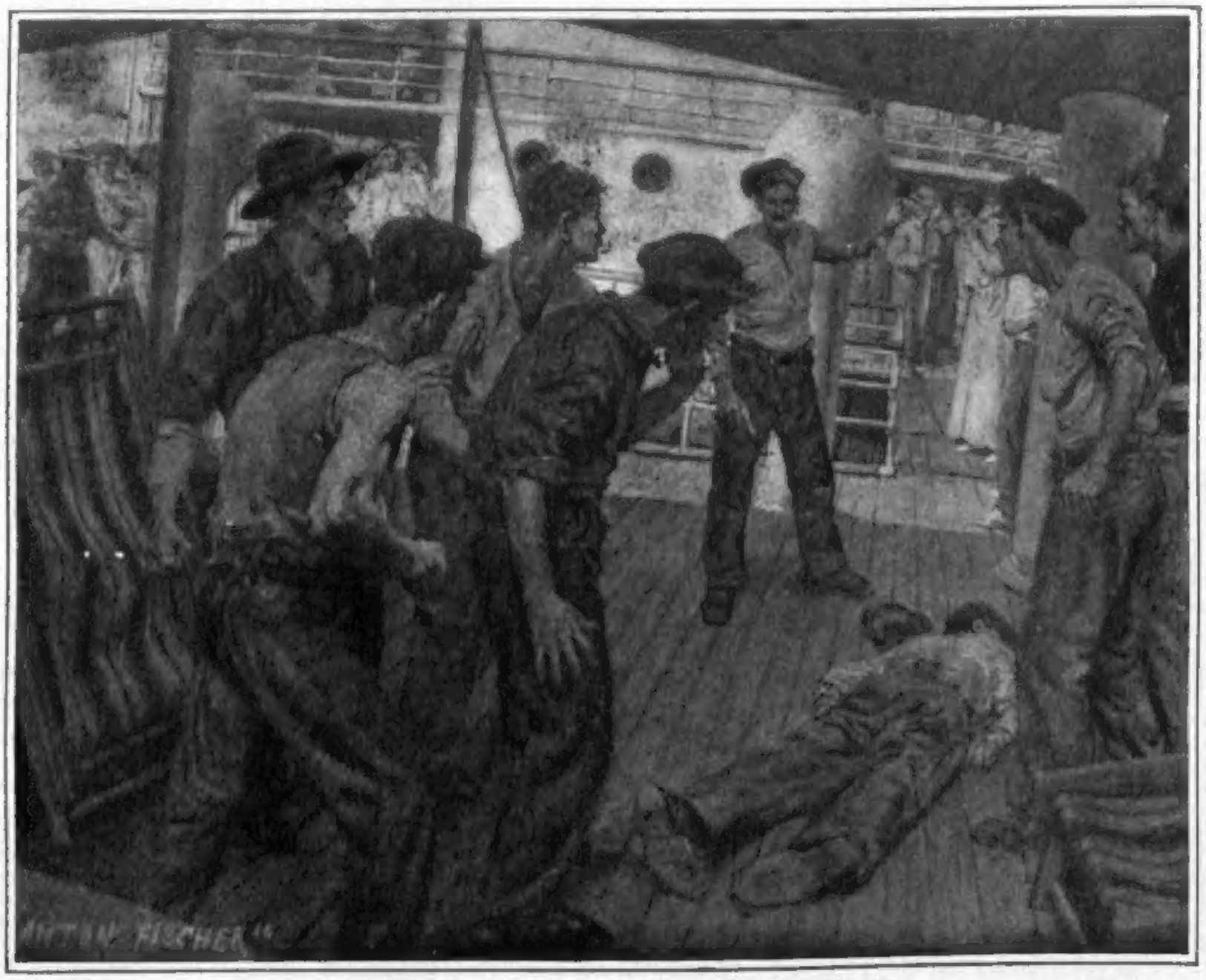
"Alone?" McLean demanded. "What authority do you need more than you've got?"

"Alone," Rush replied, gazing at us all. "As for authority, I want you to back me up when I take my men below. I've suggested a couple of times that I would take them down and put them to work, but each time you've been afraid for the passengers. The passengers are none of my business. If you want the engines kept going, I'll look out for my crew."

McLean was horribly disturbed. "You have a hard name, Mr. Rush," he said finally. "I might find it hard to explain when I get ashore that I'd allowed you to—to ——"

Rush took him up boldly. "Do some killing?" he remarked. "Is that what you're afraid of? If you want your engines started full speed again, please allow me to manage my department."

"But the passengers!" McLean said. "Think what they will say! And it is death to stay in your fireroom."



"You Men Get Forward and Below to Your Work. Lively Now!"

"I stay there," he retorted, smiling coldly. "And as for the passengers—you are in command, sir. I have said that I would keep the engines going and I will, so long as a man's left alive. But unless you give me a free hand I can't do anything."

I suppose the skipper pondered the question—with occasional distrustful glances at his chief engineer—for a half-hour. Then he shook his head. "Enough men have died already," he announced. "I can't authorize you to use strong measures, Mr. Rush."

Rush's smile was an inclusive one, condemning us of faintheartedness, of inefficiency, of incompetency. He turned away and went back, down the white deck among the silent passengers and into the dark hole that marked the entrance to his engine-room. I was following him and I saw two women glance after him. One was Mary Russell. Her pretty, petulant face was pinched and drawn. She seemed almost afraid of Rush, so distinct was her shrinking as he passed by. But Edith Halsey didn't shrink. She gazed after him with a thoughtful, brilliant expression of admiration.

For some hours that day the death hovering above us didn't descend. During that time we kept our eyes ceaselessly on the splendid and deadly sky till immunity gave us courage and we smiled. Old Halsey even timidly suggested that we make our usual sweep on the day's run. "It's so small that it will give us a wide range for betting," he told us. But we discouraged him by lack of enthusiasm. Yet the daily life was resumed sufficiently on deck to make it apparent that a great change had come over Mary Russell and Edith Halsey. Mary was permanently disenchanted with the sea. Its cruelty, its sternness frightened her. She hated it. And in that weak, peevish hatred she came to include, as I saw, the man whose influence had led her to embark on this voyage. She didn't conceal her aversion, and when he snatched a moment from his duties below to come up and call to her from the engine-room doorway she pettishly turned her head and refused to notice him.

On the other hand Edith Halsey suddenly became thoughtful, no longer tripping around among us with her smile and her low-toned voice. She sat in her steamer chair near the engine-room door, her chin in her hands, her eyes fixed on the horizon. Now and then she listened, with an imperceptible tilt of her head, to the sounds of steel on steel in the bowels of the ship. Where others cast their sick eyes upward she was serene and undisturbed—only thoughtful.

Here Edward Rush astonished us. Remember that the poisoned air still floated overhead; that people still choked when a bit of its fume trickled down; that McLean was openly in doubt; that the mutineers of the fireroom crew still idly sat on the after-deck, refusing duty. And in all this wordless confusion the engineer came out among us and paid court to Edith Halsey. One would have thought shame would have restrained him. The least of us was horrified that he passed Mary Russell calmly by and sat—dirty clothes and all—insolently by the side of the loveliest woman of them all. But he did this. He lounged in a chair, cast his cold and arrogant eyes over us and talked to Edith as if no one else breathed. You couldn't mistake his manner. His fancy had been caught by her poise and her serenity. He courted her openly, turning his sooty face to her fair one with an incredible assurance, as though he met her on even ground, had a claim on her, knew that she liked his company. Even McLean was wrathful. We recalled old tales about our chief engineer. Many of us pitied Mary Russell and took pains to show her that we disapproved of Rush's change of allegiance. All to no effect. He quietly scorned us, and the engines turned more and more slowly till, at last, they stopped. The Princess Eugenia floated on the still sea, turning her blind bow first to one quarter and then to another. The last of the engine-room crew came on deck. Rush sat and talked to Edith Halsey.

And that night death struck down among us again. A man and a woman died in their staterooms. The dawn found us all peering helplessly into the clear, tainted sky—every man but Edward Rush, who sat beside Edith Halsey and talked, with cold eyes watching us and unmoved face upon the blank sea. What was he saying? I don't know. But the girl's brows were contracted as if she were slightly puzzled. Now and again she threw him a swift glance. But she didn't move. She accepted his society.

When it was daylight and McLean knew exactly what had happened—and might happen again—he looked us all over from the height of the bridge with a set and austere gaze in which one read a growing determination. I went up and reported to him and he whispered in hoarse, reedy voice: "Doctor, your skill is of no avail. I think ——" He paused.

I remember interrogating him by a look and he answered me: "We must get the ship on her way. The engines are stopped. If we get them to going again ——"

It didn't take much to read his mind. I went and called the chief engineer. He followed me and confronted the

skipper on the bridge. McLean hesitated and then said: "Can you get the engines going again?"

Rush smiled at him. "I told you I would put the crew to work if you gave me authority. You seemed to think it might interfere with the comfort of the passengers if I —if I urged them too harshly."

"But you have abandoned your post!" McLean burst out.

Rush's face didn't change. "I quit when there was no more need of me," he replied. "Why should I go down there and die—uselessly?"

McLean weakly grasped at a straw of his authority. "Do you refuse duty?"

"I tell you I'll get the machines to working inside of an hour if you will give me my men," he answered boldly. "I've got only six men left. But that's enough."

For a moment McLean seemed to be figuring on what would happen. But the shrewd, insolent expression of Rush's face settled his determination. He waved us from the bridge. "Turn your crew to," he said abruptly. "Start the engines again." An instant later he ordered me to accompany Rush and help him

The passengers surmised from the colloquy on the bridge that matters had taken a new turn, for some of them followed us aft—at a discreet distance—and a buzz of conversation rose. To this Rush paid no attention. He strode directly down the deck, past the long rows of staterooms and to the after-deck. Once there he called out to the group of firemen lounging under the awning: "Look lively, men! Get down and to your work!"

They instinctively stirred at his sharp command. One or two of them even prepared to obey. But the others growled a coarse refusal. The volunteers slunk back. Then Rush showed himself in his real nature.

I was standing by him while his cold eyes traveled from one man to another. I caught something of the profound menace of his quiet manner, but I also saw something that I didn't understand for the moment: a kind of careful appraisal of the sullen firemen, as if he were measuring them up to some standard—possibly, I surmised, against his own sheer ability to handle them. For the moment I thought he was afraid of them. I was mistaken. His survey finished, he nodded his head and repeated his orders for them to go back to their duty, this time in a tone that brought them to their feet. Still they hung back, cowed by the fear of that death that so frequently struck into their midst, stimulated by the dull sense of their own power of numbers. Rush stared at them a brief moment and then remarked to me, over his shoulder: "These brutes are getting out of hand. And I can spare only one of them."

That last phrase was emphasized and the men looked darkly at him, wrinkling their brows in the effort to make out what he meant. The chief engineer repeated it: "I can't spare more than one." His voice shot out sharply: "Get forward, you men, and get to work."

One of them lurched out from the group and said: "We ain't goin' to work. It's sure death down there."

"It's sure death here, too," Rush replied calmly. "Which will you take? A chance in the fireroom, or no chance at all here?"

The fellow's slow wits didn't catch the menace. "I guess we'll try it a while here," he laughed.

I saw the hot color slowly flood Rush's forehead. "I didn't mean that you should mistake me," he said. "Will you go to work, or will you die here—now?"

"I guess we'll stop right here," the man replied, settling back against a water cask.

With the precision and certainty of a machine Rush pulled his revolver out of his pocket, shot the staring man through the heart, and said again: "You men get forward and below to your work. Lively now!"

Those poor firemen gazed into his arrogant, cruel face and shrank from him. They started forward all together and fell back, shufflingly, only to feel the keen imperious command in his eyes and once more surged along the deck toward their station. As they passed us Rush swung round and followed them with his eyes. As the last man broke into a ragged trot he stepped out, meeting Captain McLean's blanched face. "I'm sorry you shot him," McLean stammered. "I think ——"

Rush smiled harshly. "I could spare one man," he said. "That fellow was no good, anyway." He passed on, through the huddled passengers, past Mary Russell and her averted face, holding his head high, his steady stare boldly confronting them all till it met the gaze of Edith Halsey. To her he vouchsafed a word: "We'll soon be on our road again. Never fear!" With this he vanished after his men into the engine-room.

It was over an hour before the Princess Eugenia was again under way, and in that period there were several cases of choking, none fatal. Then the steamer headed to her course and a faint breeze fanned us into hopefulness. Yet with the darkness came another catastrophe that nearly ended our voyage. Our first warning was the sudden outrush of firemen, yelling in terror. It appeared that some wandering breath of the poisonous vapor had stolen down among them and while no one was dead from it, all had been half-strangled. You could tell at a glance that this time it would take more than a show of revolvers to return them to their duty. Fear, plain and stark, held them in its frozen grasp. McLean came down and tried to argue with them, the chief officer at his elbow. They answered his words with gapings and shudders, speechless, nerveless, almost mad with terror. Rush's advent moved them not a jot. True, he said nothing, but merely held up a lantern and looked them over as if they were sheep. McLean fussed across to him and said flightily: "What is to be done, Mr. Rush? What can we do?"

"Get them back to work," was the answer.

"But they won't; they are afraid," McLean said.

"I'll make them work," was the confident reply, but the skipper seemed more put out than ever by this. "I forbid you to touch them, Mr. Rush," he stormed. "There has been death enough on this ship and, please God, we'll go about things differently now. Don't touch them!"

For the first time Rush lost his temper. "How do you expect me to keep my engines going?" he said hotly. "Is there nobody on this ship capable of taking command?"

He Courted Her Openly, as Though He Met Her on Even Ground

"Mr. Rush! Mr. Rush! your words require an explanation," mumbled the honest old captain.

The chief engineer's snarl wasn't a pretty thing to see. Watching his livid lips, his steely eyes, his cruel mouth, it came over me that, after all, Rush was the solitary man left among us of capacity to deal with the situation. Even the terror-stricken firemen shrank from his wicked glare, muttering to themselves that no one could be expected to work when it was sure death. Their hoarse protests made no impression on Rush. He seemed to have lost all thought that he stood alone. He gritted his teeth, clenched his fists, stood tensely ready to spring upon them. McLean was prodigiously perplexed. In all his life he had never confronted such a situation and between the mysterious death above and the fear below he stood lost, like a man bereft of all sense of direction, saying empty warnings meant to assuage the wrath of his chief engineer and the terror of his crew, and to maintain his own dignity. In the very midst of his ramblings Rush swung on his heel, left the circle and strode off into the darkness.

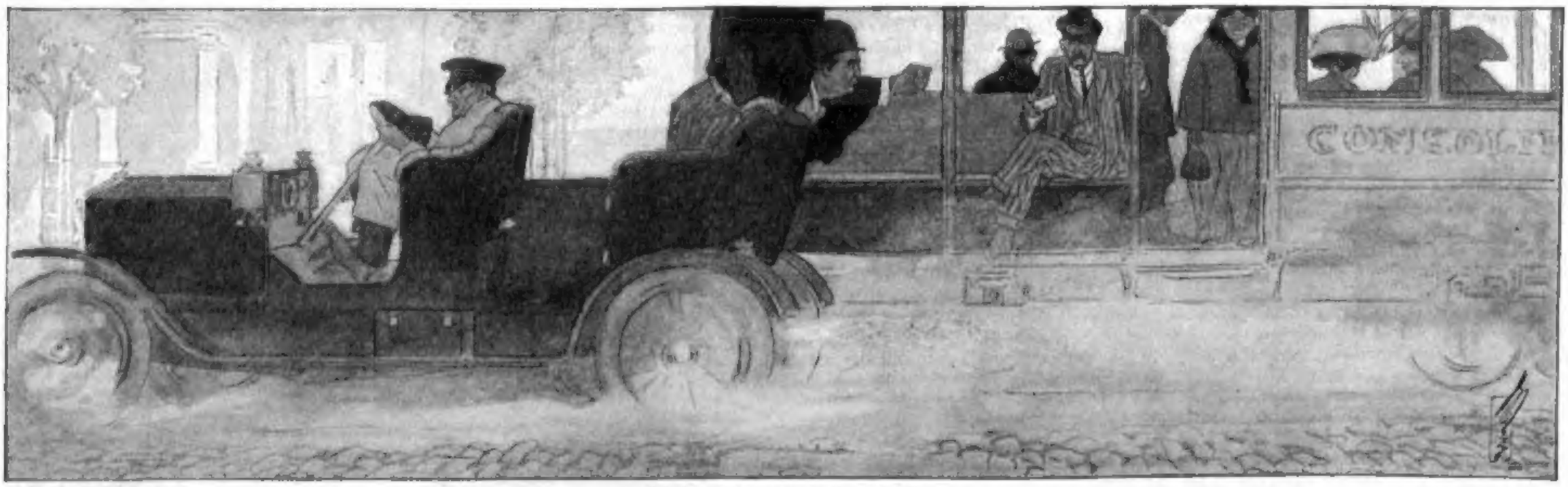
He went down the engine-room steps, I at his heels. Once on the working platform he called the solitary man still at his post and told him to go into the fireroom and do his best. "Keep the pumps going and I'll help you," he ordered. "We mustn't let the steam go down again."

The oiler nodded, went slowly away and came back. But Rush's stare seemed to freeze what he intended to

(Continued on Page 44)

They Floated There, Not Knowing Which Way to Go, What to Do, How to Avoid Sudden Death

A LITTLE FLYER IN JUNK



"Robber! Bloodsucker! Thief!"

By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

UPON what trivial incidents do the destinies of mankind hang! What apparently immaterial and inconsequent happenings weave themselves into the tangled thread of human existence! Who, for instance, knows the story of the death of Donald McQuirk, chief engineer of the tramp steamer Celtic Queen when three of her tubes blew out in the starboard boiler, and the part this trivial incident played in the humiliation of M. Zollober, King of the Forty Thieves; of the fiendish delight with which the humiliation of M. Zollober flooded the revengeful soul of Mr. Nicholas Hinton; and lastly, how the whole matter worked out to the financial salvation and ultimate social and economic damnation of Thorwald Kjellin, erstwhile bo'sun of the Celtic Queen?

Donald McQuirk has nothing whatsoever to do with the story. He merely died, violently and without any previous intimation of his untimely removal—his demise serving solely to call to the attention of the United States Local Inspectors of Hulls and Boilers at San Francisco the defective condition of the starboard boiler of the Celtic Queen. Having performed this posthumous service to his successor in the job, interest in the worthy Mr. McQuirk must be presumed to have ended with his disappearance over the port bow, in tow of fifty pounds of pig iron. It is sufficient for the purposes of this story to state that eventually the Celtic Queen crawled into San Francisco Bay and berthed at Howard Street pier.

Here, for the sake of brevity, we pause to interject a row of stars. * * * This represents the inspection and condemnation of the starboard boiler in question and the installation of a new one. It represents, also, without probing into the details, a one-round contest with skin gloves, belaying pins, seaboots and sundry articles incidental to a life on the ocean wave, between Mr. Tim Barry and Thorwald Kjellin, third mate and bo'sun, respectively, of the Celtic Queen. It was an impromptu bout, pulled off on the fo'castle head, under deep-sea rules. Mr. Barry emerged from the conflict flushed, but victorious.

Thorwald Kjellin, whose nose bore a slight list to port, found himself on the dock with his seabag hurtling through the air after him. He retired to the White Cruiser saloon across the street.

Now, it chanced that there stood just outside the White Cruiser saloon two empty beerkegs. Enthroned thereon, the walking delegate of the Marine Cooks' and Waiters' Union held converse with a Jackson Street crimp, and the subject of their conversation was boilers. Thorwald Kjellin paused at the door to adjust his damaged nose, being minded to bury it presently in the cooling depths of a schooner of lager. He was not interested in condemned boilers. He was of the deck department, where bullying mates, seeming to retain eternal youth, had always occupied his attention. Nevertheless, he could not avoid overhearing the conversation. The walking delegate was holding forth.

"If I had a little money," he was saying, "I know where I could more than double it."

The walking delegate removed a match from behind his ear and thoughtfully picked his teeth.

"How?" the crimp queried.

"Easiest thing in the world. I'd buy up that condemned boiler of the Celtic Queen that's lyin' out there on th' bulkhead. Her tubes is full o' blow-holes, but the body o' th' boiler's as good and tight as th' day it was built. Then I'd get busy an' peddle that boiler t' some shipping firm that's convertin' its boats into oil-burners. D'ye mean to tell me that a fellah can't pull th' tubin' out o' that old boiler, rivet an end on to it an' sell it for a thousand? Make the finest kind o' an oiltank."

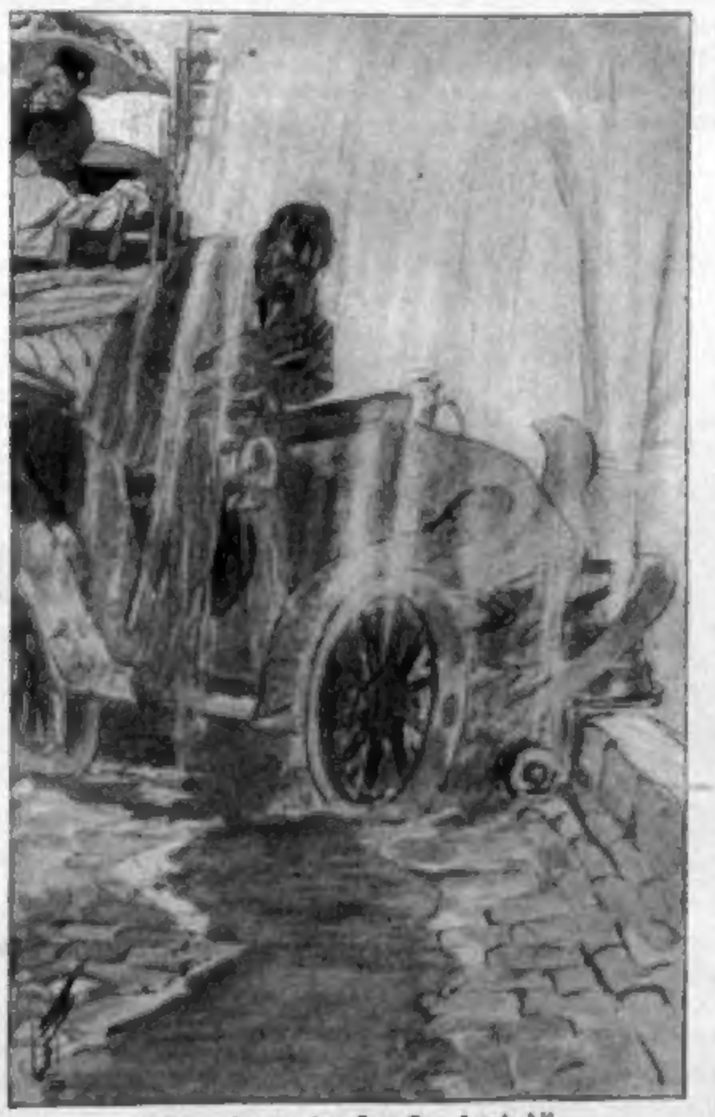
"If I had your brains," the crimp answered admiringly, "I'd either be hung or I'd be President. You orter ——"

Thorwald Kjellin waited to hear no more. He did not even enter the saloon. He had received a great commercial "hunch" and the knowledge staggered him. Why should he, Thorwald Kjellin, swab down decks and herd a mob of roughnecks around a dirty tramp steamer? Why, indeed?—when all that a man needed was a little nerve, a little enterprise, to lift him above it all. For years Thorwald Kjellin had dreamed of a cigar-stand or a saloon on the waterfront. The opportunity had arrived. Fortune had nagged him for a week and he had not known it. He forgot his damaged nose and forthwith shaped his course for the Celtic Queen.

The old man was in his cabin, reading Sinful Peck, when Thorwald cautiously poked his head inside.

"I bane vant my money, sir," he growled.

"Hello—you," the skipper answered with an ominous accent on the you. "You're fired, for trying to murder the third mate. Guess we'll have to let you starve for a week. We pay off next Monday, and you'll have to sign clear before the deputy commissioner. You got fifty-eight dollars coming."



"Holy Crow, Am I at Sea Again?"

"Den," rumbled the Swede, "I bane spake to union lawyer, an' he bane put 'tachment on dot boiler you bane leave on de dock."

It was in the old man's mind to throw something at Thorwald, had not his Yankee brain suddenly evolved a more crafty and subtle means of hurting him. Evidently, Thorwald figured the condemned boiler to be worth considerable, else he would not have threatened the old man with an attachment. For some days the master of the Celtic Queen had been wondering what he would do with his old boiler. It was blocking traffic on the bulkhead. Men cursed the Celtic Queen and owners every time they were forced to step out into the mud of East Street in order to pass around the huge mass of condemned metal. The skipper figured that with a little judicious tacking on his part the ex-bo'sun might be induced to impale himself on the horns of the skipper's dilemma.

"If you slap a plaster on that boiler, you infernal Swede," he roared, "I'll fan the Front with your carcass from Channel Creek to the Sea Wall. No four-by-four Scandahoovian deckswab who blocks his hat on the Samson post can threaten me on my own ship. Get out! Over the rail with you, Ole Olson."

Thorwald Kjellin prudently withdrew. He knew the old man. But the old man knew Thorwald Kjellin. He knew that Thorwald was not the kind of a man to retire without firing a broadside. Late that afternoon a thickset man came down to Howard Street bulkhead and pasted a legal-looking document on the rusty red end of the condemned boiler. The master of the Celtic Queen grinned as he watched the stranger camp down to windward of the boiler and prepare to spend the night.

"Scuttle me for a dirty little bumboat," he muttered, "if the Swede ain't hooked. Mr. Barry, imagine the theft of a thirty-ton boiler over night. If that man isn't going to anchor there all night I hope I may freight guano the rest of my days."

Mr. Barry gave a hitch to his faded dungarees and spat contemptuously overboard.

"Let him keep it for a soovineer," he said. "If there's anything I hate it's a Swede sea-lawyer."

At daylight next morning the Celtic Queen cast off her lines and departed for Hilo. From Hilo she loafed south to Sidney and out of this story.

Thorwald Kjellin entered suit against the Celtic Queen and owners. He won by default and in due course became the owner of the discarded boiler. Having acquired a clear title, he undertook to dispose of the aged relic. Two days sufficed to prove to Thorwald that he had been, to say the least, somewhat precipitate. By no human ingenuity could the ancient boiler be converted into a salable oiltank. To his horror Thorwald Kjellin discovered that the Department of Commerce and Labor had laid down certain immutable laws anent the building of oiltanks. The holes for the rivets must be drilled instead of punched! Thorwald's property was a Scotch boiler from a land where the Department of Commerce and Labor has no jurisdiction.

In desperation Thorwald Kjellin bethought himself of the market value of junk. Quickly—upon the advice of a fellow-countryman—he sought out M. Zollober, King of the Forty Thieves. Mr. Zollober was a gentleman of obvious ancestry and doubtful destiny. In all this world he resembled nothing so much as a great, well-dressed porker. He was very stout, was M. Zollober—so much so that when under way he chortled and grunted in a manner offensively porcine. His scant gray hair was coarse and bristly and grew far down on his well-upholstered neck.

He dealt largely in junk, with a decided preference for marine junk. Wrecks were his specialty, though he would buy anything of a "hockable" value. As the head of a syndicate of similar kidney M. Zollober had built up a system for cornering any and all commodities offered for sale at public auction. This syndicate, known as the Forty Thieves to the unfortunate who had received an unwilling introduction to the Board of Trade, dominated every auction sale of bankrupt goods. Woe betide the outsider who bid against the Forty Thieves. Always M. Zollober, bidding for the Thieves, ran up the price until his competitor quit in disgust, or purchased at a price that ultimately spelled loss. As a result of this system M. Zollober et al. had waxed fat of purse and gross of soul and body.

To the King of the Forty Thieves, therefore, came Thorwald Kjellin, proffering for that gentleman's consideration one condemned Scotch boiler. The interview was short and sharp. M. Zollober knew the value of a condemned boiler. It was worth two squirts of bilge-water, he told Thorwald Kjellin with frigid insolence. Then, recognizing the ex-bo'sun for what he was, M. Zollober promptly insulted him and slammed the office door in his face.

Again Thorwald Kjellin retured to the White Cruiser saloon, where he drank bad waterfront whisky until, his credit and his legs giving out, he spent the night on the sidewalk. Here, in some inexplicable manner, he acquired pneumonia. At daylight he wandered into the headquarters of the Sailors' Union, exhibiting such unmistakable evidences of delirium that the business agent of the union decided that he had better be sent out to the Marine Hospital. Thorwald was very ill. He raved a great deal—said he had a big marine boiler on his breast bone and that it was crushing him.

But who ever heard of a sailor dying? When a sailor wants to die he simply disappears—just sneaks away and is never heard from any more, after the manner of an infirm and aged tomcat. No self-respecting sailor will deliberately lie down in bed and die. It isn't ethical. He may drown at sea, or starve, or die of thirst in an open boat. He may be lifted into eternity on a cargo hook, or dropped into a hold, or killed by a falling block; but when it comes to simple, every-day dying—bah!

Thorwald Kjellin was made of sterner stuff.

. . . . . .

Messrs. Marshfield & Hinton, Pacific Coast agents for Bunk's Nonpareil Boiler Compound, strolled along the docks, bound for their offices in East Street. As they approached Howard Street bulkhead, Mr. Hinton noticed that their path was obstructed by a huge marine boiler; that in order to continue their journey it would be necessary for them to pass around the boiler into the mud of East Street.

Mr. Hinton was a free-spoken gentleman, as befits a dweller on the waterfront, where all men are equal. Therefore, with graceful ease and delightful proficiency, he cursed the owner of the boiler in all the metaphor of the Seven Seas, the while he cocked his head sideways and gravely surveyed the heap of junk.

"I wish," he remarked presently, "that the fool Swede that sued the Celtic Queen and got this worthless boiler in lieu of his wages would remove his property. It juts out into the street. It's a wonder the Board of Public Works don't make him remove it."

"I fear the unfortunate creature will never sell it," Mr. Marshfield replied sympathetically. "I understand he's in the Marine Hospital ill with pneumonia."

"I should think he ought to be ill, after acquiring that boiler. I could have told him what he was getting. If they'd used a decent boiler compound in the blasted thing it would never have blown up." From which remark it will readily be inferred that the lamented Mr. McQuirk was not a user of Bunk's Nonpareil Boiler Compound. "Who's the Indian that owns the boiler?"

"Search me," replied Mr. Marshfield. "I read the name on the notice of attachment a week ago, but I've forgotten. It was a cross between a sneeze and salt water in the windpipe."

Now, Mr. Hinton had been raised around boilers. At the age of twelve, when a "dock rat," he had frequently been engaged to crawl inside them to chip off the scale. Later in life he had been successively a fireman, an oiler and third assistant engineer on a steam schooner. The care of boilers was a mania as well as a business with Mr. Hinton. Exposing the frightful condition of boilers that had been denied the ameliorating advantages of liberal applications of Bunk's Nonpareil Boiler Compound was a religion with him. In pursuance of his insatiable appetite for more boiler information, and harkening, perhaps, to the call of the greasy dungaree days when he had held a third assistant's ticket, he stooped now and peered into the bowels of Thorwald Kjellin's recent acquisition. In the very essence of things Mr. Hinton could not evade, without investigation, this relic of his past. His being throbbed for material testimony in favor of Bunk's Nonpareil Boiler Compound. So he went over the old heap with the eye of an expert. He drew his pocket-knife and solemnly chipped away some scale from a broken tube.

Mr. Marshfield stood by in approving silence. Presently he gave vent to an opinion:

"A fair amount of junk in that old boiler."

"Junk—nothin'," Mr. Hinton replied, without removing his gaze from the interior of the boiler. "It would cost four times what it's worth to break it up, and they haven't the appliances for that kind of work out here. Moreover, since the big fire last April, there's thousands of tons of good structural-steel junk in the ruins of this man's town. Get all you want for hauling it away."

"I understand M. Zollober made quite a piece of money buying up that same class of junk," said Mr. Marshfield

For Half an Hour Mr. Hinton, Cramped and Half Suffocated, Listened to the Haggling

"Leave it to M. Zollober," murmured Mr. Hinton, his head still thrust into the depths of the boiler; "that old thief would steal a Turkish towel and sell it for tripe. Say, did I ever tell you about the rotten trick he played on me years ago? I'll tell you, though it's a reflection on my own intelligence. It was right after I quit going to sea. Zollober had backed two young fellows in the manufacture of a new-fangled monkey-wrench that they'd invented. Later on he froze them out and took over entire control himself. I was a pretty flip young fellow in those days, and Zollober hired me to push the sale of the monkey-wrench in Chicago. I went there and in less than two weeks I closed a deal with a big hardware house back there to take the entire output of our little factory for five years. I felt pretty gay over it and wired Zollober what I'd done. I was dead proud of my little stunt until I got the old hound's answer:

Congratulations. Clever sale. Your services are no longer required.

"And I hope I may drop if he didn't leave me stranded there, over two thousand miles from home. Sold myself out of a job. But I'll get even on M. Zollober one of these days. That dirty trick sticks in my craw."

"Speak of the devil and he's sure to appear," answered Marshfield. "Here comes the old pirate waddling down the dock."

"Who?" asked Mr. Hinton absently.

"M. Zollober."

But, evidently, Mr. Hinton was vastly more interested in the old boiler than in the approach of M. Zollober. He walked twice around the boiler, inspecting it carefully, then paused in front of it and once more peered earnestly into its interior. If he was presently aware of M. Zollober's arrival on the scene, as announced by that gentleman's sonorous breathing, he elected to ignore it. For nearly half a minute he continued to peck away at the tubing with his pocket-knife. Presently he spoke—without looking up.

"I think it could be used again, Henry," he said to Mr. Marshfield. "The tubing's rotten—pretty well eaten up. Condensed sea-water plays the devil with a boiler unless you slap the compound into her. But the shell's in excellent shape, considering its—— Hello, there, Mr. Zollober! It's a wonder you wouldn't keep your blasted boiler where a man don't have to stand out in the mud to look at it."

Hinton straightened up and his careless glance met the dull eyes of the King of the Forty Thieves. The King ceased his chortling and smiled amiably—after the manner of a swordfish.

"I should say, Mr. Hinton," he replied, "that if you want it a first-class, second-hand boiler, and want it bad enough, you should be foolish to let a little mud to interfere with a bargain."

Mr. Hinton turned away, apparently to continue his inspection of the boiler, but in reality to hide the gleam of exultation in his eyes. In the sheer manufacture of inane conversation he had shot a careless verbal bolt at random, and it had landed fairly on the only vulnerable spot in M. Zollober's make-up. Hinton knew the King. He knew that for M. Zollober the greatest pleasure in life lay in the consummation of an audacious, brilliant, ticklish stroke of business. The creation of something out of nothing—that was it. The pleasure lay in beating a full house on no pair, particularly where there was a profit involved. It was this quality in M. Zollober that had made for him fame and fortune in the Empire of Junk—the one small ingredient in his ego which had won for him the kingship of the Forty Thieves. Opportunity never rapped twice on M. Zollober's door. Invariably, M. Zollober met Opportunity at the front gate, on its way to the door. He was as famous for his facility for smothering an opportunity as he was for his stertorous breathing, which always reminded Mr. Hinton of the mournful exhaust of a bathtub.

For the first time since Marshfield & Hinton had taken over the Pacific Coast agency it occurred to Mr. Hinton that he might sell something other than Bunk's Nonpareil Boiler Compound. In fact, a dreadful, a villainous idea had taken possession of Mr. Hinton. He did not own the condemned boiler. He did not want to own it. Nevertheless, he would sell it to M. Zollober. And even as the impulse to sell was registered on his active brain he realized that M. Zollober was planning to sell the boiler to Marshfield & Hinton. Mr. Hinton had once heard that if one desires to drive a pig north the best plan to pursue is to proceed to drive him south. Embarking upon this homely philosophy he tilted his hat to one side, scratched his head and looked at the boiler.

"Oh, I want the boiler all right enough," he answered. "If I wasn't interested I wouldn't stand here in the mud and try to think it was moving pictures. I understand you have it for sale. What do you want for it?"

"What do you want it for?" the King asked suspiciously.

"I want to tie some baby ribbon around it and present it to Mrs. Hinton for a market-basket," snapped Hinton sarcastically; "though I did think some of havin' it silver-plated and usin' it for a watch-charm."

You think you're pretty smart, ain't it?" answered the King. He fumbled with his watch-chain and assumed the air of a worried man of affairs. Thoughts chased each other through his bullet head like painted rabbits in a shooting gallery. Why shouldn't he sell the boiler? True, it didn't belong to him. He wished now that it did. Still, Hinton thought it belonged to him, so why should he dast use his mind of that impression? He had a vague recollection that a Scandinavian gentleman had approached him recently on some sort of a boiler proposition. Perhaps this was the boiler. Still, why should he not sell if the price was right? Once the sale was consummated satisfactorily he would seek out the owner, acquire title and, without doubt, get away with a neat profit. The idea was most alluring. Men on the stock exchange bought and sold stocks that they didn't own. Why couldn't he, M. Zollober, sell a second-hand boiler? But he must be very careful. So he sparred for time.

I'm afraid, Mr. Hinton, you got to hurry up if you want it that boiler. I had quite a talk this morning with a

feller what has a new steam schooner building by the Union Iron Works, and he spoke me how he wants it this boiler and would, maybe, pay me a good price."

Mr. Hinton put his hands in his pockets, planted his legs wide apart and gazed very sternly at the boiler.

"I know what a boiler's worth," he said in much the same tone he would have employed had some one called him a liar. "What are you asking?"

"Make me an offer, Mr. Hinton. Then, if it suits me I tell you right off in a minute. If it don't ——"

M. Zollober snorted. Apparently it was a matter of little import to him.

"I'll give you a thousand dollars," said Hinton doggedly, "and not another sou marquee."

The King of the Forty Thieves was aware of a gentle tickling sensation at the base of his bristly neck, on which he felt the scrubby hair would stick out straight for very joy. A thousand! Ah, the finesse—the art of it! It was a game worth playing. He favored Mr. Hinton with a master glance of contempt and injured pride, of rage, of disgust. He turned to go.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Hinton. Perhaps, maybe, if you look close in that boiler you find it some hummin'-birds' nests already."

Hinton reached into his pocket and fished up five twenty-dollar gold pieces. He shook the gold under M. Zollober's nose.

"Money talks," he cried, "money talks."

"It talks it common-sense, Mr. Hinton, what you don't—and maybe, perhaps, if you talk it sense, I forget my hurry and listen. For why should I sell it you my good boiler for a thousand dollars when it cost eight thousand dollars new, and needs only a little fixings to be new again yet? You talk, Mr. Hinton, like the monkey what hangs by her tail in the tree," M. Zollober said.

For some minutes Mr. Marshfield had been a silent witness to this extraordinary conversation, the while he revolved the matter in his mind. Of one thing he was certain: Marshfield & Hinton, jointly and severally, were not considering the purchase of a second-hand boiler. While hazy as to its precise nature it was evident that there was game afoot. It behooved him to "stand in." No one had ever accused Mr. Marshfield of lying asleep at the switch. He wasted no time in vain speculation, but rushed in over his depth. He telegraphed a lightning wink to Mr. Hinton, whereupon Mr. Hinton turned on M. Zollober and abused him horribly. The King paid him back with interest. A fight was imminent, but at what editors call the psychological moment Mr. Marshfield interfered.

"Oh, cut out that child's talk, Nick," he snapped at his partner. "If you and Zollober can't come to terms shut up and we'll purchase a new boiler. I'm not much in favor of a second-hand boiler, anyhow."

"I'm offering him three times what his damned pile of junk is worth," Hinton answered angrily, "just because it's handy here on the bulkhead. I'll stand to pay him a thousand, but I won't let any man hold me up."

"A thousand!" screamed M. Zollober. "Do you think I'm crazy yet? I can get fifteen hundred for it so sure as you live, from a feller what builds a new oil-burning boat by the Fulton Iron Works."

"You can't," Mr. Marshfield interposed gently, "and you know it. If you'll just listen to reason we can do business. Now, I tell you what we'll do. We'll split the difference. We'll give you twelve hundred and fifty dollars. One hundred down and the balance at five o'clock this afternoon. Take it or leave it."

Mr. Hinton paused with arm uplifted, apparently almost in the act of punching the King of the Forty Thieves. The King looked up and saw the five double-eagles still clasped in Hinton's hand. He wanted that hundred, but he dared not take the risk. What if he was unable, for some unforeseen reason, to purchase the boiler after he had sold it? Hinton would make him deliver the boiler or pay them twelve hundred and fifty dollars. They would sue him. No, the risk was too great. They would have him going and coming.

"That may be all very true, Mr. Marshfield—just as you say, Mr. Marshfield. Still, I hate to let go a good second-hand boiler at such a price. But—well, maybe I consider it, Mr. Marshfield. How long does that offer hold good?" The King was "stalling."

"Till five o'clock this afternoon and not a minute later. Do you want the hundred to bind the bargain?" Mr. Hinton's tones were crisp and businesslike.

"For why should I take your hundred dollars, Mr. Hinton? Ain't it well known what your word is so good as your bond? If by five o'clock I make up my mind to give my boiler away I shall ring you up."

"Spoken like a man," said Mr. Marshfield. "Now you're shouting." He shook hands with M. Zollober, Mr. Hinton nodded coldly and they parted. As Marshfield and Hinton walked up East Street Mr. Hinton glanced back just in time to see M. Zollober cross the street and disappear in the White Cruiser saloon.

"Nick," said Mr. Marshfield to his friend, "what the devil's up?"

But Mr. Hinton had turned and was sprinting madly down the street. Marshfield watched him turn in at the headquarters of the Sailors' Union. He waited a few minutes for Mr. Hinton to reappear, but, despairing, continued his way back to the office.

Mr. Hinton did not come back into East Street. Two minutes' conversation with the business agent of the union convinced him that the owner of the condemned boiler on Howard Street bulkhead was one Thorwald Kjellin, at present very ill in the Marine Hospital. Instinct told him that down in the White Cruiser saloon in East Street M. Zollober sought the same information from a bartender. So Mr. Hinton stole softly down the back stairs into Stuart Street, turned west on Stuart to Market, and boarded a Sutter Street car. Half an hour later he alighted at Twelfth Avenue and California Street and walked rapidly down Twelfth Avenue until he reached the stone boundary wall of the Presidio Military Reservation. He climbed over the wall and trudged up the slope to where a flag floated over a large red-brick building. This was the Marine Hospital. Mr. Hinton entered the office, coughed apologetically and blandly inquired of the clerk for one Swede, Mr. Thorwald Kjellin.

"You Talk, Mr. Hinton, Like the Monkey What Hangs by Her Tail in the Tree"

Thorwald Kjellin was getting tired of being on the beach. He was convalescent—thin, but full of ambition. In fact, he was hurling a brass cuspidor at the ward nurse as Mr. Hinton entered. The latter noted with pleasure this hopeful manifestation of returning vitality on the part of Mr. Kjellin as indicative of small risk to that gentleman's health through the transaction of business of much financial moment.

Mr. Hinton introduced himself, incidentally and from force of habit mentioning a few of the superior qualities of Bunk's Nonpareil Boiler Compound. As a preliminary step toward establishing himself in Thorwald Kjellin's confidence Mr. Hinton showed his card in the Marine Engineers' Association of the Pacific Coast, in which he had always retained his membership.

It speedily developed that Thorwald Kjellin was not without faith in the honesty of mankind, so Mr. Hinton, in the language of the classic, proceeded to "wise him up" to the situation. The ex-bo'sun hung greedily upon his words. Mr. Hinton predicted that an obese Hebrew gentleman, easily identified because of his peculiar breathing, which much resembled a leaky steam valve, would that afternoon call upon Thorwald Kjellin. The obese Hebrew gentleman would in all probability offer him forty dollars for his boiler; in which event Thorwald was to bear in mind that the boiler was extremely valuable, and that the obese Hebrew gentleman, whose name was Zollober, needed this boiler very badly indeed. Moreover, he was wealthy and could afford to pay a good price. Thorwald Kjellin should ask at least a thousand dollars, and accept not less than five hundred. It all depended upon Thorwald himself. If he was game and clever and not easily bluffed he might obtain a thousand. In view of his services in promoting the sale of an absolutely worthless article, Mr. Hinton deemed it but fair and just that he be entitled to half the proceeds of the sale, to which the ex-bo'sun gladly agreed. Mr. Hinton exhorted him to bear himself with dignity and courage. A stout heart was half the battle. Thorwald Kjellin winked one sea-blue eye, and a smile enveloped his sorrel face until it flamed like the aurora borealis.

Mr. Hinton had just surreptitiously slipped Thorwald Kjellin three Pride of the Front cigars and half a plug of Sailors' Delight, preparatory to taking his leave, when an automobile tooted outside on the driveway. Mr. Hinton glanced warily out just in time to see M. Zollober climb out of the tonneau and toddle pompously up the hospital steps.

It occurred very suddenly to the purveyor of Bunk's Nonpareil Boiler Compound that he had not only crawled into a hole, but had inadvertently dragged the hole in after him. He had underestimated the cunning of the King. Time was the essence of every contract with M. Zollober, and in such a stirring emergency as now confronted him Mr. Hinton groaned aloud and wished that he, too, had hired an automobile at five dollars and relegated to a torrid and unmentionable locality the more prosaic trolley car at five cents. The King was at his very heels.

Mr. Hinton glanced wildly around the ward, discovering, to his horror, that escape from this cul-de-sac lay in but one direction—through the door by which he had entered. He dashed to the window, only to discover a twenty-foot drop to a cement walk. Thorwald Kjellin lay in his bed, watching his strange visitor, wondering if, after all, the man was insane, as he now began to suspect.

"Hey, landsman, you bane crazy?" he asked.

"I will be in a minute," gasped Hinton; "the Jew is coming. For the love of Moses hide me."

Thorwald's chain-locker voice was vibrant with salt-water authority.

"Under my bed," he ordered.

Mr. Hinton dove under the bed, pulling his long legs, which showed a tendency to leak out, well up under his chin. Thorwald Kjellin carelessly draped the bedspread over the edge of his couch until its hem swept the floor, effectually concealing Mr. Hinton from any one entering the ward; after which he closed his eyes and pretended to sleep.

M. Zollober entered the ward, the nurse pausing at the entrance to point out to him the person of Thorwald Kjellin. Evidently M. Zollober had hurried. He was breathing so heavily that a vulgar wretch, convalescing from an attack of scurvy contracted on a whaling cruise in the Arctic, turned in his bed and cried facetiously: "There she blows!" M. Zollober purpled with rage, and the arch-fiend under the bed shook with suppressed mirth.

It was fully a minute before Thorwald Kjellin could be awakened, which gave the King time to collect his breath, whereupon he introduced himself and explained the object of his visit. Thorwald Kjellin was cross and declined to consider the sale of his boiler. M. Zollober offered him fifty dollars. Instantly the descendant of the vikings glared at him so malevolently that the King hastily increased his bid to a hundred. Thorwald Kjellin turned his face to the wall and bade M. Zollober begone.

For half an hour Mr. Hinton, cramped and half suffocated under the bed, listened to the haggling. The King argued, bullied, threatened and cajoled, but the roseate picture of a little cigar-stand on the waterfront was ever present in the ex-bo'sun's mind. He stood pat for eight hundred dollars, and in the end he got it. The King of the Forty Thieves departed, cursing. Mr. Hinton heard him cough away in the auto before he dared to crawl out from under the bed.

"I told you he'd come through," he said triumphantly. "How did he pay you? In greenbacks?"

"He bane give me check," said Thorwald simply.

"Gimme that check," cried Mr. Hinton. He almost yelled it. "Gimme that check. You know as much about business as a cat does about the tariff. Don't you realize that unless there's something doing toward closing that sale before five o'clock he'll get suspicious and stop payment on the check? If I don't make a short cut out of this reservation, get downtown ahead of the King, and cash that check before three o'clock it's all off with the big Swede. Here, gimme it."

Thorwald Kjellin's face was a mixture of fright and trouble. To such simple natures as his, a check was legal

(Continued on Page 57)

The Farmers' Forward Movement

A NEW WAY OF MAKING CROPS AND CATTLE PAY

By FORREST CRISSEY

ABOUT the livest thing in America today is the forward movement for backward farmers

Of course, it's not exactly flattering to speak of the farmer in this fashion, right at the start; but the fact that there is a very imposing number of farmers still tilling the soil who cannot be slandered by the term "backward" is admitted by the farmers themselves, wherever they happen to be assembled together for the purpose of "talking things over."

Uncle Sam and his growing family of states have decided that the economic salvation of his national household depends upon getting a good, brisk move on the lagging farmer, bringing him into the procession of progress and making him march to the music of the 1910 quickstep

Therefore, the hesitant farmer must move.

Finding that a large number of the sons of the soil are considerably "sot" in their ways and refuse to take any particular pains to lay hands on the industrial salvation which is held out to them "without money and without price" at every agricultural college and state experiment station, not to mention the great Agricultural Department of the United States, those in charge of the evangelization of the obdurate farmer have fallen back upon good, old-fashioned missionary methods and are carrying the gospel of scientific agriculture and up-to-date business farming straight to his door. And the missionaries of modern science, who ride the rural circuit and scour the byways and hedges to compel them to come in, report that a quiet conviction is rewarding their efforts and that thousands of rule-of-thumb farmers are being brought to see the error of their ways and to accept the light that agricultural science, at the cost of millions of dollars, has shed upon the problems of those who feed a hungry world.

Farmers' Course -Studying Pruning Fruit Trees

Shooting Over Their Heads

PERHAPS because the state agricultural college and experiment station are closer to the people, there is where the call to go out and preach the new gospel of scientific agriculture at the crossroads has first been felt and obeyed There are some strong, practical men at the head of agricultural colleges, men who are not so deeply absorbed in fascinating scientific experiments that they cannot occasionally put their ears to the ground and try to catch an answer to the question: "Have we yet landed anything under the hat of the farmer who is raised among the traditions and the influences of the passing generation; who does things a certain way simply because his father or his Uncle John always did them in that same old way?"

It seems to have been borne in upon several of these broad-gauge deans of big agricultural colleges—and at about the same time, too—that the answer to that question was: "Not to speak of!"

They found that the younger generation, moved by the modern spirit and the modern faith in scientific methods, not only heard this gospel gladly but also were willing to go where they could hear it and pursue it. Then, too, they found the same thing was true of a certain sprinkling of older farmers, of the open-minded and progressive sort, men who belonged, in temperament and sympathies, to the present and the future instead of to the past, and for whom an accumulation of years had no power to squelch an appetite for learning; men who did not bring to a new thing an inherent prejudice and a stubborn opposition simply because that thing did not happen to be a part of their inherited information

But because these young men enrolled themselves as students and these natural progressives made practical use of the scientific facts worked out at the state experiment stations, the alert heads of those institutions did not fool themselves with the idea that they were sweeping their states with a tidal wave of modern enlightenment on up-to-date methods of farming In the words of Dean Russell, of the Wisconsin College of Agriculture: "We waked up to the fact that our agricultural bulletins were shooting high over the heads of the great body of farmers and of those most in need of the new gospel"

It was, of course, a little discouraging to face the fact that the average farmer hasn't any particular interest in the problems upon which the scientific investigator bestows months and years of patient and devoted labor, and that he hasn't much more respect for a state bulletin on the insect enemies which assail his crops than he has for a treatise on Greek art; but there was no use dodging the issue or shutting one's eyes to the plain fact. So the head of the big Wisconsin school stared the unflattering fact squarely in the face and tried to figure out what could be done about it

The wideawake, intellectual farmer would read the bulletins and would then write to the experiment station, state his own individual problems and get special help on them. But not the average farmer—the printed page, especially when smelling of scientific language, was a dead letter to this man; and as to writing a letter for information, he only wrote letters on the occasions of deaths, marriages or other solemn family happenings He was not, to say the least, a ready writer. Spontaneous correspondence was out of his zone

An Acre in the Multiplication Class

HOW, then, could he be reached, if not by the printed page? Thinking that, perhaps, the fault might lie mainly in the manner of that printed page, Dean Russell added to his faculty a trained newspaperman—who was also a trained agriculturist -and installed him as editor in the agricultural college. That helped some, for this man had a knack of plain talk and sent out short, terse little statements of interesting doings and discoveries at the experiment station that were read by the farmers who had before gratefully used the heavier bulletins to light the kitchen fire. Also, this editor peppered the state papers full of short, snappy little items about dairy matters, new devices in farm machinery, new ways in which an acre could be induced to apply the multiplication table to its production, and new ways of cutting down farm expense, which read as if they belonged to actual human experience Farmers who had never taken their pens in hand before for that purpose found their curiosity so stirred that they wrote to the "big school on the hill" and asked a few pointed questions.

All this was cheering as a psychological hint that he was at last on the right track, but it only helped Dean Russell on to the conviction that the average farmer is very much from Missouri and that not only is "Show me!" his chronic password but also that the showing must be brought right

A Spraying Demonstration

to his own dooryard—and if a premium could be thrown in, so much the better! Being fully bent upon an agricultural revival which should wake up the back town and the backward farmer, this determined educator organized a forward movement, an extension service, which should go out into the districts of the doubting and indifferent, and so show them on their own ground and in actual, visual results instead of in printed statements smelling of the laboratory and the study lamp

Certain districts of Wisconsin are rather generously sprinkled with apple orchards—but as seventy-five to eighty per cent of the normal apple crop has been destroyed, year by year, by the codling moth, the apple yield has not amounted to much. But apples taste just as good especially to boys and women—in Wisconsin as anywhere else; so, when a horticultural missionary from the agricultural college appeared in an apple-hungry community and said: "I will help you to get a good big apple crop next year," the owners of orchards sat up and took notice. Here was the official proposition: "You furnish the labor and we'll furnish the copper sulphate and the specialist to apply it. You are to have the whole crop, but you are to let us hold two public-demonstration meetings for the benefit of your neighbors. And, besides, you're to follow directions absolutely."

A Professor Giving a Talk on Corn by a Cornfield, at a Conly Farm Meeting

A Top Dressing of First Mortgages

THE first meeting was a "spraying bee" at which the expert not only answered cheerfully all the questions asked by the group of assembled doubters, but also passed over in patient silence sundry jeering and faithless remarks and prophecies. Of course, a portion of the demonstration orchard was left unsprayed, for sake of contrast. Later came the harvest meeting—when the representative of the agricultural college again appeared and superintended the gathering and measuring of the fruit. As the loss in the sprayed portion of the orchard was only six per cent, as against sixty to seventy-five per cent in the unsprayed part, he didn't have to do much talking.

Attendance upon these demonstration meetings ranged from one hundred to one hundred and thirty farmers, and the harvest-home meeting never failed to produce a large crop of converts to the scientific way and of new friends to the agricultural college.

Immediately after the first orchard treatment is over the spraying squad turns its attention to the potato fields—for Wisconsin has a potato belt as productive of tubers as Chautauqua is productive of grapes. But the potato blight generally seems to discover that Wisconsin is on the map. From the early appearance of vines in July till the fall the experts are pushing the gospel of spraying in those parts of the potato belt where commercial spraying is unknown and the state experiment station bulletins on scientific potato culture are about as little read as Sanskrit. The result? A rich harvest of smooth, clean, succulent tubers, and the spread of commercial spraying from the demonstration center. And the best of all is when you get under that farmer's crust, so that he recognizes the importance of spraying, you have started him in another direction. He sees the advantage of the scientific learning he earlier scoffed at and begins to look at his business with a different pair of eyes. In fact, about the only localities where potato spraying is really fashionable and practiced on a commercial scale are those in which the spraying squad has held demonstration meetings The expense of a single spraying demonstration is small, and the one thousand two hundred dollars which the University will put into this phase of its forward movement, next season, will cover a multitude of orchards and potato patches.

When Dean Russell was going barefooted to school and eating a luncheon of bread and butter out of a battered tin pail his father and the other fathers of rural Wisconsin were raising wheat and extracting fertility from the soil with the regularity and persistence of the seasons. As far as he could see, as he trudged his way to school through the dust of the country road, were wheatfields. But there came a time when those fields dwindled in their returns. With wheat at fifty to seventy-five cents a bushel the biggest crop had been none too generous a reward for the pioneer farmers; but when the yield began to fall away like a thermometer in a Wisconsin winter, then the pinch came in a way that made soil depletion stand for something mighty hard and tangible in the mind of the future agricultural educator. The land was playing out, and instead of putting on manure the wheat farmers gave their acres as heavy a top dressing of first-mortgages as they could secure. The crop of foreclosures was a rich and bountiful one. The boy then learned that robbing the soil brought personal hardship and suffering—brought scrimping and scanty clothing and incessant toil. He never had to learn the definition of soil depletion, for it had been burned into him in those weary days of adolescence, when the exhausted wheatfields were turned into pastures and the work of soil restoration under the fertilizing tread of the dairy herd was begun.

Tuberculosis Post-Mortem Demonstration at College of Agriculture, Madison, February, 1909. Before 2000 Farmers of the Farmers' Ten-Day Course

No wonder, then, that Dean Russell is strong on the work of soil building and soil maintenance, and that his missionaries are preaching the gospel of more phosphates wherever a farmer can be found who will listen and will go to the expense of making a demonstration, with an acre or more, under the direction of a soil expert. In certain localities these demonstrations have "shown" the astonished farmer that the application of rock phosphate has increased his yield by seventy-five per cent. And the result? The farmers of that community began to club together and buy the restoring phosphate in carload lots. Potato farmers, who had been content with a yield of ninety bushels to the acre, saw their production jump to one hundred and fifty bushels—and the quality improved at the same time. This did more to boost soil maintenance in Wisconsin than a million bulletins telling the farmers that, in certain wide sections of the South, soil depletion had reduced one-half to two-thirds of the land to a state of poverty, where a profitable crop was an impossibility. They could see not only the potatoes of the increase but also the money which they brought in.

While the soil and the crop experts were getting little groups of farmers together in certain well-distributed localities and "showing" them by actual results in the field how to build up their soil; how to get better seed; how to rotate their crops and make money by doing it, while at the same time adding to their banking principal of soil fertility; how to boost the yields of their orchards and fields, and how to make surer, cheaper and more abundant milk by raising soiling crops and building silos—while all this missionary effort under the name of Extension Service was being pushed before the eyes of the indifferent and unawakened farmer, the dairy division had its scouts out on the skirmish line doing for the upbuilding of the dairy herd what the soil experts, grain experts and fruit experts were doing for the ground.

Learning How to Pull Together

ONLY a little of scouting about the cow stables of the state was needed to open the eyes of these herd experts to a curious and interesting situation and a most significant solution of it. Wherever, in a dairy community, a progressive farmer—already alive to the money benefits of breeding up his herd—bought a fine thoroughbred sire, or, perhaps, pure-bred cows also, a kind of breed contest just naturally started itself. Not a breeding contest, mind you, but a breed contest! When Farmer Dow's acquisition of a registered Guernsey sire and enough pure-bred Guernsey cows to start a herd became known at "The Corners" a neighbor, having as many acres and as good stables as Dow, spoke up and declared:

"Dow can put in Guernseys if he wants 'em. I don't take much stock in that breed. All right if you want to make fancy milk for millionaire babies—but when it comes to just plain dairying, I put my money into Holsteins. They're the milkers! I'm goin' to put in as good a Holstein sire as Dow's Guernsey—and some thoroughbred Holstein cows."

And, straightway, Jones, feeling that he was being put into the position of lacking positive opinions as well as enterprise, came forward with a strong line of argument for the Jersey, and declared that he'd soon have a herd that would show both his competitors that they had something to learn about dairy cows.

Then along came the dairy extension-service scout from the big school at Madison and put up a plain talk to that little group of dairymen which sounded something like this:

"Why don't you fellows pull together instead of pulling

apart? Why not put your shoulders to one breeding wheel instead of to four or five different ones? You would have a better chance to show each other your individual skill as breeders and as dairymen—and at the same time go further and make more money—by all taking hold of one breed and making it hum so hard that the whole country'll hear your noise. Take Guernseys, because Mr. Dow has already made a good start with the foundation for a fine herd. They're good cows and have a strong following. Get together into a little association—I'll show you how to do it—and make this locality such a Guernsey center that it will be on the map like the Isle of Guernsey, so that when a man from Iowa or Illinois, or anywhere else, wants to put in a stableful of Guernseys, instead of fooling around and picking up one or two at one point and another fifty miles away, he'll make straight for here, where he stands a good chance of getting a whole carload of the best going, thereby saving himself miles of riding and a good many dollars of freight.

"Then you can hold regular sales that will become known all over the country and draw Guernsey enthusiasts from a dozen states. All your advertising of every kind can be done jointly, by the association, and done more effectively and at a much smaller expense to any one of you than if each were to go it alone."

This kind of talk made converts. There are now twenty-three of these local breeding associations in Wisconsin—practically all of them organized through the Forward Movement started by the College of Agriculture. And they're doing business. The little town of Lake Mills last year took in more than one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars in real money for Holsteins, and Jefferson County's income from pure-bred dairy stock was six hundred thousand dollars. There are several cows in Wisconsin whose owners could get ten thousand dollars each for them any time they would say the word—and one or two for which higher offers have been refused. Such a record is the direct result of the community breeding movement, started and fostered by the extension service of the College of Agriculture.

But all this missionary effort hasn't ended with converting a few unbelieving farmers to the modern gospel of soil building, of crop rotation, of silo building, of alfalfa raising, of breeding better dairy animals and horses—of doing all this instead of grumbling at the state tax to keep such a "fancy, fool institution as the College of Agriculture" going. It has done all that, but a heap more. And the big thing which it has accomplished for the farmer in middle life, or beyond, is to draw him into the "Ten-Days Farmers' Course" at the University itself.

This is another instance of the triumph of itinerant education. The job would not have been so easy at the outset had it not been for the fact that Wisconsin was fortunate and far-sighted enough to have ten county agricultural schools, under state aid and well distributed through the commonwealth. These farmers' trade schools, of course, are for the boys and girls; but in them Dean Russell saw excellent centers for field work to the end of capturing the attention of the farmer who has never held in high opinion the bulletins of the State Experiment Station.

"It came to me," said Dean Russell, "that we were only reaching one out of two hundred of the farmers of the state by our work right here at the University and that, though the missionary work out through the state brought in many students and made friends for the College of Agriculture out of those who were not friends and moral supporters among the active farmers, still we weren't really getting hold of the men who raised most of the crops and made most of the milk in the State of Wisconsin. So I said: 'We'll take a good, generous sample of agricultural education right out to them, where they live, and put it up to them there, using the ten county agricultural schools as rallying points.'"

Some twelve or fifteen of the strongest men of the faculty saw the possibilities of the idea of peddling progress to the doubting farmers, as their dean saw it, and they cheerfully dedicated their vacation time to this work, so that it would cost the state nothing for their time. Of course, they couldn't lug five hundred thousand dollars' worth of equipment across the state to interest and convince the farmers who wouldn't come to the state capital; but stereopticons are easily transported and not expensive to operate. Furthermore, they fitted into the idea of educating the farmer by means of something he would appreciate more than the printed page. These traveling lecture courses were lined up with the greatest care—the aim being to make them teasers for the regular Ten-Days Farmers' Course at the University itself. Backward farmers who met this sortie of the Forward Movement with the stony face of doubt turned out to see the lantern pictures—and remained to gather about the anxious seat and declare their intention of going up to Madison for the ten-days course for farmers more than twenty-five years old.

The pictures covered almost every phase of modern scientific agriculture, whether in agronomy, soils, horticulture, animal husbandry, dairying, agricultural chemistry, and the extension service itself. But no scene on the big screen held the farmers of the dairy sections of the state more closely than that showing a post-mortem test for tuberculosis. The slides which threw life-size views of growing crops on soil rightly treated alongside of the crops on improperly-handled soil also caught the eyes of

(Continued on Page 65)

HIS BACK TO THE WALL

By CALVIN JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

"We Have Brought Ye the Tea Thrain and Will Use Yez Engine"

THE night passenger had gone and the overland freight was clattering out of the lower yards when the fussy little switch engine gave three distinct snorts. A moment later came the sharp clash of colliding drawheads; then unbroken silence reigned throughout the station.

The Old Switchman sauntered into the switch shanty with an air of pride and affected not to see Hogan, who had preëmpted the old coach seat by the stove. Hogan looked at him thoughtfully; for two hours there would be no work in the yards, and the Old Switchman must be placated, to provide entertainment. So he rose politely and said:

"Take this seat, Denny; I've been houldin' it for ye."

"Ye lie. Still, I will take it," replied Denny, sitting down hurriedly. But, beyond borrowing some tobacco in a commanding tone, he had nothing to say, and stared at the lounging yard crew with insufferable pride.

"It is bloated up he is, because ye gave him the cushion," sneered the Foreman. "Sure it fales like a throne to him afther his ould woman has kept him since pay-day on the mourner's bench."

"Whist, it is not that!" explained Hogan. "But we must get it out av him and relave his chest. I will examine him like a witness. Now, Denny, ye must answer truthfully."

"Did ye hear it?" demanded the Old Switchman suddenly. "Hear what? Why, the collision I had just now when I let the car av scrap iron down against the Gineral Manager's car."

The Foreman sprang into the air brandishing his fists. "And the G. M. was aboord av her," he hissed. "I saw him sitting there, houlding his head betwane his hands, half an hour agone."

"Sure, there is disorder and wreckage over all the system, and throuble at headquarthers," commented one of the crew. "Small wonder he houlds his head in his hands, for it will soon be taken off."

"We will be fired at daybreak," resumed the Foreman wrathfully.

"Be resigned," advised the Old Switchman with contempt; "for resignation is betther than discharge. Faith, when I see a man sitting that way I am tempted to give him a wallop for his own good. Besides, a Gineral Manager like this new wan is nothing to me; if he discharges us I will tell him so; but he will not.

"Listen, and I will spake av a man who held his head betwane his hands."

In the ould days, when railroading was grief, and a cheerful man wud be under suspicion av loot by the detectives, there was a lad herding cars on the P. D. Q. Besides taking their numbers he felt quite an intherest in them, and wud follow wan afther another to the repair shop when they arrived from the scene av wreck, as if attending a bosom friend to the morgue.

When this Jimmy Moore rose to be short and damage clerk at the freight office he kept his talent for figures, and cud always count more packages in the shipment than cud the owner. If he got cornered he wud trace for the lost article till the shipper forgot about it, and tuk pride and intherest in the tracer. He cud investigate a claim till the papers had to be carried by freight, and in short, under the most painful circumstances, was body and soul for the Coompany. This made him a man apart, but he was so cheerful and friendly that we all liked him outside av his official position.

Meantime, the P. D. Q. had been seeking a gateway, and whiniver it heard av wan, wud build in that direction for a while; then hearing av another wan, it wud build in that direction. At last it found a gateway and lay across the prairie and among the mountains pattherned afther a stroke av lightning.

Nobody knew the General Officers, for there were factions, and ivery few weeks wan wud spring on another and throw it out. But at last came a Prisidint who wud not be thrown out, and he lived on the line in his private car.

When he came to our station ivery wan luked on him as a lunatic who wud be Prisidint and meddle with the affairs av the road. Ivery wan but Jimmy, who was on the platfoorm to mate him.

"I came out av rayspict because ye take an intherest in the Coompany," says Jimmy. "This makes two av us."

"Ye have gall," says the Prisidint.

"It has burst with bitthorness at the way things have gone," ixplains Jimmy. "Now I will have somebody to help straighten them out."

"Come inside," invites the Prisidint, and he kapes him up all night answering questions, for he was a stranger to the system.

Next morning he inthroduced Jimmy to his daughter, who, being an orphan on her mother's side, traveled with him and tuk as much intherest in the affairs av the road as the ould man himself. Afther breakfast on the car, the Prisidint said: "I discharge ye."

"Ye are too late," rayplied Jimmy; "I had resigned the ould job for a betther wan before advising ye." He was so sharp and cheerful, with his blue eyes twinkling, that the Prisidint laughed.

"Now for the betther job," he said. "Ye will go to the West Coast as commercial freight agent, and make contracts with shippers."

"I wanted into the transportation daypartmint; I am born to get thrains through on the track," complained

Jimmy sourly. The Prisidint snarled; he was a rough man with a big, bald head, and red eyes.

"I will give ye wan minute to consider," he said; and the two with Miss Alice, the daughter, gazed at the watch on the table till it ticked fifty-nine seconds.

"He accepts," declared the young lady, and Jimmy raymarked: "During all this minute I have been figuring out a plan to secure contracts."

Jimmy went to the West Coast and contracted for enough freight to tie up the system.

"It will be worse than a strike," roared the Prisidint, who had called him back. "How did ye get it?"

"I have shaded rates—and promised to beat the other lines on time delivery," explained Jimmy. "Most av it is conditioned on the first big shipment; a tea thrain, in about sixty days ——"

"Then ye can get it through yesself." The Prisidint pounded his desk. "Ye wanted the transportation daypartment; now rayport as Sooperintindint av the Middle Division. Ye have promised what no man can do; now do it, ye numskull!"

Jimmy grew pale, because the job on the Middle Division was nothing but an inquest.

"That thrain must get through on time, or it is ruin to us," he said. "Perhaps an experienced man on that particular division ——"

"Ye are a quitter!" snarled the Prisidint. But Jimmy luked at the daughter, who had come into the car, and said: "I accept."

"A curse on me for doing it," he groaned as he went out. "It is an Anarchist who shud be Sooperintindint on that division."

The headquarthers av the Middle Division, which ran three hundred miles through the foothills, was at Barlow where I had been sent as yardmasther. And I was glad to welcome the lad I'd helped to bring up and teach his duty toward the Coompany.

"Ye must help me get the thrains through," whispered Jimmy, drawing me aside, for he was already unaisy at the crooked track, where the engine overtook the caboose. "It is like riding in a dice box," he says.

"We will run this division together," I answered, promoting myself to the grade av Sooperintindint. But when we came to divide authority we found little av it on hand. Iverybody had authority, for it was cheaper than salaries, and we learned that an imployee's first duty was to tell the two Sooperintindints what they shud do, or where they shud go. I was born an authoritive man, though divil a wan rayspicts it in me to this day, and we kept on issuing bulletins in the hope that some wan wud obey them by mistake. But the daily curse av many men is not to be turned aside by good intentions, so I recomminded wan last order—that the imployees do what they domned please, and went back to being yardmasther, so I cud obey it myself.

Ye must know that we had few time-tables in those days; the money was spent in printing fancy stock certificates. These were to float the road, which was light enough to float av its own accord, rails and all; I have some yet, bad cess to it. Iverybody had it, and we held directhors' meetings in the switch shanty, while the price av wan folder was three shares av stock.

"He Accepts," Declared the Young Lady

Now Barlow, the division point and headquarthers, was a small town with a river to the east av it, which cud only run sand like an hourglass nine months in the year, and was so high that even the ducks cudn't fly across the rest av the time.

This was in the spring, and the time av the test shipment, the tea thrain, was drawing near; and it was at this time that Jimmy began to hould his head betwane his hands. Several times the Prisidint had stopped there with his daughter. He was grim and did not stay long or say much, though he must have known av the disorder along the division. But his hands were too full for him to interfere then; he had set Jimmy on to the men; and the young man must either break through them or against them. Miss Alice, who seemed happy as a lark when she first saw him in charge, began to lose faith and luked at him in a worrying, rayproachful way.

Yardmen nowadays are not what they wance were. I had under me four switchgintlemen av the ould school—O's—Rourke, Toole, Shaughnessy, and Dingleheimer who tuk the O' by way av being naturalized.

We were the committee on sympathy, and aich man wud ixtind what he had to Jimmy till it was ixhausted; then another wud take his place. Jimmy niver rayquested sympathy with his tongue, but he wud come out av his office and, sthrolling around, luk at us with beggar's eyes. The job was too big for him.

Wan day, afther two cases av neglected orders, when as many thrains lay in the ditch, with the crews sitting on the wreckage playing poker for gilt-edge stock, Jimmy was as mad as he iver got.

"I wud fire them all," he swore; "but they are good b'ys and mean well by me. They don't stop to think what their carelessness costs. And then," he sighs, "they have families and I have known most av them since I was a lad."

Right there I lit on to the trouble. To him we were "good b'ys" and "ould friends"; and he had niver in his mind crossed the dividing line av official position.

Now, the tea thrain was due on the avening av that same day, and what with the divil to pay along the line and the river rising a fut an hour in the spring freshet, Jimmy sat houlding his head with a death grip, when the morning passenger pulled in. A private car was dropped in front av the station, and Miss Alice, with an ould aunt av hers, dayscinded and went into the office.

"A fine morning to ye!" she cries; and Jimmy nearly wrenches off his head in taking down his hands. "It is the happy day av the test shipment," she goes on, houlding back her head and luking at him with sparkling eyes.

"It is the happy day," raypates Jimmy, glaring around as if afraid that happiness wud creep up and spring on him.

"Father stopped down the line and sent me ahead," she ixplains. "He will be here this avening when the tea thrain is handed over to your division."

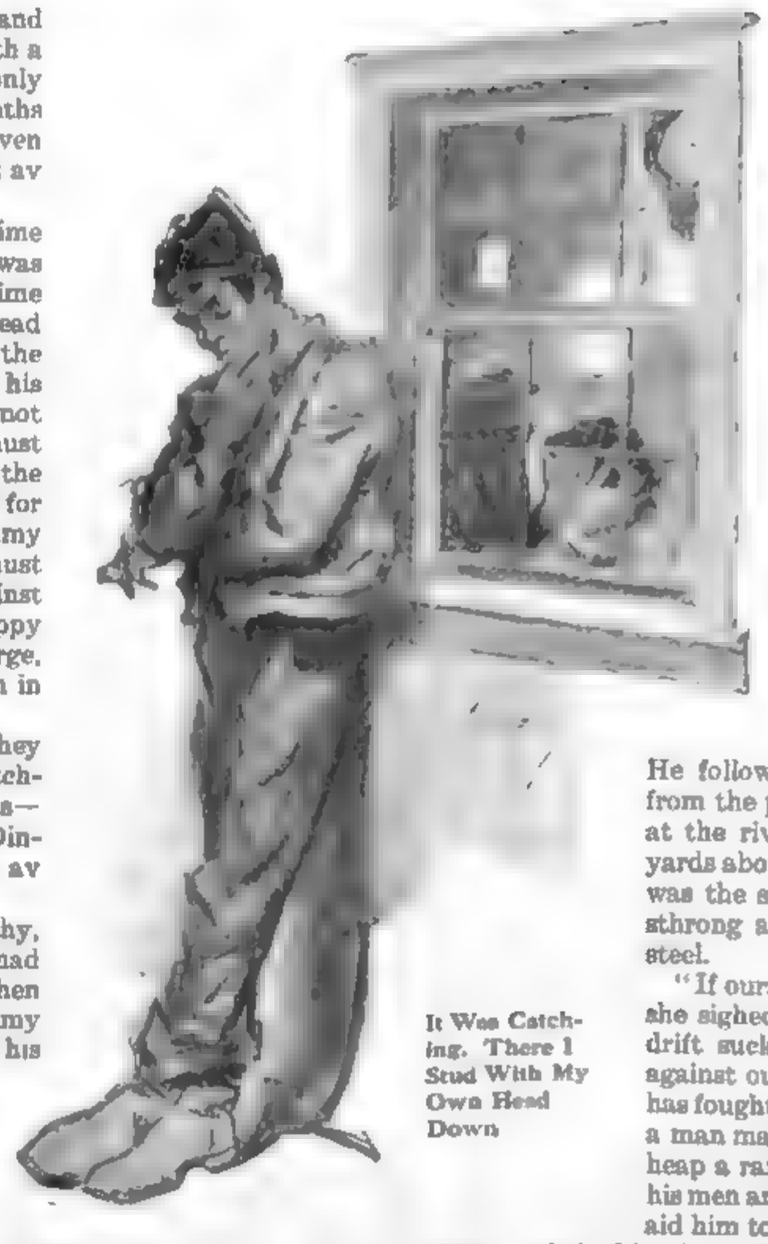
But, insthead av bracing him, this threw an awful scare into Jimmy. He seemed to be already standing on the carpet with the Prisidint's red eyes shooting hot arrows through him, and the Prisidint's voice ixplaining why he was worth no man's confidence or rayspict and shud be kicked into the gutther along av the quitters.

He did not answer, but luked at her with beggar's eyes. I happened to have followed her all the way up to the door, and saw her face twitch with the pain av such a figure. The tears sprang into her own eyes; she held out her hand But, no! She was that ould Prisidint's daughter; and her brows came together, her eyes shot red, her hand clenched into a fist.

"Ye will get it through on time—if the bridge does not go out," she said quietly.

Jimmy's face lit with a wild hope that it wud go out. He followed her outside, and from the platfoorm they luked at the river. A few hundred yards above the railroad bridge was the state bridge, high and sthrong and built entirely av steel.

"If ours was only like that," she sighed, as she watched the drift suck under it and lodge against our own. "My father has fought hard; he has done all a man may to make this scrapheap a railroad av some use to his men and his counthry. God aid him to win," she adds, "for he has no man to help him," and she marched the ould aunt back to the car without another wurrud.



It Was Catching. There I Stud With My Own Head Down

Jimmy's luk hardened; he tuk a step afther; then, as if coming face to face with a mountain av wreckage and ruin, fortified by rebellious men, he shtopped dead in his tracks. He cast around the beggar's eyes for help; he limped, broken, mangled, smashed, back to the office and sat down with his head betwane his hands. I happened to follow and observe him through a windy. And it was catching. There, leaning against the wall, I stud with my own head down. I seemed to see men the length av the division, and they all stud or went about the job with their heads down. Only the ould Prisidint, rough and tumble as a mad bear, with his teeth showing, his red eyes on fire, faced us with his head back and the power av a man in his fists.

But he had no wan to help him ixcept the saints, and they cud not kape coompany with such a characther.

"Come to the switch shanty, O'Iverybody," I tould the crew; and there I spoke to them.

"Hould up yez heads!" They did so, and I went on: "There are no unions on this road; we will form wan. It is formed.

"The Coompany has robbed us and sthruck us down. Now we will daymand a hundred per cent raise; they rayfuse it, and we sthrike back."

"At this time! Sure, Jimmy is in throuble enough," objects O'Shaughnessy.

"Ye mean Sooperintindint Moore," I said, luking him in the eye, and, afther a minute, he raypates: "I do; Sooperintindint Moore."

"It is our chance," I went on. "While the Coompany is down, let us jump on it."

"But Jimmy!" objects the other three.

"Luk ye," I shouted; "it is not 'Jimmy' but Sooperintindint Moore av the P. D. Q. Shall a Sooperintindint stand betwane a switchman and his principle? He shall not, and if ye object I will send ye man afther man to the raypair shop."

Oh, for that wan day I was mad as a fox with authority. We marched in a body to the office.

"Sooperintindint Moore," I said rayspectfully, "we have formed a union and daymand a hundred per cent raise. Ye do not grant it; then we sthrike!" And, without giving him a chance to answer, we went in a body to Flaherty's saloon.

We attemptid to thrade stock for a dhrink, but he wud not heed us and we went out the back way. There was Jimmy on the platfoorm, and he beckoned us.

"B'ys, ye do not mean it; to daysert me at this time?" he says.

"Do ye not represint the Coompany?" I asked. "Then ye must take raysponsibility. It is principle with us, and we can't let ould friends and good b'ys stand in our way."

He winced at this. "The yards will be blocked for the tea thrain," he urged in a way that made O'Shaughnessy clear his throat. But I gripped it from behint.

"Sure, ye are right. We have been laying for ye, Sooperintindint," I answered.

For the first time in his life he frowned at us. "The divil take ye," he said. "I will do the switching myself."

But we had scared away the switch engineer, and he cud do little more than clear the line, while we sat on the edge av the platfoorm and watched him trying to run the engine and make couplings at wance

Afther a time he came at us again, but we raytrated into Flaherty's saloon.

"We have come to argue about that stock," we tould him, but he was not civil, and we went out the back door We raypated this siveral times; then raising a cheer for the switchman's union, we went into the office where Jimmy had been watching us through the windy.

"It is a principle to jump on the Coompany while it is down," I said as spokesman; "and we cannot consider ould friendships."

"Get out!" he commanded. "Ye are but thraitors to get dhrunk this early in the day "

"Ye will not take raysponsibility as a Coompany officer " I tould him. "But we are in luck; there is wan representative at hand. The Prisidint's daughter will hear us," and we stamped outside.

We sthrolled toward the private car, but Jimmy passed us with the scowl av a tiger. The intention to go over his head to the Prisidint's daughter was gall and wurmwud to him, and he stud guard at the door av the car.

"We want our rights; ye will hear us?" we asked Miss Alice, when she came out

"I will hear ye, surely," she smiled

"But I wud rather ye did not," said Jimmy, with anxiety.

She luked at him hardly "Sha'n't I hear them?" she mutthered, as if inviting raybuke

"I wud rather ye did not," urged Jimmy rayspectfully. "I am the representative av the Coompany, ye know," and he blushed while admitting it.

She seemed half-raysentful av his pohteness; then with a contemptuous nod av the head, she went inside and closed the door.

Sure Jimmy was humbled to the ground. But, when his eye fell on us again, he showed a bad disposition to his friends who were out for a principle

"I will bear with ye," he hissed; "for I do not want this throuble known to the Prisidint today. But tomorrow, when the tea thrain is past and gone, I will run amuck."

He walked straight at us, and we stud aside to let him pass. He went to the saloon and kicked open the door. "In time av throuble there shud not be liquor about!" he says

"There shud not," agrees Flaherty.

"And we have throuble at this station."

"It does not concern me," says the saloon-keeper.

"I will take whisky," says Jimmy, and, though no drinking man, he pours out and swallows a glass that makes Flaherty trimble for his profits.

"Now we will close up," says Jimmy. "I warned ye that whisky shud not be sold in time av throuble." At that he causes a great uproar with Flaherty and sends him limping home with two black eyes. Thin he stands outside the door jingling the keys in his pocket.

"It was play," he tould us with significance. "But tomorrow ——" That was when he intinded to run amuck.

He stalks away as straight as an Indian, and we follow at a disthance. Up the river we can see the men av the county commissioner with long poles, thrusting drift away from the piers av the state bridge. All av it is sucked under the arches in the roaring flood, and lodged against the railroad bridge, where the waves are already clutching at the girders

Jimmy stares a moment, darting his head back and forth like an eagle. Then he calls to the foreman av a gang at wurruk on the thrack, and in a few moments the men are on a run for the bridge. Jimmy starts a handcar up the thrack afther more men, and going into the telygraph office learns that the tea thrain will be on his hands at six o'clock. It is now three in the afthernoon, and two freights have crossed the bridge since morning. But the wather is piling up against the drift, and though still steady, we know that the bridge will go out this avening

Afther that wurrud av warning Jimmy passed us without a luk; instead av hoping that the bridge wud go out, he was aroused to use ivery ounce av brain and muscle to save it

"Now he is represintative," I thought; "aven though he fails on the run over the division and is a ruined man, he will invite the raysponsibility by saving the bridge He has been pushed to the wall and wance more he is all for the Coompany." It was our wallop that did it

We went out on the bridge and watched him like crows that croak prisintimint av bad luck. But Jimmy did not call on us. His coat was off; he was shouting orders and shoving at drift with a long pole. Wance, when a big tree lodged against the bridge, he jumped to it with an axe in his hand, and chopped at the branches like a madman The wather swished and frothed around his ankles; the trunk plunged and sprang in the currents, and as the last branch crashed before the pressure and the whole tree sucked under the bridge in a whirlpool, he threw aside the axe and swung to the girder. I drew him up with my own hand

"A bould sthroke was that, Sooperintindint," I said; but he showed his teeth at us and went to wurruk with the pole.

"Plase don't risk yerselves near the flood," was all he said

"Listen to him; it is ravenge he is saving us for," whispered O'Toole. "I will remind him I am an ould friend."

"It is too late," says another; "for he is now Sooperintindint and has no need av friends."

Ah, that was a big, deep picture, with far distances, and black figures running along the sky, where the sun swung low and red as a danger lantern.

"Whist!" says O'Shaughnessy, pointing with his finger. "It is black magic to see a new man shpring out av an ould wan—at such a time—by such a light." For there in the murk, shouting quick, fierce orders, his pole raised above the flood which heaved its grane-gold back and tore with a thousand claws, stud Jimmy, like the British saint above his dragon—bad cess to 'em

Suddenly the drift began piling up in mountains, and a catharact spurted over the bridge which groaned like a dying thing. The tea thrain was due. Then we heard the lonely holler av a whistle and saw a feather av black smoke rise across the flood

Ivery man knew it was the Prisidint's special, and under the eye av the boss, proud av his battle, Jimmy Moore, Sooperintindint, held up his head and saw the tea thrain tear into the yard. The relief engine was already sliding down the thrack; I ran up the yard and made quick wurruk av the coupling. The tea thrain started and the Sooperintindint hurled his pole into the river, with the air av a winning man

Just then the bridge went out

The breaking timbers had yelled a second's warning, and all but two av the men got ashore.

The Sooperintindint came out like a muskrat, draggled and dripping slime. Wirra, but he was dirty! But he shook his head and shouted to the men, who gathered round him. It was a glare he threw up and down; he raised his hands to his head, but they were doubled into fists. The man had lost, but the Coompany wud not be beaten—and he was not a man, but the representative av the Coompany

"Why I have it," he said quietly "Come on, b'ys"

He was not excited; he did not aven shout any more. But he led his men up stream to the state bridge where they seemed charged with a spirit to wurruk without sound.

"It has all the mysthery av a burglar's dream," says O'Toole, watching them toil and swarm in the misty light

"It is like der ar-rmy, vich storms a Frinch fort mit der night," ixplains O'Dingleheimer, in two languages.

Like divils they wurruked while the sun went down, and the battle which had begun at midday went on under the moon. The Prisidint's thrain had long since disappeared from the opposite side av the river; that man, who owned the spirit av ten fighters, had quit when the bridge went out. But Sooperintindint Moore, this night, had no room in his hands to hould the head av him.

Wan av the yard thracks ran close to the approach av the state bridge; on the opposite bank av the river, the main line curved up to the other approach

We tore up the rails av the yard as if they had been stripa av tin, and laid them across stacks av ties to the approach Fifty men were spiking rails along the bridge by moon and lantern; the box cars av those days were small and light, and ye have heard av the weight av tea which ye niver dhrink. We ran the cars out av the yard by hand; we rowled them across the bridge; then came a car which we loaded with ties.

The other approach was aisy; and wan hour afther it had touched the rails av our division, the tea thrain lay, made up, on the main line across the river

I saw Jimmy standing there an instant, wild and muddy and bareheaded. His eyes shone red as the Prisidint's own, and there was a smear av blud across his face, for he had been fighting the bridge commissioner for disputing a railroad's title to state property. May the saints forgive him for the oaths he used—I wish I cud raymember them

But he was silent this instant, and near to him appeared a slim figure with a light cloak sthreaming from its shoulders. It was Miss Alice with her ould aunt.

"This is a glorious victhory," she said, with her eyes shining upon him

"Are they coupled up?" shouted Jimmy to his men, and five striking switchmen answered: "They are."

(Concluded on Page 70)

Sooperintindint Moore, This Night, Had No Room in His Hands to Hould the Head av Him

THE EASIEST PROFITS

MORE SALARY AND BIGGER DIVIDENDS IN WASTE

By JAMES H. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

SEVERAL years ago, as Christmas approached, two men employed in a large advertising agency were looking forward to increases in salary. Joe was a solicitor who had been with that agency from the beginning, and drew about six thousand dollars a year. But he figured that he needed a thousand dollars more. George was an inside man who had begun work some time before at two thousand. He felt that if this salary were not doubled the first of January he might as well look around on the outside for a better job.

He Needed Forty Dollars a Week More Salary

All through December they were both busy preparing arguments to lay before the president of the concern.

Joe planned like a salesman. He polished up his facts and laid out his approach and close with reference to the Old Man's ways of thinking, getting the story shaped in his mind and strengthening the vital points.

George couldn't talk well, being no salesman. So he looked over the office records, copied a good many items from receipted bills of the past five years, went around town getting prices from certain concerns, and put his story all down on paper.

Joe entered the president's office first and made his sale without a hitch. The Old Man listened attentively because he regarded Joe as an important producer in the business.

"We'll give you that raise," was his only comment, "if you earn it. One thousand dollars in salary is about what we can afford to pay you for a hundred thousand dollars more business; so we'll expect that much more from you next year, Joe."

How George Got His Raise

WHEN George went in he opened up unskillfully, with the bald statement that he needed forty dollars a week more salary. The Old Man laughed. He had never regarded an office man like George as a producer, and the demand seemed preposterous.

"I'm not asking you to make me a present," said George, "but I am going to show you how to save six thousand dollars a year in expenses, and I want a third of it."

He spread out his written arguments, which were simply figures showing what this agency had paid for engraving the past five years, and how much more cheaply it might get its cuts by better purchasing methods. There had been no method at all so far. A dozen different engraving houses were patronized. Little attention was given to prices so long as they seemed reasonable. The work, split up in this way, was not particularly tempting to any engraver, and there were costly delays. By massing the work it was possible to get better service and lower prices from one house that handled it all. George had these lower prices in the form of bids.

He got his increase in salary.

Joe's increase came out of profits on future business. For each dollar additional paid him the house had to get a hundred dollars more gross income, fighting for it with competitors, and enlarging plant and staff to handle it.

But George's forty-dollar raise came out of profits already earned—business right there in the office, for which it was not necessary to put forth any more selling effort, meet competition or enlarge facilities.

George's kind of profit is the cleanest and easiest that can be earned in any business, and during the next ten or twenty years some of the best profits in American industry and trade will be George's kind—profits saved out of the present turnover rather than earned by increasing the volume of business done.

Our industrial methods are widely denounced as extravagant, and with considerable justice. As an eminent chemist puts it, we compete successfully with other countries because we scrape iron ore from the surface of the earth with steam shovels, pump sulphur from the ground, run factories with natural gas which costs nothing to generate, and develop power because our rivers hurry so fast downhill. Abundant natural resources have led us to be neglectful of industrial economies.

That is all true; yet there is another side to our extravagance.

Abundant resources make us rich, and we lead the world as consumers. Nearly all we can raise and make is used up at home, and on top of that we consume millions of dollars' worth of other nations' finest products. As soon as an American manufacturer develops something that meets wide demand the pressure put upon him by the consuming public is so heavy that most of his attention must be given to providing facilities for turning out the product as fast as possible. The great American consumer is like Oliver Twist in his demand for more and more, and growth is the first essential. Economies may be perfectly apparent, yet there is no time to work them out.

Take as an example a large corporation in the Middle West, making a certain type of electrical apparatus. Until within a few years this company employed no salesmen for its chief product, for goods were shipped to allied companies as fast as made. Yet demand grew so relentlessly that the history of the company the past ten years has been a record of moving and merging and hunting for room. Rent space and erect buildings as fast as it could, yet the business seemed to be always two sizes larger than its clothes. Today it has an enormous plant, covering acres of prairie, and employs thousands of persons. Its chief product is put together by many separate assembling operations, involving both hand and machine work.

The processes have been arranged so that work starts at one end of a given building and proceeds in a direct line, from floor to floor, until it is ready for shipment at the other end. To the layman's eye everything is a marvel of organization. But the department of engineering methods in that plant knows it could reduce cost ten to twenty-five per cent on many operations tomorrow if given time to study and work out economies. Here is a series of operations, automatic except for one boy who feeds blanks into a machine. With proper study they could eliminate the boy, giving him more interesting work, saving his wages and, what is usually more profitable in such cases, doing away with his errors. The department of engineering methods is supposed to be giving its time to just such economies, but really it has time to study nothing beyond new processes, so incessant is the demand for apparatus.

In a few American industries, such as meat-packing, the utilization of waste products has been carried to impressive lengths. But our manufacturing and trade machinery, as a whole, has been built up under great pressure of demand, it is capitalized more liberally than industry in other countries; we are more willing to throw out serviceable equipment for something of later design; we make our army as we march by working out processes in the factories instead of through leisurely experiment on a small scale in some corner, as is more common abroad. As a result, the foreign engineer who visits our plants, though finding many things to admire, goes home protesting that we are extravagant. And we are. But lately we have begun to realize it ourselves, with the result that from now on fine profits are going to be saved out of our industries everywhere, not merely for stockholders alone, but for many an investigator like George, who will increase his own salary by simplifying something wherever he happens to be employed.

The chief industry in a certain prairie town is its harvesting machinery factory. Some years ago that town had a character known as "Spot" Chamberlain, so called because he had an eye for points that escaped everybody else. "Spot" would buy a run-down horse or cow for a song, work the animal into shape and sell it at a fat profit. Among other property he owned several houses, built by himself from waste materials, and all rented.

One day as "Spot" was driving past the harvester works he saw dozens of paint cans being thrown out, each containing a residue of paint. When asked if he might have them the yard foreman said, "Sure—take 'em along." So "Spot" loaded them into his wagon, took them home, bought some turpentine and oil, and got enough good paint to cover two of his houses. The colors were rather bright, and those houses looked like brand-new reapers, but they were protected from weather.

"Where'd you get the paint, 'Spot'?" asked somebody.

"Why, up at the harvester works," was the reply.

The Sensational Trial of "Spot"

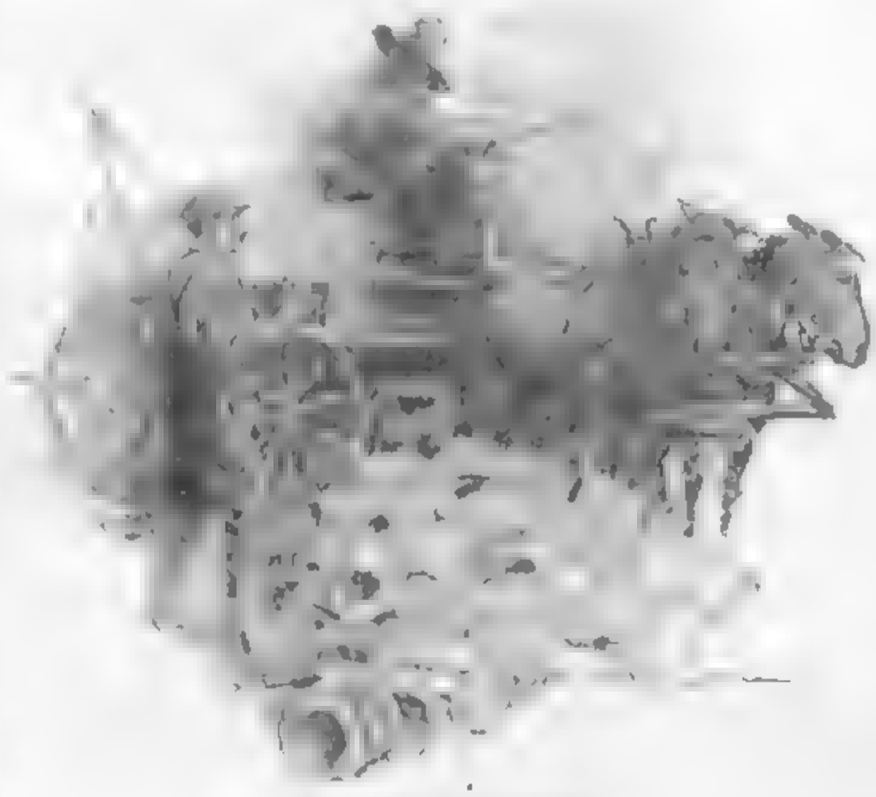
WORD went through town until eventually the superintendent at the harvester works was told that "Spot" Chamberlain had painted all his houses with company paint. Jumping at a conclusion, the superintendent swore out a warrant and had "Spot" arrested for larceny, assuming that the paint had been stolen.

"Spot's" trial was quite sensational. His attorney quickly overthrew the charge by putting the yard foreman on the stand, showing that the paint had been a present off the company's dump. This established, the lawyer cut loose in another direction.

"Why, gentlemen of the jury," he exclaimed, indignantly, "instead of bringing this honest, industrious, farsighted man into court on so preposterous a charge, this corporation might well pay him ten thousand dollars for showing it how to conduct its own business skillfully and economically. My client, taking as a gift material that this concern had thrown away, has converted it into at least fifty dollars of value. This represents the waste of, perhaps, a week or two. Figure that for the past twenty-five years, and it amounts to the stupendous total of thirty thousand dollars. Think of it!"

When the attorney finished the judge had to remind the jury that it could not bring in civil damages for the defendant in a criminal action.

Our industrial world is full of wastes, great and small. Some of these are being studied and stopped by engineers because they fall in an engineer's peculiar province, or are so vast as to be given him for solution. The smoke problem is one of these big wastes, representing loss in unburned fuel at one end, and loss in damaged goods and buildings, diminished sunlight and fresh air at the other. Some day our cities will be absolutely smokeless, and so will the factory towns, through better combustion, the use of electricity for power, and the use of gas and coke for domestic fuel.



"Sure—Take 'Em Along"

Another waste less conspicuous is that caused by the concussion of rail joints on every railroad in the world. This little gap may not be noticed by a passenger on a limited train, because its incessant shock is taken up by car-springs. But it is hammering engines, cars, track and roadbed to pieces, nevertheless, shaking loose

screws and bolts, causing wear, tear and breakage, while rolling stock has to be built heavier than would be necessary if rail-joints were continuous. This extra weight costs as equipment, and is expensive to haul. The whole leakage is shown concretely when a carload of coal reaches the end of a railroad journey; for, no matter how large and clean the lumps when loaded at the mine, much of the coal will be found hammered into dust on arrival at destination. This loss is so large that, according to one authority, the money totals, if ascertained, would astonish the experts

Engineers take a refuse product like blast furnace slag nowadays and transform it into numerous useful articles. A process lately reported from England converts slag into a sort of glass while still hot, and permits it to be worked up into paving stones, building blocks and other structural material. It can be made into artificial roofing slates, for instance, at about half the cost of quarrying and finishing the real thing, and has the advantage of making a roof that is a skylight, too; for the slag-slates are translucent

The engineering world today regards such economies as more or less commonplace. In fact, that is the engineer's chief reason for existence in many industries, and while he is converting a waste product into something useful he may so enlarge its whole scope as to make it more important than the main product.

Thirty years ago if the average American farmer wanted power he found it in horses, oxen or his own muscles. Some farms had steam engines for the heaviest work, but these were few. Putting a team of horses into a treadmill was about the only way of getting power to turn small tools like the wood-saw

About this very time the American farmer regarded his kerosene lamp as highly dangerous. A frightful proportion of fires and burning accidents were due then to lamp explosions. Refined kerosene was comparatively dear, and the naphtha and benzine taken out in refining a cheap by-product were used in manufacturing paints and rubber. The temptation to mix benzine with illuminating oil was so great, and inspection laws were so lax in many states, that very often the thing was done.

But in thirty years, though illuminating oils have fallen in value, naphtha and its allied products have more than doubled. Every American farm that is a farm has its gas engine nowadays, and there is not only abundant power ready for all the heavy work and many of the chores, but the farmer measures it out almost by the teaspoonful And his kerosene lamp is no longer dangerous.

These larger items of waste do not tell the whole story. All through our industrial system are items so small that they have escaped general attention, or which are far from the observation of the engineer. Many of the most interesting items are found only in a given industry or business, and can best be dealt with by some person in that particular line or house

As an illustration, one of the great telegraph corporations employs messenger boys in thirty thousand cities, towns and villages all over the United States. This army of boys was organized to carry telegrams and perform a general messenger service for persons who wished to employ a boy for a few hours. Messenger service comes to a sharp peak between eleven and three each day, and as the boys are on duty ten hours, that left quite a surplus of wasted boy energy. In fact, there were five or six hours every weekday when the company had an army of bright boys on its hands, but no profitable work for these boys to do. A few years ago some investigator in the telegraph company found a way to put all the boys at work in the slack hours, and eventually to put more boys into the service.

Study of mail and express rates showed that there was a certain class of matter which telegraph boys might deliver more cheaply than either the express companies or the post-office. A pharmaceutical manufacturer in New York had several thousand two-pound sample bottles of a drug to send to doctors in leading cities. By express each would cost him thirty or forty cents. The samples were wrapped and addressed, as if for the express companies, but all those for Chicago, say, would be sent to that city by freight, in care of the telegraph company Then messengers delivered them to the doctors for about five cents apiece. Or, a mercantile house sent its bulky catalogue for one-sixth the cost of postage, delivering each copy with a personal letter, and getting a receipt practically a registered-mail service. This income was like thick cream on the straight milk of other telegraph income, and apart from cheapness the delivery of such matter by uniformed telegraph messengers was so well liked by business houses that in a short time the company was putting on boys for this delivery service exclusively.

One of our leading saccharine products is corn sugar, made from corn starch, a syrupy liquid sugar that enters into hundreds of our food and drink industries. Until we began to make this sugar from Indian corn our chief dependence was potato sugar from Europe. But the tide long ago turned the other way, and now we sell large quantities of corn sugar abroad instead.

In manufacturing this product, field corn is steeped until soft and then put through a process of washing, aided by gravity, which separates the kernels into four parts. The hulls come away and are incorporated in stock foods. The germ from which corn sprouts is separated and crushed for its golden edible oil. This leaves starch and gluten.

(Concluded on Page 69)

Philander Chase's Promotion

THE SQUARE PEG LEARNS SOMETHING FROM A MISFIT

By Elmore Elliott Peake

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

IT WAS nearly one o'clock in the morning before Edwardy, traveling auditor for the C. & P., completed his checking of the Sparta agency by counting the small change in the ticket-window tills. Then, lighting his pipe, he drew a chair up to the rusty cannon-stove, and motioned Philander Chase, the agent, into another chair.

"Now, Phil, comes the most important part of all—and I've only reserved it until this moment because I had instructions from the powers-that-be to do so. Old McManus at Milledgeville, who celebrated his seventieth birthday last week, has resigned. I am authorized to offer you his place."

Chase was not an easily-startled man, but his eyes now opened saucer-wide.

"It's a big jump, Phil," continued the T. A. "Milledgeville pays one hundred and ten a month, and you are getting sixty-five—aren't you? But they've let you stick here a good while, and it's only fair, now that they have decided to shove you up, to shove you high."

The two men talked until the blast of a locomotive caused Chase to rise hastily and release his signal-rope. At the red light thus displayed No. 12, which usually thundered through Sparta like a hurricane, emitted a second and longer blast—something between a snarl and a shriek, it seemed; then, with fire flying from her locked brakeshoes, she shudderingly and reluctantly slowed down to a stop. A vestibuled door flew smartly open, a brakeman hopped down, Edwardy, with practiced ease, hopped up; and the locomotive, with hoarse, impatient snorts, again set her long, heavy burden in motion.

Long after the last sound of the receding train had died away in the stillness of the night, long after his lamp had run dry and finally purred itself out, Chase sat staring into the stove. He was a tall, angular man, on the near side of the half-century mark. His black hair was scarcely frosted about the temples. His plain but attractive countenance had not been unduly seamed by time; but just now its lines were accentuated by the glare from the fire, so that he looked somewhat sad and worn.

As a matter of fact he was, in spite of Edwardy's good news, unaccountably depressed. Was he afraid of the increased responsibilities that would accompany his promotion? If so, time had verily done more to him than powder his hair since that golden October day when, a youth of twenty, he rode to town by his father's side with his little round-topped old-fashioned trunk

He was then on his way to a school of telegraphy. He believed, as his father and their neighbors believed, that learning telegraphy was the first step toward a railroad president's chair. How courageously he was happy and buoyantly he had taken that step! Success then seemed so inevitable. It was an inalienable gift of the gods. The battle necessary to win it was only a larger, finer kind of play than that in which he had hitherto engaged

After finishing at the "college"—where he had paid an exorbitant price to be taught a comparatively simple art—Philander was lucky enough to secure the position of operator at Sparta, only five miles from his parental home. The salary of twenty-five dollars a month then seemed no mean amount. After three years—years which slipped smoothly and easily by to the care-free youth—he was appointed agent, at forty-five dollars a month.

That same summer he married a prosperous farmer's daughter whose books he used to carry home from the little district schoolhouse and for whose sake he had bloodied the nose of more than one grimacing swain. Handsome, ambitious Lucy Dubald was believed to have made the good match which had always been predicted for her. There seemed no reason why her husband should not move up, step by step, until he had reached an enviable position in the railroad world.

But, all unannounced, a new era in railroading had been born. "Consolidation" was its motto. The big fish swallowed the little fish. In a remarkably short time the old-fashioned general manager who knew every section boss on his line had become as extinct as the mastodon. The C. & P. sank from an independent property to a mere link in a division; and its station agents became, so far as the remote general officers of the system were concerned, mere automata. They had little more chance than a semaphore signal of showing any individuality. Thus it came about that, in spite of faithful service and a fair amount of ability, Philander Chase had remained in Sparta for twenty-two years.

Was there any other reason for his arrested career? He had often asked himself the question, with some

solicitude. He asked it again tonight. He was forced to admit that as time passed his ambition had languished. He had no particular spur. He was happily married. His wife and five daughters were a source of pride as well as comfort. He had made a place for himself in the village life. He had been Master of the local Masonic lodge, a patron of the Eastern Star, superintendent of the Methodist Sunday-school. He had twice served Sparta as mayor, and half a dozen times as a member of the Common Council. Moreover, in spite of his small salary, he had managed to accumulate some property. In addition to the house he lived in he owned two cottages. He kept a horse and carriage, two cows, hogs, and a flock of Barred Rock chickens which had carried off many blue ribbons. As a result, he was beginning to be regarded by many people as a substantial citizen, practically independent of his salary.

Such a reputation was naturally gratifying to Philander. Yet its hollowness often pricked his conscience. Only he and his wife knew by what personal sacrifices, by what mean and grinding economies, by what pinchings and scrapings, his little property had been got together. He would have been ashamed to confess how far he had learned to make a dime go, how many darns Lucy could put on a pair of stockings, how many times she could clean, turn, alter or dye a girl's suit or cloak before it got absolutely shabby or hopelessly out of fashion. He would not willingly have acknowledged that his fads in the way of livestock were really veiled sources of income; even his horse paid its way by spring-plowings of gardens and odds and ends of hauling. It would have pained him to admit how little he had done for his girls compared with what he had once dreamed of doing for them.

Yet, confronted by these thoughts, he could sit by the stove without a thrill over the prospect of almost doubling his salary! Had he plodded in a rut so long that his feet dared not press unfamiliar ground? Was he a chipmunk, which, after its long hibernation, shivers at the door of its snuggery under the chill spring blast and imagines a hawk's wing in every rustling leaf?

Though Lucy awoke at his entrance he withheld his news until morning—for just what reason he could hardly have said. The sight of her sparkling eyes, her eagerly-parted lips, a certain tenseness of her whole physical being as she listened to his brief recital, suggested to him for the first time in his life that the years had dealt more gently with her than with himself. In spite of the five children she had borne, in spite of the maternal and domestic cares which had crowded her days and often her nights, in spite of the regrets which she must have occasionally felt over the thwarted dreams of her ambitious girlhood, there was still a suggestion about her of the plump, rosy-cheeked, demure maiden whom he had led to the altar. And when he had finished she sprang forward, clasped her arms about his neck, kissed him, and smiled through a mist of happy tears.

'Dear boy, I knew that it must come—some day!" she murmured tenderly. Then, it being already late, she hastened away to start the kitchen fire.

As he stood before the glass and tied the narrow black cravat which he habitually wore—it was both cheap and durable—something in Philander's breast responded to his wife's happiness and confidence; the somber reflections of the night before vanished like a bad dream, and he went downstairs actually whistling.

At the breakfast table the girls received the momentous information with dumb incredulity, followed by a chorus of shouts and a wild clapping of hands.

"Milledgeville, papa! Oh, papa, not Milledgeville?"

"Oh, mamma, honestly and truly?"

"Out of this old hole at last—hooray!"

"Say, won't people open their eyes!"

"Won't Fay Britton open hers—the little snip! We'll soon know now just how swell those Milledgeville friends of hers really are!"

"Papa, be sure to get us a house on Princeton Boulevard," exclaimed Helen, the proud. "It's the swellest street there."

"And can I take lessons at Amos Seminary?" asked Bessie, whose voice was a matter of village as well as of family pride.

"We'll have to have a rubber-tired surrey for certain now. Won't it go fine on those lovely asphalt streets!"

"Yes, and a horse to match it!"

"What do you want, Milly?" asked the father playfully, of his eldest and, perhaps, best loved.

Her face was flushed with excitement but she answered with her customary calm: 'I was thinking of the sewing to be done before we can move."

"We are not going today, dear," observed Mrs. Chase, in the quiet, assured tone with which she always checked her daughters' tendencies to fly off at a tangent, either toward gravity or frivolity. "And when we do move I don't imagine that we shall need any more clothes there than here. We are not going to Milledgeville to storm it socially."

"The Farm is the Place for Me! I Should Never Have Left It!"

Nevertheless, her own secret thoughts differed only quantitatively, not qualitatively, from her girls'. She felt as if the hour for which she had waited so many years had struck. What as a young wife she had craved for herself, in the way of position, ease and luxury—for these things are only comparative—she now craved for her children. Therefore, when Philander, a week later, unexpectedly entered the sitting-room in the middle of the afternoon, and with perceptibly tremulous fingers drew the familiar yellow railroad envelope from his breast pocket, she not only knew that the transfer had been made, but also she was ready to act at once on the information.

"I think we had better sell out everything here—lock, stock and barrel, as father used to say," she observed. "There is no money in renting small places like ours when you can't supervise them in person. As for our home, I'd sooner see it sold than occupied by any one but ourselves."

Her eyes filled momentarily. She and Philander had planned this house—with what loving care only those who have done likewise may know. It had been finished just in time for the reception of little Helen, their second child. The young couple had snuggled into it as a bird into its nest, yet holding themselves ready to relinquish it when the summons into a larger and wider life should be served. Time, however, had slipped swiftly by. The other three girls had come, one by one. The golden dreams of the future had begun to fade. But now ——

"Of course, all the livestock will have to go, too," she continued. "There's no room for anything like that in a city."—Milledgeville's population was fifteen thousand.—"And if we keep a horse there, as I presume we may with your increased salary, I fancy, like Kate, that we shall want one with a little more style than old Flora has. But we sha'n't sell her. I couldn't stand that. We'll send her out to Father Chase's, where she'll be treated humanely."

She paused reflectively. Philander had not opened his mouth. He had had a superstitious feeling all along that the promotion would not materialize, and its actual arrival had knocked him into a cocked hat. He now gazed solemnly out of the window, looking little like a man upon whose brow the crown of success had just been placed. Lucy glanced furtively at him, as if not just relishing his mien. Possibly, with that divination which wives so often possess, she perceived his reluctance to face new and heavier responsibilities. However, she went on, with nothing in her voice to betray these unwelcome suspicions:

"The first thing to do is to secure a suitable house in Milledgeville. Princeton Boulevard is out of the question, I suppose—though Helen has set her heart on it. Yet I do want a home which we shall not be ashamed of. It must have a furnace, water and electric lights. And I want it large enough, for no doubt our friends here will frequently drop in. And the neighborhood is just as important as the house. I could live anywhere and be happy, but for the sake of the girls, Phil, we must make the best showing consistent with our resources. Blink our eyes to the fact as we may, they are growing up to a marriageable age. Milly has already reached it. I feel, somehow, as if this were a crucial moment in our lives. I feel almost as if there were something providential in this transfer. In fact, I may say it has come just in time to save our dear children."

"From what?" asked Philander blankly.

"From a living interment in a dead little place like Sparta," she answered dramatically. "From marriage with young men who, while good enough in other respects, will in all probability be only clerks or small shopkeepers all their lives."

Philander blinked vacantly. This was new doctrine to him. That Sparta had her commercial shortcomings he well knew, but till this moment it had never occurred to him that any one could desire an improvement on her socially.

. . . . . .

Philander, who had not had a vacation in ten years, had no thought of asking for any time off now, but departed at once for his new post, leaving the family to pack the household goods and wind up affairs in general. He promised, however, to return for the farewell reception which was already being planned for them.

With the girls, during the next five or six weeks, Milledgeville was a name to conjure with. Upon the canvas of their imaginations it flashed, again and again, with unfailing power, the most splendid pictures. It displayed beautiful, far-reaching vistas into the vague, golden future of youth, where nothing is impossible, where the crowns of kings and queens may be had for the asking, and where power, riches, adulation and happiness are denied to none. And into the envious ears of their young friends full accounts of these visions were poured. Nor was Mrs. Chase far behind her daughters in this respect. After all, she was only an older girl, almost as enthusiastic as her children; and as she sewed or made little preliminary ventures in packing she imparted to her visitors, who now came in unusual numbers, her hopes and expectations of the future.

Yet on that day when No. 16 pulled away from the little station with the Chase family aboard, mother and daughters wept freely. The farewell reception, given jointly by the Masons, the Methodist church and the Women's Club of Sparta, had not moved the recipients to sadness. Neither had the little parties given for the girls, nor the half-column of eulogy which appeared in both the Sparta Star and the Union County Banner, nor the expressions of individual regret which had poured in from every quarter. On the contrary, these tokens of the high place the family held in Sparta were accepted as omens of what they might aspire to in their new home.

But all this was now of the past. Farewell kisses had been exchanged on the platform. The last tie had been broken. The new and untried was ahead. Yet the heavens had not fallen. Darkness had not curtained the earth. Everything moved on as before. Ted Andrews, the operator, had cut his good-bys short to answer the clicking call of his instrument. Catherine, glancing out of the window for a last look, had seen her dearest friend, Emily Stinson, playfully tip Charlie Bowers' cap over his eyes. The Lincoln House's ramshackle old bus rattled off as cheerfully as if only a drummer, instead of one of the first families, had shaken the dust of Sparta from off his feet.

Philander did not weep, but there was a lump in his throat which would not down. As he stared steadfastly out of the window to hide his face, the last familiar object to slip from his field of view was a huge elm which stood about an eighth of a mile south of the track, directly opposite the station. For more than a quarter of a century this tree had been a daily factor in his life. Especially had he loved to caress it with his eyes as he sat with his finger upon the telegraph key. He had come to know and love its every phase—its cloud of green mist in April, its full and splendid plumage of summer, its great, golden globe of autumn, and finally winter's gray trunk and delicate tracery of twigs. Hence it was that the disappearance of the tip of its farthest-reaching bough gave him a keener realization of the change taking place in his life than all which had gone before.

The Chases had another and more specific reason for their heaviness of heart. Philander had found that the one "desirable" house to be had on Princeton Boulevard commanded the incredible rent of fifty dollars a month! Therefore, the best he had been able to do, bearing in mind Lucy's specifications, was to get a house six blocks from the Boulevard and in a confessedly commonplace neighborhood. The price of even this compromise was twenty-seven and a half dollars a month, payable in advance.

Considering that this sum was just three and one-half dollars more than the combined rent of the Chases' three

houses—they had not been able to effect an immediate sale of them—it was little wonder that Lucy had gasped. Yet Philander firmly maintained, under the severest cross-examination, that he had made the very best possible arrangement. This was the truth, too. But it was not until after the train had passed Purdy and Shakerstown that Chase mustered sufficient courage to tell his wife the whole truth

"Lucy," he began, deprecatingly, and with a quickened pulse, "I ought to have told you before, perhaps, but it sort of slipped my mind, that our house is a—is a double one."

She turned upon him speechlessly, as if doubting his sanity. In Sparta, with its cheap land and spacious yards, "double house" was almost as odious a term as "tenement"

"A double one!" she burst out.

"Yes. And it abuts on the sidewalk. There isn't a foot of lawn. No place for flower-beds. It also needs paint badly. You might as well know the worst now. So had the girls. Tell 'em." His voice was ominously calm, for he had been bullyragged to the limit on this subject.

But the girls had already caught his words, and five blank, dismayed, woebegone faces—two from in front, two from behind, and one from across the aisle—were focused on their father. Then Milly burst into tears.

"Not one word!" commanded Philander, in one of his extremely rare but thoroughly respected moods of authority. "I tramped that town for two weeks, every spare minute I had. I done without meals. I called on every real-estate agent that had a shingle out. I looked up every house advertised in the papers. We'll say no more about it."

His sketch of the house was dismal enough; yet the house itself, when finally reached, after an expenditure of a dollar and a half for cab fare, proved even more dismal. Moreover, it was quite as bad inside as out. It had been "modernized" in a shamelessly open manner, hot-air flues, water pipes and electric wires flaunting themselves along walls, floors and ceilings. The wall-paper dated back at least a decade. The back yard proved to be exactly thirty by fifty-two feet in size—a pitiful plot as compared with the Chases' acre at home. The ground, for some inscrutable reason, had been overlaid with cinders. At the farther end was a nondescript structure composed of dismembered packing-cases and wire netting—mute and pathetic evidence of some former misguided tenant's efforts to raise chickens. Near this relic was an ancient barrel for the reception of garbage. Philander explained, with an attempt at cheerfulness, that it would be emptied every day, free of charge.

It was a glum group which, after the tour of inspection, finally huddled together in the dimly-lighted, grimy front hall

"If we could have got along with a five or six room house," began Chase, conciliatorily, "I might have ——"

A sharp rap on the door—the front bell, it seemed, was not in order—put an unexpected period to his remark.

"You people want milk?" briskly inquired a youth in a yellow corduroy suit, jerking his thumb toward a covered wagon which stood at the curb and was labeled "Meadow Brook Dairy."

"How do you sell it?" asked Mrs. Chase, suspiciously eying the cigarette between the vender's forefinger and thumb.

"Four cents a pint, seven a quart. Cream, eight a half-pint, fifteen a whole. Cows tuberculin tested."

Lucy Chase shivered. For years she had supplied her neighbors with the richest milk from their two sweet-breathed Jerseys at four cents a quart.

"After we are settled you may bring us a—a quart a day," she answered, calculating that a quart a day, about one-fourth the amount her family was in the habit of consuming, would cost two dollars and ten cents a month.

"How about ice? My brother drives an ice-wagon and he'll give you honest weight—which is more'n you can say of some."

Accustomed for years to her cool, fragrant cellar Lucy had never given ice a thought. So, mentally adding a refrigerator to the already long list of articles which their move was necessitating, she answered wearily: "We'll decide about the ice later."

"Folks from the country?" asked the youth with friendly interest, emitting a cloud of smoke through his nose.

"We are from Sparta," spoke up Helen frigidly.

Their interrogator nodded politely, but from his vacant face it was plain that Sparta and Timbuctoo were one and the same to him.

"I am the agent here," volunteered Philander, hoping yet to save the day. "The railroad agent," he added recalling that in a city like Milledgeville there were naturally a good many kinds of agents.

"Wot road?"

"The C. & P.," answered Chase, blushing to think he had forgotten the other two railroads.

"We folks here call that the Cornstalk & Punkin Line," commented the boy, without a trace of humor. "It don't run through no towns to speak of, and people, when they want to git anywhere, mostly take one of the other lines. Lots of farm stuff comes in on the Punk, though, they tell me. Some milk, too. Well, so long I'll drop in again."

That lots of stuff, farm and otherwise, came in over the "Punk," the new agent had already discovered. In fact, the amount of business which passed through his stuffy office at the west end of the freight house almost appalled him. As he wrestled like an Ajax with his new and somewhat unfamiliar duties, he recalled more than once Edwardy's parting words: "Of course, Phil, a hundred-and-ten-dollar job means a hundred and ten dollars' worth of work." Indeed, it seemed to Phil, using his former position as a gauge, that he was doing even more than that amount of work.

The multiplicity of details confused him and dissipated his time and energy. At Sparta everything had come under his personal supervision; he could answer offhand any inquiry by telephone. In grasping at the same perfect control of the present business he fell into the snare which has entangled many another man suddenly raised to a greater responsibility—he tried to do all the work himself. He concerned himself with processes rather than results. In his anxiety to make a good showing he exercised a surveillance over his men to which they were not accustomed and which they resented. He enforced rules which the easy-going but shrewd and efficient McManus had found it expedient to overlook. Short cuts which had been in use for years were prohibited.

But the new agent was harder on himself than any one else. For twenty-five years he had handled every piece of freight received at Sparta. The consignees were friends, neighbors, brother Masons and Methodists, and he regarded their goods in the light of a personal charge. Upon the change to Milledgeville, therefore, it was impossible for him to assume an impersonal attitude toward the piles of merchandise which littered the floor of the freight house. A broken case caught his eye at once and demanded an immediate investigation. If a claim for damages was filed with him—and scores of them were filed every month—its proper adjustment was on his conscience though the railroad maintained a special department to take care of claims.

Again, the thousand and one inquiries from the general offices, though frequently trivial and originated by irresponsible clerks, were accorded the same respect as a letter from the general manager. Instead of referring them to the proper person for attention, Philander would patiently stand by while a bookkeeper or a file-clerk delved for the desired information. In short, through his inexperience in handling men, he soon threw out of adjustment a machine which it had required years to perfect; a machine which enabled one man to do the work of two or three, although it did not, it is true, trim and smooth its product with the nicety which Philander had been accustomed to in a little station where everything, to continue the metaphor, was done by hand.

Edwardy, dropping in between trains one day, sized up the situation at a glance.

"Take it easy, Phil," he admonished. "Don't try to make too many reforms. Get into step with the boys here. Don't be afraid to give them plenty of rope, and don't ask them to show you everything in black and white. They served McManus well, and they'll do the same for you."

Chase made an honest endeavor, for a few days, to follow this advice. But he unconsciously quickened his pace until he was getting down to work ahead of the office-boy, was stealing time from his luncheon hour, and lingering long after every one else had gone. Often it was midnight before he reached home.

As matters went from bad to worse, his fighting blood got hot, and he breasted the fearful odds with a really splendid courage. But the result was easily foreseen Given the strength and endurance of a giant he might have won out. As it was, he passed from thinness to gauntness His sleep became broken. Finally, for the first time in years, he consulted a doctor and learned, forsooth, that he was suffering from overwork!

He laughed without mirth as he reached the street again. There was no respite for him now. His three younger girls were attending the public schools, Helen was taking voice culture at the seminary, and Milly was being tutored for the normal school. He had spent a good deal for new clothes and a good deal for new furniture To meet these expenditures he had placed a small mortgage on his Sparta property. He was not saving a dollar, and he saw no prospects of saving one. Living was high, and new and unexpected expenses met him at every turn Never before had he realized how far a garden, a cow or two, pigs and chickens, will go toward supporting a family.

From the beginning Philander had made just one rule favoring himself in the matter of work—he would not appear at the office on Sundays. Consequently, he regularly attended divine services in the forenoon with his family.

The beautiful green-sandstone church on Princeton Boulevard had turned out not to be Methodist, as Helen had fondly hoped, but Congregational. An imposing Gothic edifice within a stone's throw bore, on an elaborate tablet, the word "Presbyterian." The third of the trio of ecclesiastical buildings fronting the park announced its creed through the massive gold cross which tipped its spire.

The Methodist church was six blocks from this aristocratic center, as the Chases finally discovered on their first dismal Sunday in Milledgeville. It proved to be a tall, narrow, razor-backed frame structure, rectangular in shape and badly in need of paint. This building and the exceedingly democratic congregation inside were a bitter disappointment to the girls. The Methodist church in Sparta was by all odds the church of the town. It played almost as important a part in the social as in the religious life of its members; hence the Chase quintet of girls, especially Milly and Helen, had banked heavily on the Milledgeville church for an introduction into good society. But Helen declared contemptuously that there wasn't a hat in the audience which had cost as much as her own.

One Sunday, some five months later, as the congregation filed out of the church, the Chases were astonished to find Fred Edwardy standing on the steps. He smilingly shook hands around, but managed to drop behind with Philander when the family moved on. It was but a few words that he insinuated into the latter's ear, but they were sufficient to turn Philander's face an ashen hue.

"Come home to dinner with us and make it plainer to me," said he with a dry throat.

"I don't think it would be exactly politic for me to eat with you today, Phil, under the circumstances," answered Edwardy kindly. "But you come down to the office immediately after dinner."

On the way home Chase evaded his wife's questions as to Edwardy's presence. He could not find the right words for the ugly news he had to communicate. He concealed his emotion sufficiently not to arouse her suspicions, but at the table his hands shook as he carved the roast. When he found himself unable to swallow a morsel of food he softly laid down his knife and fork, folded his napkin and

(Continued on Page 52)

"Out of This Old Hole at Last—Hooray!"

TENDERFOOT TOURISTS

What the Traveler Gets From Europe, and What Europe Gets Back

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY MAYER

They Offer You Dirty Oranges, Faded Flowers, Tattered Postal Cards

THERE lived in our town, just as there did in yours, two ladies who dwelt above the social salt, each of whom reckoned family events by a system of chronology of her own. One of them dated all things from the time when baby came. The other opined that the universe first began its revolutions in the year when she was abroad. It was wonderful, it was magnificent, to note how either of these social leaders would, in any possible situation of daily life, lead the conversation around to that great event which in her belief far outweighed in historic interest the date of the building of the city.

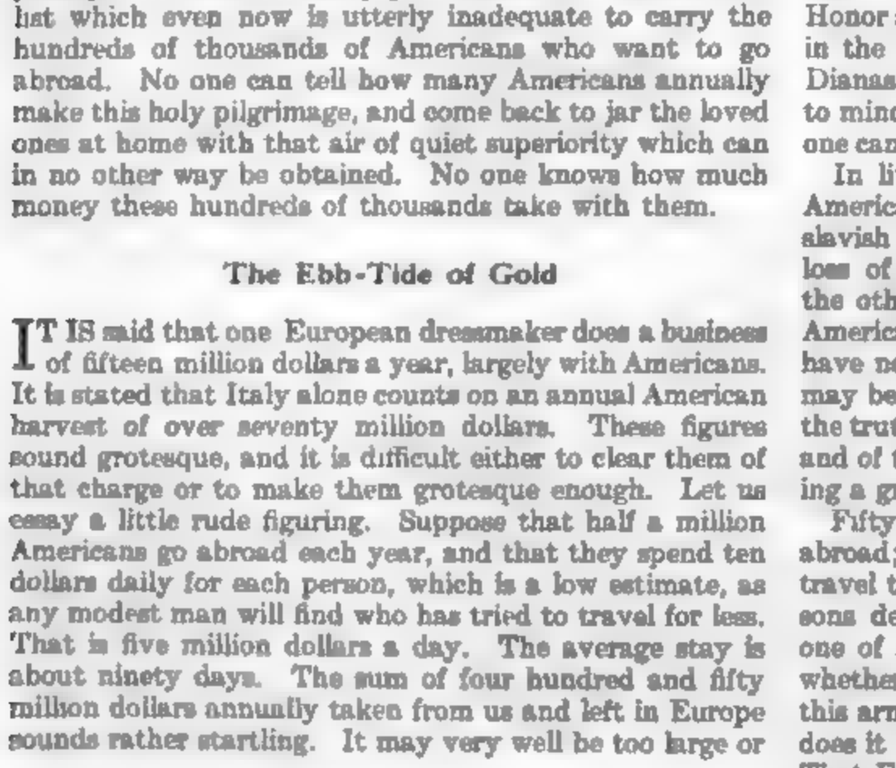
As to the chronology of the latter of these two social nuisances, we who dwelt below the salt had in those days no hope of being called to the elect, although we entertained that vague aspiration regarding the future which allowed us, in the silent watches of the night when privacy was assured, to hope, to dream, perhaps even to pray, that one day we might somehow go abroad.

Ah, well, times have changed since then. Both of these ladies are, let us hope, gathered to their mothers. The cherished event which never happened but once for either one of them has happened to many of us others since that time. We school-teachers, stenographers, real-estate dealers, politicians, butchers, bakers, candlestick-makers, lawyers, doctors, merchants, thieves, have in one way or another ofttimes collected money enough to attain our most cherished ambition, and we have gone abroad. At first in thousands, then in tens of thousands and scores of thousands; in late years, in many hundreds of thousands, we have gone abroad.

On one day last summer eleven great liners left New York Bay, each packed to the guards with fool Americans, each of whom in blushing ecstasy was bending over that roll of fame comprised in the ship's list of passengers. On another day six liners sailed, on another three. Scarce a day of the year passes in which the Atlantic is not dotted with great ships carrying Americans abroad. Each year, perhaps, a dozen to twenty great liners are added to the list which even now is utterly inadequate to carry the hundreds of thousands of Americans who want to go abroad. No one can tell how many Americans annually make this holy pilgrimage, and come back to jar the loved ones at home with that air of quiet superiority which can in no other way be obtained. No one knows how much money these hundreds of thousands take with them.

The Ebb-Tide of Gold

IT IS said that one European dressmaker does a business of fifteen million dollars a year, largely with Americans. It is stated that Italy alone counts on an annual American harvest of over seventy million dollars. These figures sound grotesque, and it is difficult either to clear them of that charge or to make them grotesque enough. Let us essay a little rude figuring. Suppose that half a million Americans go abroad each year, and that they spend ten dollars daily for each person, which is a low estimate, as any modest man will find who has tried to travel for less. That is five million dollars a day. The average stay is about ninety days. The sum of four hundred and fifty million dollars annually taken from us and left in Europe sounds rather startling. It may very well be too large or very well be too small—no one knows. In any case, it is certain that enough North American money goes over each year to fill many an American dinner pail that is empty, and to spread many an American table that is bare.



Europe is a Toy Country And One Continuous Coney Island

Now, what do these Americans get for it? With what purpose do they go abroad? Perhaps one-tenth have some honest ambition of education, and of these, perhaps, one-tenth—made up of artists and literary men—can figure some sort of a commercial basis in their ambitions. What the art of America owes to Europe is very much, that is true. The Statue of Liberty is only the pagan statue of Ceres revamped. The famous quadriga of the World's Fair you may see in Vienna or elsewhere, if you like. The MacMonnies Fountain of the old Court of Honor at Chicago you may see any day well foreshadowed in the Fountain of the Three Roads at Rome. All our Dianas exist in European museums. There does not come to mind one ideal group of American public statuary that one cannot spot out in Rome or Paris.

In literature, also, we have gone abroad, but what American writer in fifty years has gained by that? That slavish pilgrimage to Europe has usually resulted in the loss of the writer's native art and the failure to get the other fellow's. Europe is a sponge, not a fountain. America is where things grow. More shame to us that we have not insisted that our art should grow here. These may be called vaporings, but, even so, they come closer to the truth each day in this age of close intercommunication, and of the swift growth of America as a great nation owning a great and distinct environment of its own.

Fifty years ago it may have been a distinction to go abroad; today it is almost the other way about. You travel today not as one of a select party of cultured persons desiring to extend their personal horizons, but as one of a mob, of a stampede; and you do this, perforce, whether you go as a real traveler or as a tourist. Does this army of crusaders bring back the true cross? What does it bring back? Also, and again, what does it leave? That Europe welcomes this annual crusade goes without saying. There are parts of Europe that would go without even a bare existence were it not for the American traveler. There are in Europe many branches of business, many thousands of persons, many a highly differentiated industry that would collapse tomorrow were the American travel to fail.

By the time you are around Sandy Hook you will have observed that curious phenomenon of nature possibly to be seen in certain New York hotels, and which one may designate as the soufflé butterpat. Nestling on the plate, not hid in a pennyweight of real ice, you discern not a fair round ball or seemly slab of consistent butter, but a shell-like spiral which is mostly air. This way of cutting butter was invented in Europe. Of course, if you are in the least swell, swagger or select, you would not think of serving butter on your own dinner table at home, especially if you had company for dinner, because that is very bad form indeed these days. The butterless dinner is the invention of Europe, and has been taken up as correct in America because it is European. It was invented as a measure of economy by a country that has no such food market as we have here in America, and where the average income is so small that living expenses must be cut down to a nicety. Butter is expensive. Ergo.

In the same way you discover that coffee is not considered as food, but as a luxury and an extra. All over Europe you have to pay from ten to twenty-five cents for a demi-tasse of stuff that you would throw in the face of any waiter who would offer it to you in America.

Having practically marked butter and coffee off the slate of expense, we may next expect to see Europe take away the dessert, the salad, the *entremets*, the *relêve*, the *pièce de resistance*, the fish, all the *entrées* and the *hors-d'œuvres*. There will remain, of course, the soup. You meet soup everywhere in Europe. They make it out of the things they serve you lower down on the menu. We have every reason to suspect that before long a correct dinner in New York, or Emporia, Kansas, will consist solely of soup. Anything else will be extra.

Even pending the arrival of this latter state of affairs, the extreme slightness, tenuity or dinkiness of the European table-d'hôte dinner is something that will be borne in upon you ere you shall have been abroad many days. In Italy and France they prepare an entire dinner out of a little water mingled with copying ink, six onion skins and the foot of an ancient hen. The Chinese are babies in table economy as against the Italians and the French. But surely there is the roast beef of Old England? It comes from America, but it never gets quite around to where you are while you are in Great Britain. Moreover, one desires to state that you cannot get frankfurters in Frankfort. The beer of Munich costs more in Italy, Germany and Austria than it does in America. Chianti wine costs more in Italy and is poorer than it is in Chicago. For a bottle of water from a certain spring in Maine you pay from fifteen to twenty-five cents on board ship. At Pompeii it costs you sixty cents and it eminently is not included in your *tutto compresso*.

The Ringed-Bottle Outrage

THE beringed bottle is an invention of Europe, and is in general use. A friend of mine got thirsty and tired one evening in Vienna, and poured himself from one of these abominations what seemed to him a man's drink of whisky. The waiter came to him, eyed the water-bottle with suspicion, carefully counted the bread, took away the remaining butter, and asked him with cold severity how many drinks of whisky he had had. In all simplicity, the gentleman replied that he had had one drink of whisky, and so paid his ticket, not forgetting the waiter. Judge his surprise when on the following morning at breakfast he found beside his plate a little ticket for an extra drink of whisky. He had drunk below the second ring, and they had checked the bottle on him in the kitchen!

If you fondly imagine for a moment that you are in any way, shape or manner going to get ahead of a European hotel or café you are all to the bad in your ratiocination. As thus: One day, in company with a certain person, I dropped into a little sidewalk shop behind that green-boxed forest that marks the limitations of the average European eating-place. This was in Budapest, and we were hungry. The eyes of my fair companion fell with delight upon a dish of strawberries, which certainly were large and luscious to behold. She saw the berries, but not the little sign supported by one of them in a cleft stick. "I could die eating strawberries," was her remark, as she proceeded to worse than decimate a dish. Meanwhile I sat in agony, my legs twisted around the limbs of the chair, wondering how long her appetite would last. At the end of this trying scene the head waiter was all smiles and rubbing of hands, because he knew I was a millionaire. What the fair companion thought was ten cents a dish, as would have been the case at home, was ten cents a berry! Let us draw a veil. I will only add that the berries had been counted.

It is literally true that Europe could live off the leavings of the American tables, and that in many cases it does so live. You take lodgings of some rotund English woman in London, Oxford or Canterbury. She tells you that you can have chops, steaks or anything you like, bought outside and served in your room. The portions are large and excellent, and you pay for them. The family lives on what you cannot or do not eat. In Carlsbad, for instance, you are delighted to have served in your room a portion of fowl, which means a whole chicken, and a real bucketful of ham and eggs. This seems liberality to you. In reality, it is liberality to the family. It's all in the bill, and what

is left is in the family. There is no way of using an American that has not been invented and brought to a high state of perfection in this holy land which we are all breaking our necks and stretching our pocketbooks to see.

All merchandising is simply the bringing of this and that together. It does not take long for the American traveler to discover that he is regarded merely as a commodity; or given a few human attributes, called a receptacle for commodities. He is there to admire and to purchase the most hackneyed commodity in all the world, which is to say, the scenery of Europe. That Europe is beautiful no one would deny, but that its beauty has been hawked and vended and touted and desecrated and cheapened, one could no more deny. Much of this admiration for European things is a matter of hysteria carefully fostered by commercial interests. No one can tell what has been the total capitalization of the bay of Naples, or of the Swiss Alps, or the river Rhine. The interest paid by the antiquities of Rome, by the gayeties of Paris, the solidities of England, or the literalities of Scotland are matters quite beyond human compute. A two-by-four mountain in Europe is worth good money, and a river with more than two bends or a lake over eight feet deep rapidly gets into the realm of poetry. All a hotel in Europe needs is to get hold of a few acres of scenery and attach to the same a few historical and literary legends. That baits the trap, and for the rest it is simply a question of holding all the victims.

I have a mountain named after me out in the Rocky Mountains, the title affixed by no more historic or sanguinary deed than the slaying of a medium-sized Rocky Mountain ram. The fact is mentioned not as urging qualification for Arctic exploration and claims on the North Pole, but quite the reverse. You never heard of this mountain and never will. Yet it is as large as twenty Ben Lomonds, and I give you promise you cannot climb over it of a forenoon. At its foot lies a lake whose name you never will know, but it is a lake far more beautiful than Loch Lomond. Around it are mountains which would fit well into the Swiss scheme of Alps, but you do not know their names, because as yet there has been no hysteria created about them. Granted a Walter Scott and an active hotel, and this thirty miles square shall presently rival in magnificence that other little thirty miles of Highlands which you expected to thrill you when you saw it, and which did not thrill. You have heard of the Blue Danube; it is not blue, but coffee-colored—European coffee-colored, that is to say. You have read about the Rhine, but it is a pitiful creek compared to the upper Mississippi, which is far more beautiful and bold, and lacks only a few castles with several centuries of history condensed into one guide-book page.

Many of These Little Handouts Will, in Time, Become a Matter of Custom to Him

Overcapitalized Second-Rate Scenery

THE general dinkiness of Europe is what will make the main impression on any American. There is nothing in Europe by way of scenic splendor that is not far surpassed on this continent. They have not room for a river there, and they do not have the river. Their mountains are beaten badly by those of British Columbia and Alaska, even by our own upper Rockies. There are scores of unfrequented lakes in the American West that would surpass Como, Maggiore, Killarney, or the pools where Wordsworth sang. The rural beauty and the suburban charm of England do not surpass parts of New England and Pennsylvania. But each and all of these, and a thousand other places and things which you are sedulously taught you ought to see, take tariff from your honest and unsuspicious American poke. What total money European scenery has taken from Americans is something that staggers imagination. Yet most of the beauty of that country is the beauty either of condensation or of poverty.

America is much condemned for having no ruins, and that is true. The fact is that we have not yet had the time, and that, perhaps, we never shall have the ignorance and bigotry that made ruins in Europe. The three buried cities of Rome, the dismantled castles or cathedrals of this or that country, became ruins through war—and, for the most part, religious war. Our buildings have not been torn apart by Cromwells or other zealots. The conflict between paganism and Christianity made most of the most famous ruins of the world, and caused most of the work of the old masters in sculpture or in color. Europe capitalizes her ruins on the same basis as her scenery, and she curiously blends her art and her ruins in the matter of retail merchandising. There is nothing to be seen in Europe that you cannot see for a price—from the high altar to the secret crypt, from the public archives to the Queen's bed-chamber.

One will not have gone very far into Europe, no matter from what point of entry, before becoming conscious of the constant tapping of many little hands at his pocketbook. Many of these little handouts will, in time, become a matter of custom to him. He will, perhaps, none the less, be slightly dumfounded when he reaches such towns as Lucerne in Switzerland, or Carlsbad in Bohemia, or dozens of other places in Austria, Germany or France, where they operate the "cures." As a matter of fact, of course, there are similar healing springs in America, much less expensive and quite as efficacious. As a matter of course, again, most of the cure at a European resort consists in getting up early, living on a careful diet, drinking plenty of water and taking regular exercise. The doctors of Europe will not let you cut out any of these things. You could do them all at home and be just as well, but you will not, hence you go abroad.

On your way to some place which your guide-book tells you is good for what you think you have, you stop, say at Lucerne, where they operate a light-opera company, a casino, and a few other musical and gambling stunts. Being a simple and honest chap, you don't care for any of these things, but you help pay for them, just the same. As soon as you get into your hotel there is a little book charged up to your account, on account of the town. The hotel takes the money from you, the town takes it from the hotel, on the proposition that it needs it to pay for the music which the public can't help enjoying. At your restaurant you are charged on your bill for one *couvert*, which means about the same as a setup in a hashery. It means that the management wants that much money, anyhow, before you begin to eat. It is the same way with this music. You haven't ordered it, but you pay for it; not very much, but a little.

This music tax is quite different from the regular pass-the-plate tax that goes with music in the café or park. Of course, also, you have to pay for your seat in public parks. The theory is that you can buy a glass of beer and go into a trance for all the rest of the day; but when you come to figure it up you find that a considerable number of pennies have been taken from your yawning pocket, in one way or another, to assist in the European holiday. This light, cheerful, careful, happy and hearty European way of life which you have read about is largely paid for by Americans.

Carlsbad is the best instance of this sort of thing that comes to mind. There is where they do take things away from you. The total graft of Carlsbad, if tabulated, would read like a mortality table. It begins on the day of your arrival, when your landlord hands you a four-sheet poster full of fine print, which looks like an application for a life-insurance policy. You are notified that false declaration will be punished according to the law, and then you are obliged to fill out records describing yourself and family and associates, length of term of previous imprisonments, all the misdeeds of your youth and all your hopes of the future. Gradually you learn that you are expected to take out what is called a *Wohnung*, or residence; nor can you escape this if you remain a week. If you stay one minute over a week you have to pay to the municipality a cure tax of twenty crowns if you are living first-class, twelve crowns if you are living second-class, and eight crowns if you are eating hash. Children and servants pay two crowns each. On top of this comes the music tax which also is obligatory; from ten to thirty-four crowns for a first-class person, eight to twenty-four for a second-class object, and four to twelve crowns for a third-class thing. Out of season this tax is reduced one-half, but no one is exempt from music tax except children, servants and the poor. If you appeal against this assessment you must do so within three days, at the burgomaster's office, between three and four P. M. Payment must be made at once, and protests have to go to the district governor. If you do not fill up this death-warrant you are liable under the law—and that in a country where everything is *verboten* and everything is punished. Not content with this, the authorities leave six columns blank for free-will contributions to the deserving poor, the needy cure guests, Saint Elizabeth's roses' fund, the poor Israelites, destitute infants, and the general hospital. Of course, you can give to any other deserving receptacle of which you happen to think. If you have anything left you give it to your cab driver or the porter at the depot. But you don't have, because the porter at the hotel has got it all.

One of the anticipated delights of the American tourist is that of hearing the splendid music of Europe. In reality, none of the great European military bands is better than our military bands which do not pass the hat. As I have said, the best Gipsy music is here in America. Paderewski and Caruso would confessedly rather operate here than at home. As to the supposition that music is free and general in Europe, it is wrong. You get so that you shiver every time you hear a band coming up the street. There is no place where European art does not get its hooks into you, and music is one of the worst. For instance, you are accustomed to think of the proud dignity of the savage Highland piper. Take your trip through the Trossachs and the so-called tremendous scenery of Loch Lomond—which you can do from Edinburgh and back all in one day, much to your surprise—and you can see the Highland piper in all his savage dignity playing on real bagpipes at any of several points along the road. But if you don't drop out a few coppers or sixpences from the tallyho, as you go by, the dignity of the piper becomes still more savage. He is not squeezing those bagpipes for his health. If you get your savage breast soothed in Europe you are going to pay for it, as you shall presently discover if you go there.

Unearned Increments of Dead Authors' Homes

AS YOU go along the streets of any town in Italy you are beset with swarms of urchins who throw handsprings, mile after mile, until in pity you throw them a coin. The beautiful drive from Sorrento to La Cava is marred by crowds of young beggars who run alongside your carriage and offer you dirty oranges, faded flowers, tattered postal cards, and who seek to win a coin from you, as do the riff-raff and scum of Naples harbor, by grimaces, contortions, possibly obscenity. The drive from Naples to Posilipo is ruined by beggars, postcard venders, insistent musicians and other swarming nuisances. As you go north you expect to escape something of this begging, open or veiled. Yet even in sturdy Scotland, as you drive out from Edinburgh, the road is thronged with young boys, apparently sturdy and certainly sound of wind and limb, who trot alongside and whine to you in Gaelic what in literal translation means to "pour out." This continual demand on the American tourist to pour out or shell out is so continuous on every hand in Europe as to rob travel of all pleasure. Europe is a toy country and one continuous Coney Island, but it lacks Coney Island decorum.

If you should ever desire to buy yourself a castle or abbey it will be commercially better if you can do it in some country made famous by a literary star. Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Moore, Heine, Victor Hugo, the Brownings, Sir Walter Scott—many another of a great galaxy—how many, many sixpences have been committed in their name! It is the custom of Europe, especially of Great Britain, to sneer at America's meager product in art and literature, and to point out that the only real, undying names were raised east of the briny deep. There is truth in this, at least to the extent that you are not allowed to let these names die out of your memory. I should not like to state how many residences of Robert and Elizabeth

"I Could Die Eating Strawberries"

Browning I have seen in Rome, Florence, Munich, Dresden and even Frankfort. Keats, thanks to some of us Americans, now has a very respectable resting-place. How much lake and rural scenery has been marked up on account of Byron and Shelley one would not like to guess. Sir Walter Scott, of Abbotsford, and Robert Burns, and one knows not how many others, are purely commercial propositions, each taking its toll, not great but steady, from reverencing Americans. In Edinburgh there is an embroidered waistcoat which Mary Queen of Scots made for one certain Colonel Darnley. It is in a saloon, and you are expected to buy a drink, or its equivalent, as you pass by. For how much has this bit of silk and brocade been capitalized in good old Scotland? One cannot say. One cannot say what has been the retail price of the country made famous by Sir Walter Scott, for instance. Jeanie Deans' cottage is a best seller on postal cards. Kenilworth Castle takes a stiff gate-money from the public every day, not to mention the continuous gentle demand of the postal-card products. There is a little historic mill on the Avon, not far from Warwick, where you get a good castle view; but you are obliged to buy postal cards at each end of the lane leading to it, and also a pamphlet containing the poetic works of a local bard, from whom you cannot escape, such is his poetic importunity on the hoof. If you want to see a specially hallowed tomb in a specially hallowed cathedral you pay an entrance fee to the cathedral, another fee to the tomb, and another to the verger.

Perhaps about seventy thousand tourists will stop at Stratford-on-Avon this summer, the average in bad years being forty or fifty thousand. Each of these will discover that the town is operated by the Shakspere Birthplace Trust, which sells tickets to the various points of interest. You pay sixpence to see Ann Hathaway's cottage, and sixpence to the girl who shows it to you. You pay sixpence to get into the old church where Shakspere lies buried, and a shilling to the young clergyman who recites the story of that ancient pile. You see the old inscription, quaint and worn;

Good Friend for Jesus sake forbeare
To digg the dust enclosed heare;
Bleste be the man that spares thes stones
And curst be he that moves my bones.

Shakspere wrote that a long while ago, and before he was fully advised of all the facts. If he knows what is going on in that church today I will bet any part of a thousand dollars that he would bless the man who would move his bones. Times change.

The man who owned the house where Shakspere used to live got so angry at the tourists that he tore the house down; but the other place, where Shakspere passed his younger years, is still there, and is handled as a circus with sideshows, pure and simple.

Of course, the greatest and most annoying of all the petty nuisances abroad is the continual, inevitable and unescapable tipping graft. This begins on shipboard. You can buy anything about an ocean liner, from the brass fittings to the propeller shaft, and sometimes you are gently advised in your little ship's handbook as to about how much you are expected to give the servants. You can tip the dining-room steward, and you must tip your table steward and your cabin steward and stewardess, and your Boots, and anybody else who happens to come along. In the stampede for the deck steward, which ensues as soon as the gangway is out, the first man with the biggest fee gets the best place that is left, of course; but very likely you will find some rows of the best chairs already taken by those who got to him by mail! Of course, you tip your bath steward; but if you do not assist materially in his ambition to retire early in life you find your own bath hour steadily advancing or retiring until, finally, you are expected to get up about three o'clock in the morning or stay up till two o'clock at night. This may seem strange to you, but it ought not to seem strange when the answer is so easy. You are now in a European atmosphere, and that is an atmosphere of special privilege.

Perhaps the bulk of American tourist travel on the Continent goes second class on the railways. If one can in the least afford it, it is far better to go first class, for the sake of the room thus gained. But if you can forget your democratic notions of fair play it is perfectly feasible, on almost any railroad in Europe, to travel first class on a second-class ticket. They are a thousand years behind the time in railway travel over there, and, perhaps, purposely so. The crowds of Americans support other crowds of *facchini*, *Träger* or porters, as they are variously called; men absolutely necessary in the clumsy European system of travel, but all of them to be feed at both ends of every train one makes. It is not possible to reserve seats in advance on many of the trains in Europe, but the only safe reservation is to get there first and show fight. Thus, at Carlsbad I bought two *Sitzplätze* tickets on a *Schnellzug*—which is to say, I reserved two seats on a fast train. Passing through the gate, I observed that these tickets had no numbers on them, which meant that they were worthless. I had forgotten to tip the ticket seller! A man in a uniform smiled at me pityingly, and I suddenly gave him a mark—which is to say, a quarter. This caused him to beam, and he led me out to find the conductor of the train. The latter smiled at the vacant places on my tickets. Suddenly I gave him four marks, which also wholly altered the nature of his smile. He flew off at a keen lope, so to speak, and returned at once with the numbers filled in. He was all bows and smiles. More than that, he put us into a first-class compartment instead of second class, locked the doors and pulled down the blinds. This worked very well until we reached the end of his run, when along came another German conductor with a red face and a blue uniform, and sternly inquired what we were doing in there. I suddenly gave him ten marks and I have never seen a finer bow than his.

During one day I spent about five dollars in these experiments, and discovered it is quite possible to own a European railway train if you know how. For instance, if you are crowded go into the "restaurant wagon" if there is one, give a half dollar to the head waiter, and you can sit there all the rest of your natural life if you can stand the dirt and the smoke. If you get any tolerable sanitary conveniences you will get them as privileges. It is special privilege every way you turn.

If you ask a civil question in Europe you must tip for the answer—not much, but always. You tip scholars, students, priests, old, gray-haired men, strong and able-bodied young men. Thousands of these make their living off the tips alone. The railway servants of Europe are paid by Americans. Any porter at Charing Cross or Victoria or other great station in London will tell you he would starve were it not for Americans, because Americans are foolish in their tips, coming as they do from a country where the custom is not yet fully established, although sadly growing. The American is very well inured to tipping his table waiter, but this is only the beginning in Europe. It is best to take care of your hall porter early in the game, to show him what stuff you are made of, as much of your pleasure in a European town depends on him. But when you come to leave you will find an army of the unknown, summoned from the vasty deep, at the door waiting for you. You must tip the head porter once more, and stoutly, if you expect him to go to the carriage with you. You must tip the door man if the head porter does not go, or if he does, for that matter. Of course, you must tip your Boots. The house valet must be taken care of, if there is one, and the chambermaid, and the head waiter, and the two or three other waiters who will ring in on you if you look like easy picking. It will be in vain for you to try to escape the valet in the English private hotel, who, at half-past five, will beat you to your evening clothes, no matter where you hide them. If you are any good at all you will send something to the cook. But do your best and you still will see strange faces in the line at the door when you go away, and it will be some time before you gain that hardihood necessary to get on well in Europe, and so pass them all with a cheering smile while buttoning up your gloves.

The rule is that you should divide among all these harpies about ten per cent of your total hotel bill. There is no sort of trigonometry that will enable you to do this. It is very likely that an American spends nearer fifteen or twenty per cent of his traveling expenses by way of absurd gratuities. Of course, you tip your carriage driver; but the taxicab, devised to protect you, does not protect you from a tip, which must always be forthcoming, either on the Continent or in Great Britain. Moreover, you will find some ragged citizen holding your carriage door for you or calling your cab for you—and he expects a tip. For some services, especially in Italy, you can gracefully tip as little as two cents, or one cent, as might be supposed in a country where they divide a cent into one hundred parts and call that money. Of course, you tip the porter who carries your baggage from your carriage or to your carriage. You tip the man who carries your heavy luggage to be weighed for registration—the checking system is unknown in Europe. You tip the man who weighs it, and, maybe, the girl who hands you your registry slip. If you have any money coming to you when making a purchase you leave it on the counter. In the cure resorts you pay for candles and service, although you have electric lights and are expected to pay a series of tips. It is plainly and definitely announced to you that at Carlsbad you should tip the chambermaid, head porter, house-boy, all the waiters, the letter carrier, the bath servant, the girls who dip the water for you at the fountains, the coachmen, the waiter girl, the wine master. In short, you tip every one who does or does not do anything for you. If you do not tip you do not travel, and to this fact you may as well be early reconciled.

The insistent clamor of Europe for American money assails the ear of the tourist before he leaves the ship. Suppose, in the effort to escape the crowds and to run against the usual current, one sails in the spring for Naples instead of Liverpool. What will be his greatest remembrance as he sails into that storied harbor? Will it be of the pitiful little farms carved out of the barren hills? Will it be the softness of the air, the splendor of the sunset? Hardly, but in all likelihood the feeling of disgust and horror brought about by the swarm of small boats that cluster about the ship as she comes in and by the crowds of yelling savages on the dock. In this boat alongside is a gaunt girl holding up for your inspection a terribly swollen foot. It is made out of papier-mâché, no doubt, but none the less you toss down coins. If, perchance, one misses the boat, half a dozen divers follow it down. No coin escapes in Italy. You are besought to drop coins in the boats of ragged musicians or of gesticulating urchins. This is part of the famed "picturesqueness" of Europe, of which you read in books. When you dock, the ship is stormed by a horde of *facchini*, who attempt to take your luggage away from you. You keep quiet, do not raise your voice, but select one robber whom you know you can lick. He assembles your stuff on a handbarrow, gets you through customs and up to your 'bus.

Now, What Do These Americans Get for It?

Glad to escape from what has been a battle and not a landing, and to emerge from what is an absolutely uncivilized mob of loafers and hoodlums on whom no restraint is laid by Government, you give your porter twice what he is entitled to. On top of that he demands something "for his hand" or for macaroni—which means a tip. You would rather give him a kick, but you comply, and get into your 'bus, after tipping the driver to take care of your luggage. Near you is a pleasant little man, who turns out to be the professional hotel courier and who wants to hire out to you for five dollars a day.

If you do not speak the language and want to save time, perhaps, you get a courier to take you around to Capri, Amalfi and other places. The boat across the bay is hideously packed, and made yet more hideous by venders of postal cards, fruits, tortoise-shell combs, who will not let you alone. Several able-bodied men play and sing and pass the hat at stated intervals until you are sick of life and the Bay of Naples and, indeed, want to die. You tip all the boat stewards who take care of your baggage or get you anything to eat. The boatman who takes you to the Blue Grotto must be tipped. There is a naked man in the Blue Grotto waiting to be tipped before he will dive to show you the fireworks of the water. You tip your carriage driver to get off well in the line in the mad race up the Capri hill. You are gently led into a series of bazars or studios where you may buy paintings at small or great prices, and you know that your guide is getting a commission on everything you buy. All the way around the drive through Pompeii you tip every one you meet and pay all the commissions claimed.

I never was able to abash anybody in Europe except my guide at Naples. We were visiting the Aquarium, and after tipping an attendant to feed the fishes I was shown for a small additional tip a flounder-like creature they call an electrical fish.

"Take him between your thumb and finger," said the guide. "You feel a shock, yes?"

I rubbed the bony spine of the clammy thing for some moments, but could feel no shock whatever. At last I

(Concluded on Page 38)

EASY MONEY

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

But Thirty Thousand for a Necklace!

SO HERE was another dishonor due to Crystal—the final one, as Wall Street counts it. It meant, if their mass of commitments were bought in under the rule, that the firm—their firm—of Hyde & Derwent be drummed out of the market in disgrace—that they would be placarded from one end of the country to the other as the keepers of a common bucketshop. Doors would be closed on them also; they might even be asked to resign from their clubs. It was so, because this was one basic, fundamental rule of honor in the life that surrounded them. One may trick and cheat and swindle in a variety of other ways, and still escape. One may even steal outright, and still maintain a professional and social integrity. But in Wall Street, under no circumstances may one bucket his orders and go free—that is, if one happens to get caught. To be found out—that is the offense—not that it isn't done. But to be found out! It must not happen. It really mustn't. But discovery faced these two and, with it, all its moral, social and professional consequences. They were in peril of the eleventh and greatest sin of all.

What Derwent suffered in the next few days none but a man like him could understand. Shreyer, however, had hed. In the morning, so far from fulfilling its promise of climbing higher, Crystal hung pendulous and heavy, backing and filling with half a point's drift either way. At the close it became stodgy and featureless; and so, for two days more it stuck. Occasionally some one took a shot at the stock, when it awoke from its lethargy with a show of briskness that hinted of ready support. The small fry who, of course, had bought still hung on "Don't sell an inactive market," said they, recalling the time-honored rule. "Something's doing. We'll stick and be in at the finish."

In the customers' room Dolger got up, plucked nervously at his lip, and appealed to Mr. Pincus. "Really, really," he began.

"Wait!" said Mr. Pincus. "You are on the velvet what?"

Yes; Mr. Dolger had a profit. "But then my little boy is sick," said he; "and—and——" Any reason was a good reason with him to seize a profit when he had it.

"*Ach!* don't be so soon," advised the little gentleman. "Maybe they cut a melon—yes!"

Beaming paternally, he nudged Dolger in the ribs "Be a sport! Be a sport, my friend," said he.

In a sort of boyish pride, Dolger made him his confidant. "Well, ain't I?" said he impressively; "I pyramided at every point all the way up to a hundred and four. A hundred and four!" he added impressively.

"No?" exclaimed Mr. Pincus, affecting a deep, demonstrative wonder

"Yes, I did!" Dolger proudly answered.

Then, on the day after, the props were kicked out from under Crystal and the bubble broke. It fell, and thus, in its sluicing downward plunge, a mass of weakly-margined accounts lent a ready help to the landslide—to the smash in prices that broke from an eighth to a quarter at a sale Shreyer apparently had unloaded long before. It seemed that he now turned and attacked the stock. It was his own stock. This made it easier, because he knew just where he stood

On that afternoon of the panic-stricken slide in Crystal common, the four-trunk, thirty-drop board of Hyde & Derwent's telephone service was hard pushed to carry its load of incoming and outbound messages. Miss Grimper, who, as one will recall, was the firm's private telephone operator, vowed toward the market's close that it was the "fiercest day on the job" she had ever known; and this opinion, so vehemently uttered, was echoed with more or less frankness by the crowd thronging in the customers' room. Ordinarily, Miss Grimper passed much of her time in reading, a practice which, though carried on during business hours, in no wise interfered with her duties Habit had trained her to this; and with a book propped up on the keys and the receiver strapped to her ear, she could plug in on the switchboard and give or take a call without so much as skipping a line or missing a word in a sentence

Today, however, there was none of that. The book lay closed, her handkerchief marking the place; and, perched on the edge of the chair, Miss Grimper faced the drops, her brow intently furrowed and her slim and practiced fingers plying among the cords and keys with the speed and subconsciousness of a piano-player. Her speech, too, had reduced itself to a crisp and compelling brevity that marked the stress of the occasion. "Busy!" "Ring off there!" "Through?" "Through?" "No! Four two two-two Get it now?" "Waiting!" "Girlie, hetch: Do rush Boston!" "Crystal?—— Oh, hold the wire." "Party on Number Two, Mr. Beeks." "Through?" "Through?" "Waiting!" These and kindred phrases kept up their chant, hour after hour; and if her hands ever faltered at the keys, paused in their task of snatching at the cords or thumbing down the buttons of the extension calls, it was but for a momentary stretching of her arms, a gesture of weariness that wound up always in a dab at her sagging pompadour. Meanwhile, point by point, Crystal kept on falling

There came then, an hour before the market's close, a call that in the midst of all this pressure and haste abruptly transformed Miss Grimper from the automaton into a human and very clearly feminine young woman. Yanking out a plug while she spoke—"You want Mrs. Derwent your residence? Right away, yes!"—she went in again on the same trunk wire, coolly indifferent to the protest of some one that had been cut off in the midst of a conversation. He could wait, thought Miss Grimper—as indeed all others must wait when Mr. Derwent called his house; for the girl greatly admired and respected the firm's junior partner. Furthermore, Miss Grimper had been greatly impressed by the glimpse she had shared with Mr Pincus of her employer's stately wife. As she had once told Joe, that "steady" of hers who clerked in the near-by Broad Street office, Mrs. Derwent was real *Junoesque*—a way of expressing it that Miss Grimper had picked up from the novel that had last engaged her. As she gave the call, a rumbling voice broke in. Miss Grimper, without looking up, was conscious that Parsons stood at her side. He had been the one she had cut off in the middle of his talk, and, a little ugly at the interruption, he emerged from the private booth. "Look here, now!" he began, when Miss Grimper interrupted him with an impatient shake of her head. Over the wire a voice rich and full intoned itself "Yes—— Who is it, please?" Usually a manservant answered the first summons, now it was Mrs. Derwent herself. For the moment the girl became flustered in her eagerness and hurry. "Yes, yes, Mrs Derwent. It's your husband. I'll put him right on the wire for you."

Absorbed, quite careless of Parsons' impatience, she thumbed the button of Derwent's telephone, listening to assure herself he answered. Once she heard his voice she pressed down the key; and then—but not till then—turned to the waiting Parsons.

"What do you wish?" she inquired coldly, and gave her pompadour another dab

It appeared that Mr. Parsons was in anything but a comfortable frame of mind. Grumbling sulkily he gave the number required, and again mumbled a protest at having been shut off in the middle of his talk. Without answering, however, Miss Grimper rang Central, repeated the call; and then, with some degree of curiosity, gingerly lifted the key to the wire over which Derwent and his wife still talked

——deal worried of late. But everything's all right now. You can go there without me, of course."

"I'm frightfully disappointed," came the response "Really, I am."

There was in Derwent's voice, when he answered, a note of caress at once soft and possessive, though the words themselves were bantering

"Nonsense! Because of me or the necklace?"

A low laugh sounded pleasantly over the wire. "Both, stupid!" Then followed a question: "You're all right—sure, aren't you, dear?"

Derwent's answer was fully reassuring. "I? Oh, certainly! And, see here, Alice. Offer Udall twenty-nine. If they won't take it, pay them the thirty. I want you to have it on tonight."

Thirty? Yes, thirty thousand, of course. Miss Grimper shut down the key and gasped. She was young, as one knows, innocent of larger worldly ways, yet for all that not lacking in a kind of instinctive native shrewdness. Thirty thousand dollars means money—a great deal of money indeed, when one spends it on a plaything; and during that emotional day she had more than once wondered, with a deep and generous loyalty for her employer, how badly Hyde & Derwent had been pinched by the drop in Crystal Refineries. A peep at the board told her it was falling still; and that Derwent and his partner were heavily concerned she knew without a doubt. An occasional word, a brief fragment of talk overheard here and there on the wires had been enough to inform her clearly. Still further, she was aware that a majority of the customers were committed to heavy lines of Crystal, and, with barely an exception, on the stock's "long" side.

But thirty thousand for a necklace! Once more Miss Grimper gingerly lifted the key.

"—— all past now," she heard Derwent saying. Then his voice discreetly lowered itself. "Yes, Alice. We've made money—a very great deal if it," he said, but heavily and with an entire lack of any pleasure or exultance in the fact. A few parting words followed after that, and then Derwent hung up the receiver and ended his revelations

Outside in the customers' room a voice had raised itself "Crystal, a half—a half. Two hundred at three-eighths. Three-eighths again. Look at her drop, will you? Crystal, a quarter. A thousand at an eighth. Ninety-eight for Crystal—— No, make it seven-eighths!"

In momentary wonder Miss Grimper snatched at the plug. Her hand, groping clumsily among the cords, caught two pairs together and, with an energetic twitch, brought them both away. The effect of this was that she not only cut out the dead extension but, at the same moment and for a second time, shut off Parsons in the middle of his talk.

Instantly, and with an indignation doubly cutting, the man declared himself "Look here, you!" he growled, in

"Parsons—He's Gone and Blown Up"

an ugly undertone, "that's twice you've cut me off. Get me my number again, and you keep off this wire, do you hear? I'm not going——"

Long experience in the telephone service had taught Miss Grimper the powerful defense of silence—that nothing so quickly crushes as to be left unanswered and unheard howling into the emptiness of a vacant wire. Snapping down the key, she for a third time called his number; and, when a voice answered at the wire's other end, gave the man his connection.

The first words that burst from Parsons' mouth were fierce, minatory and compelling; and again Miss Grimper fell to eavesdropping.

"Listen, now! Don't you go with her. Now, you mind me, Jenny. I'll tell you why tonight."

As the listener guessed at once, Parsons talked to his wife. Also, it was evident he labored under a strong emotion, and why, Miss Grimper had little doubt. She had seen the others that day, and all were more or less affected by what was going on. By bending over in her seat, almost the entire expanse of the room was visible to her; and from the air of the throng, the varied poses of the men that stared moodily at the board, Miss Grimper knew almost to a certainty just what had happened to each and every trader. A majority stared in silence; a few conversed in lowered tones and with a cautious paucity of speech; others—and these were by no means the few—expressed themselves with a kind of feverish, half-hysterical animation, loudly voicing opinions and observations about the market that seemed of no interest whatever except to the persons that uttered them. Parsons, however, had conducted himself in a somewhat different manner. As prices began to slide he crouched down in his chair; and with his hat tugged down over his brows, a cigar stub between his teeth, he twisted his face into a grin that, later on, transformed itself into a mocking, contemptuous leer.

For Mr. Parsons, it may now be known, had "switched" on his trade in Crystal. At 105¼ he had covered his original sale, swung to the market's other side, and had gone "long" on two thousand shares. Thus, both neatly and expeditiously, he had been whipsawed going and coming. It was an amazing disaster to one credited with an ability to read the tape. However, Mr. Parsons had read it once too often. When the tape had shown all the diagnostic signs of a stock about to go higher, he had reversed his first decision only to be caught again as it fell. But he was not alone in the boat.

"Jenny," said he, in a tone that altered softly, "you can't have that dress, this week. I'm sorry, little girl," he added pityingly. "I wanted you to get it, but you'll have to wait a while."

"It's only an even hundred," pleaded the woman at the wire's other end; "and if she should ask us to the house——"

The man's voice rumbled fiercely as he cut in on his wife. "You'll not go there!" he growled. "Mind what I say now—don't you go out with her today!"

"But I've known Alice for years!" the wife protested.

Alice? Miss Grimper pricked up her ears anew. What Alice? She knew Mrs. Derwent's name.

"Never you mind now!" retorted Parsons. "I've got my reasons!" And when in response to this there came a faltering plea to be told what had happened to him, Parsons snapped out: "I'll let you know tonight. Good-by"—and hung up the receiver on the hook.

As Miss Grimper closed the key and guiltily looked around she was aware of a general movement among the crowd in the customers' room. First of all, she saw Parsons leave the telephone booth and slouch down again in his chair. Upon this, Riggsby, the cashier, came out from his cage and, catching the man's eye, made to him a barely perceptible sign. It was so furtive as to be hardly noticeable, but that it was a signal and that Parsons had seemed to expect it became evident when the man answered with a nod. This by-play had scarcely been transacted when the crowd moved apart and Beeks rather awkwardly made his way toward him.

Miss Grimper at once surmised his mission. It was so, because in Wall Street offices even the most insignificant learn to read the psychology of the players, to grasp from a word, a look or a gesture the nexus of events. Beeks' hands alone were enough to betray him, for a loud and patent apology cried itself in the way he washed them together with invisible soap and water. Besides, there was a droop to his shoulders, a deferent plea in his smile, an air altogether as if what Beeks were about to say caused himself as much discomfort as it was about to cost the other. Briefly stated, he was going to call for margins; and, leaning down, he first touched Parsons on the shoulder and then guardedly whispered in his ear.

Instantly the man turned up his face and, flushing angrily, uttered a single word. "No!" said Parsons; and even at her distance, Miss Grimper saw it to be meant as final and decisive. At once the manager's deference fled abruptly. He jerked himself away, his eyes flashed hotly, and looking as angry and astonished as if he had been struck a blow in the face Beeks turned on his heel

He Had Been Whipsawed

and strode toward Derwent's private office. There he admitted himself and shut the door behind him.

Derwent was sitting at his desk, intently figuring. At Beeks' noisy entrance he looked up and, with a swift movement, turned over the paper before him. "Well?" he inquired.

Beeks had puffed out his cheeks indignantly. "Parsons," he answered succinctly and jerked his head toward the other room—"he's gone and blown up."

At the intelligence Derwent leaned back and, with his eyes fastened on Beeks, thoughtfully compressed his lips. "Humph!" he murmured reflectively.

Beeks was well aware that Derwent and Parsons had known each other for years. Yet beyond that half-uttered humph Derwent's air gave no hint he regarded the catastrophe in any light other than a strictly impersonal one. Or so Beeks decided, as he watched the junior partner. Eminently right, thought Beeks, who prescribed the code that friendship should fly out of the window when the ticker begins to tap. Yet, had he watched closely for a moment he would have seen Derwent's nostrils dilate slightly and then compress themselves again.

"Yeh!" growled Beeks, and once more jerked his head; "I called him just now, and he tried to throw in the hooks."

What the idiom conveyed Derwent clearly understood. "I know—I've been expecting it for months," he responded deliberately, still reflective.

"Months, eh?" echoed Beeks and grinned. "Well, they all get it sooner or later," he went on indifferently, "only his come in a kind of rush. He switched, you know—got it on both ends and through the middle," said Beeks, aptly periphrastic.

Drawing a cigar from his pocket he sniffed it appreciatively and then bit off the end. In the act was a little suggestion of friendly familiarity. Beeks had felt himself much closer to the firm since Hyde had been forced to make a confidant of him—since the board member, as it will be remembered, owned up that he had taken to bucketing the orders. "Guess I'd better close out Parsons tonight," he suggested, as he searched his pockets for a match. "He's got only a fraction over four points left in margins. We don't want to get burned for his account." As he spoke he struck a light and held it to his cigar. "I'll just shut the books on him before the market closes. Yeh!" he added reflectively, "the way Crystal's dropping now it's like to open off a couple of points or so in the morning."

Again Derwent abstractedly nodded. He now was staring solemnly at his hands. "Look here, Beeks. I want you to have drawn off for me all of Parsons' account. A full statement of his trades."

"Eh? Oh, yes." Beeks, with an unusually easy manner, had been puffing smoke-rings, which he regarded with idle interest. "Oh, I can tell you that offhand," he drawled, and licked down a loose end of cigar wrapper. "He's got only two thousand Crystal. Yesterday he was carrying three hundred Reading, too, and a hundred and fifty Nipper. But he covered them before they pulled out the plug on Crystal."

Derwent impatiently shook his head. "You get it down on paper!" he ordered with a bluntness that might have startled another less self-confident than Beeks. "I want to know to a dollar how much he's lost. What he's paid us in commissions, too. You understand, don't you?"

"Oh, sure—sure! Just as you say." As he laid a hand on the doorknob he turned and asked: "I'm to close him out—that's the card, ain't it?"

Derwent had gone to his figuring again. At the inquiry, he looked up, stared before him thoughtfully, and once more widened out his nostrils. "Yes!" he answered, as if with sudden resolve. Beeks, instead of departing, pursed out his lips, at the same time reflectively scratching his right ear.

"Say, Mr. Derwent!" Leaving the door, Beeks came back slowly to the desk. "Say," he said slowly, "you want to look out for that fellow Parsons. I kinder think he's got wise to something."

"What!" Derwent pushed back his chair with a noisy clatter. For the moment it looked as if he were about to resent—and to resent hotly—the well-meant though impertinent frankness of his employee. Yet, if such were the case, he appeared almost instantly to change his mind. "Got wise?" he repeated, and eyed Beeks narrowly. "What have you heard?" he demanded heavily.

Beeks tugged at his collar, then settled it with an awkward thrust of his chin. "Mebbe I'm wrong. I dunno, though," he mumbled. "I've heard nothing—only it kind of struck me he was the kind to turn squealer if he got singed."

"Oh!" Derwent shrugged himself contemptuously. "You only think so, then?" Beeks nodded, again aimlessly. "Very well. You needn't alarm yourself," said Derwent. "That's all, now."

As he turned back to his chair an abrupt and rasping clatter burst from the ticker in the corner. It rapped and whirred with a busy, staccato briskness; and, glancing toward the machine, Beeks suddenly grinned.

"Say!" he exploded, but in a cautious voice, "it's a cuckoo—now, ain't it? Enough to make you cry!"

At this cryptical remark—apropos of what?—Derwent looked up wearledly. "Cry?" he echoed, a hint of distaste in his tone.

Beeks somehow failed to note it. Though he had suggested sorrow, there was in his face only a low and cunning glee.

"Why, Crystal," he prompted laconically. "Say!" he chuckled, as Derwent made no effort to respond—"I slipped 'em six hundred more on my own account today. Sure! and they licked it up like a girl with a chocolate sundae. Well," sighed Beeks in a voice struggling drolly between wonder and satisfaction, "it always did beat me where all the boy-rubes come from. Darned if they didn't gobble up the lot from at an eighth to a quarter higher. Yeh!" he cackled exultantly; "that's what Phil 'phoned—and ten minutes later, Crystal—kerplunk!—why she broke a point and a half under."

Phil, of course, was none other than Hyde over on the floor. It was the first time Derwent had ever heard Beeks venture to so broad a familiarity, and he got awkwardly to his feet. Nor had he seemed to relish, either, his man's high-pitched satisfaction in referring to the victims of Crystal common. But Beeks failed to note all that. "Yeh!" he croaked in airy complacency; "I guess we all've handed the rubes a wallop that'll keep 'em sore for a while."

Derwent had difficulty in controlling himself when he spoke. "Never mind about that, Beeks. Get me Parsons' statement." There he waved his hand toward the door. "When you have it, tell him to come in here. That's all now."

It was a curt dismissal. A little sulky at its sharpness, Beeks drew down the corners of his mouth and turned again to the door. "Huh!" he grunted to himself as he closed it behind him.

Had Beeks been a little more sharp, a little shrewder, he might have guessed what went on in the other's mind. Inwardly, Derwent raged, and how great was the storm that shook him only he would know, until its force burst on some one's head. For even this swift and unexpected rescue from disaster had not freed the junior partner from the riot of thoughts that had assailed him from the beginning of this rowdy deal in Crystal. Though he was free again, his skirts clear of the catastrophe, the thoughts inspired by that week's doings in his office were indelibly printed on his brain. It all seemed painfully clear. He and Hyde were, indeed, common gamblers—that was the one raw way of saying it—and beyond that they were also a pair of common cheats. As he stared before him, the telephone at his side sounded with an abrupt agitated tinkling; yet he made no move to answer. A pair of cheats—swindlers. A couple of confidence men. Not even Hyde's protective philosophy that there were plenty of others like them—others that would bucket their orders and flimflam their customers—not even this morsel now could in the least way salve his mind. Gamblers and cheats! Again the telephone rang, its note jarring and insistent, as Miss Grimper, with a renewed agitation, pressed down her thumb on the button.

"Just a moment, Mrs. Derwent. I'm sure he's here. Won't you wait till I go and see?"

Pushing back her chair, she was about to unstrap the receiver, to rise and go in person to his room, when she heard Derwent's voice on the wire at last.

"There he is. Go ahead," she called; and once more, touched with curiosity, sat forward, eagerly intent

Mrs. Derwent hurriedly began. "Perry! what in the world has happened?"

There was a momentary pause before the man answered "I don't understand you, Alice."

"In the office—happened there today, I mean," she replied, her tone repressed, yet clearly filled with wonder. "I've been to see Jennie Parsons—she was to drive with me, poor thing—and I found her in tears, half hysterical!"

"Oh," said Derwent dully; and then, after a brief pause on her part, she began to ply him with questions

"Has anything happened to him—to her husband?"

"Yes." Derwent said it very quietly.

"He's lost some money then?"

"Yes, Alice."

"Was it a great deal?"

Derwent's voice when he answered this was still more low and regretful, as if in the last few moments he had found time to reflect even more soberly on what the drop in Crystal meant to others than himself. "Yes, Alice. It was nearly all he had, I think—as I know, in fact."

There was again another pause. For a moment the wire was silent; then the listener heard what to her sounded like a gasp of sympathy and regret.

"How perfectly dreadful! . . . Perry, listen to me: You must do something for them at once. That poor woman mustn't suffer."

"Wait!" said Derwent. At the secrecy of his tone, its cautious heaviness and the self-evident fact that what he said was meant only for the ears of his wife, Miss Grimper impulsively reached out a hand to the key that gave access to the wire. She had listened enough, she thought; but as her fingers gripped the lever Derwent spoke again, so that she sat there enthralled

His words were akin to Parsons'. "Alice, don't go back to her house again. I don't want you to see her till I've had a chance to talk with you."

"Perry!" cried Mrs. Derwent.

"I can't tell you any more over the telephone—but don't, don't go back there. I'll let you know why, tonight."

Instantly Mrs. Derwent retorted: "But you've forgotten! Don't you know the Shreyers are coming tonight?"

"The Shreyers!"

Again there was a pause. The wire lay dead, dumb, entirely void. It seemed to Miss Grimper that either from one end of it or the other a whisper sounded, something minute as if Derwent or his wife had sharply drawn a breath. Afterward a voice raised itself.

"Yes—the Shreyers!" It was Mrs. Derwent that spoke. "I don't want that man—no—not at my own table. I've a mind to write them not to come." Even at this, Derwent maintained his silence. "Perry, I wish you'd say what's happened," she appealed; and then—but not until after another pause—he spoke again.

"I can't now. . . . No. Good-by, Alice," said he, almost curtly, and instantly hung up the receiver

A lamp on the switchboard glowed, died out—again glowed methodically. Miss Grimper, her cheeks flushing guiltily, plugged in on the signaling trunk. "Hyde & Derwent!" she called.

A man's voice answered. "That you, Miss Grimper? I'm terribly sorry to bother. My little boy's ill, or I'd be down myself."

"All right. What is it?" the operator asked him dully.

"Just look at the board, won't you? Tell me how high Crystal's gone today."

"High?"

"But it is high—now, isn't it?" asked the man sharply, nervously.

Miss Grimper leaned sideways to get a glimpse of the board. "Crystal," she said distinctly, "has just touched ninety-seven."

The voice at the wire's other end flung back the words: "*Ninety-seven?* . . . Oh, you mean a hundred and seven. I'm sure."

Miss Grimper repeated it slowly: "Ninety-seven, Mr. Dolger."

Then again the wire became void and blank, dumb Reaching out her hand, Miss Grimper was about to twitch out the plug when she heard him slowly and ponderously articulate. There was but one word

"God!" said Mr. Dolger

It was not the first time Miss Grimper had come in contact with a ruined man Though young, her Wall Street experience had been varied, so that there had been occasions two or three of them, in fact—when victims had come in person to drone their troubles in her ears These had been the more lugubrious fellows, the kind that in their woe hunt any kind of sympathy. They were the sort Beeks made every effort to dodge—or, if he couldn't dodge, whom he settled with a well-directed thrust or so "Say, I'm awfully busy, old man. Can't you come around later on?" Or, even more direct, he would observe: "Now you can't expect to win all the time, can you?" Nor indeed, were the players themselves more sympathetic; for few care to hear another's sorrows when they have worries of their own But being a woman Miss Grimper was naturally sympathetic. Still further, she couldn't leave her seat and stroll away—dodge, if one may so say.

This, however, was the first time that Miss Grimper had so to speak, read the warrant herself—the first time, as it were, that she had given to the victim direct the tidings of his ruin; and it would be long before she forgot the dull passion of despair breathed by that one syllable spoken distantly through the telephone. "Mr. Dolger! Mr. Dolger!" she called, meaning to say something, it made little matter what. "Oh, Mr. Dolger!" But no answer came. Then she realized. He had gone away from the wire, leaving the receiver off the hook, hanging from its cord as he had dropped it. Exit Mr. Dolger! As Miss Grimper pulled out the plug she recalled how he had brought a large Oregon apple the day before and shyly laid it on her desk. It was a reflection such as one has at the news of a sudden demise. It was as if Mr. Dolger had suddenly dropped dead. He was gone, never to return.

But few others in Hyde & Derwent's office had time to think of that. The market had closed; most of the crowd had streamed away; yet a few remained, gloomily staring at the board. Not that there was anything on it still to hold them; for the quotation clerks, working rapidly, had already pulled out and sorted the pasteboard cards used to mark the prices. But habit is strong; they stared by custom—or, perhaps, the day's worries had left them limp—who knows; or, crippled by the day's warfare, they sat trying maybe to regain their wits. Among them was Mr. Pincus, who, after a silence, got up abruptly.

"Well, so long. I don't see you some more for a while," he was saying when the door opened suddenly. Then a man entered, and once more silence fell upon the throng

It was Shrever, and on his face was his usual cheerful, friendly air of benevolence. Parsons, who, in a corner, obviously sat waiting, raised his face and scowled; O'Malley, beside him, stared; while the others, in various ways, expressed some sign of recognition, if not of outraged feeling. For an instant it looked as if Shreyer meant to bow—indeed, he half attempted it; and then, conscious of their looks, he averted his face and would have passed on silently, but that Mr. Pincus' chubby figure entirely blocked the passage

It appeared that the little gentleman was in the grip of some emotion. In fact, he shook with it. Pressing his hands on his hips, he fixed his glance on Shreyer, and then rocked his head from side to side. An explosion seemed imminent. Mr. Pincus' cheeks were puffed out roundly. Then he burst.

"Loafer! Loafer!" said Mr. Pincus; and, snapping his fingers at Shreyer's face, bolted out of the door. But this was all. The others said nothing; and with his face composed Shreyer passed down the room with dignity, his eyes on Derwent's office beyond. Beeks had just entered it and, ignorant of who approached, had shut the door behind him.

In Beeks' manner was haste, eagerness, emotion—an impulsive and heated excitement

"Mr. Derwent! Mr. Derwent!" he cried sharply. "Look here, now!"

At the stress in the man's voice Derwent half arose from his seat; then, with a gesture of wearied resignation, sat back again. Beeks, in continued excitement, spread out a paper before him.

"That fellow Riggsby, Mr. Derwent. I've been watching a long time, now. He's a crook, he is, I tell you; and I've caught him dead to rights."

All this was poured forth in a torrent as if, in a manner, Beeks was almost appalled. Yet in it, too, there was an elation not to be overlooked. For some reason, Derwent's air seemed to lack the response the other had no doubt expected. For a moment Derwent stared at the manager queerly, then listlessly smiled.

"One moment. Now, what is it you're trying to tell me?"

But before Beeks could answer Shreyer rapped on the door and then, with a smile, admitted himself. "Hello, Derwent! Not engaged, are you?" Derwent was engaged, however, and made no bones of saying so. "Go into Hyde's office, Shreyer," he said almost curtly; "I'll be in there presently." When the visitor had withdrawn he turned in his seat and again gazed thoughtfully at the manager

"What's that you're saying—Riggsby a thief?"

Beeks had managed now to regain something of his composure. "That's what!" he answered. "I tumbled when I was drawing off that fellow Parsons' statement. Yeh!" said Beeks, with an ugly self-satisfaction at his own shrewdness; "he had him credited with a payment of twelve hundred dollars margins we ain't ever seen. Take my advice now, and you'll put some one to work on that flimflammer's books tonight!"

Though Beeks failed to see it, Derwent flinched at the word—that ugly invective, flimflammer.

"But it may be an error," he suggested quietly. "Perhaps if you ask Riggsby he may have the explanation."

Beeks laughed jocosely. "Oh, he'd have some explanation, I don't doubt. But that ain't all. I ran through his cash on the sly, Mr. Derwent, and he's been dipping into the drawer besides. There's the memorandum," he said, and pointed to the paper on Derwent's desk. "He's short $417 25 against the day's journal, as it stands. Yeh!" sneered Beeks; "and I know where it's gone, besides—Solly Bloom's bucketshop, down in Broad Street."

Derwent leaned his chin on his hand and, for a prolonged interval, thoughtfully studied the carpet. Of Parsons' downfall he had already heard—of the wiping out of Dolger, O'Malley, Pincus and the

(Continued on Page 60

"Loafer! Loafer!" Said Mr. Pincus, Snapping His Fingers in Shreyer's Face

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Single copies, five cents.
Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions $2.75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 19, 1910

Can There Be a New Party?

HOW fine it would be if the two big political parties in this country would swap ends!

Here is that wing of the Republican party which is represented by Aldrich, Hale, Dalzell, Cannon; and there is that wing of the Democratic party which is represented by Belmont, Murphy, Taggart, Sullivan. The political ideals of both these groups are identical. They are so alike that, for example, when the Democratic group was in control of the Senate it produced a tariff bill that could hardly be distinguished from the bill that the Republican group produced when it was in control of the Senate.

On the other hand, there are the Republican Insurgents and those progressive Democrats whose political sympathies have found confused but sincere expression. These groups, also, want the same spirit in government—nominally differing on some unimportant details that might easily be adjusted.

Why don't the parties swap wings, giving us one wholly Conservative party and one wholly Liberal or Radical party—thereby restoring some intelligence to party nomenclature and some real significance to party divisions?

Superficially, it looks easy, and a good many hopeful persons dream of the event; but we suspect that they dream in vain. One need only glance at the program of the Liberals in England to understand what dubious welcome a wholly Radical party would find in this country.

The Insurgents and the progressive Democrats assert their essential conservatism. There cannot be a clear and deep division between the parties unless there is like division among the people. Broadly speaking, that division does not appear. We are still mostly all Conservatives, only Aldrich and Murphy season the dish too highly.

Spurs for Laggard Justice

WITH unimpeachable authority President Taft has called attention more than once to the need of judicial reform. He has described this as one of the most important questions before the country. Many distinguished members of the legal profession have heartily indorsed his statements. Probably, in substance, every eminent lawyer indorses them.

The great fault lies in unlimited right of appeal upon trivial technicalities. A case is carried up and reversed on some small and palpable clerical error or because of a ruling on a fine-spun point of legal etiquette which would in no wise affect substantial justice. We find Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, quoted as saying: "The seat of the whole trouble is that too many appeals are granted where justice does not demand it. . . . Our courts trifle with justice by permitting delay after delay upon mere technicalities."

Justice Brewer recommends legislation limiting the right of appeal. President Taft himself, we believe, looks to legislation for a remedy. And when the legislature has acted, somebody will take the act into court—probably upon a technical point—and it will remain for the courts to say, after one or two appeals and much technical argument, whether they will be bound by it or not.

That courts, by interpretation and precedent, make the laws about as much as the legislatures do is a proposition which an open-minded lawyer will scarcely challenge. Judicial precedents especially, such as the weight allowable to a merely technical point, are pretty much of their making. It lies a good deal with them to encourage or discourage appeals on points that do not affect justice.

Everybody, practically, urges judicial reform, but nobody begins it. Won't the President and Justice Brewer beg the judges to begin?

The Cost of the Navy

THE Secretary of the Navy points out that the country contains about a hundred and twenty billions of property and the Navy costs about a hundred and twenty millions a year; so if we consider the Navy as an insurance against war, the cost of that insurance is only a tenth of one per cent a year—certainly a very reasonable rate.

Of course, for those like ourselves who do not consider the Navy as an insurance against war, this point will lose much of its force; but the really pertinent question is whether we are getting a hundred and twenty million dollars' worth of Navy for our money. The Secretary's report shows, for example, that in number of ships, tonnage and men the German Navy and that of the United States run practically neck and neck; also that Germany's total naval expenditure last year, exclusive of new construction, was forty-seven million dollars, while ours was a hundred millions. About the same disproportion appears in previous years. Very likely the figures are not exactly comparable. Only an adept could undertake to check them, item against item. Yet they suggest how vastly the laity is at sea when it comes to answering the pertinent question stated above. The antiquated and cumbersome organization of the Department, which the Secretary refers to, certainly cannot make for economy.

The same doubt rises upon the mind in contemplating the operation of other Government Departments—notably the War Department and the Post-Office.

The Job and the Gentleman

IMPORTANT, admittedly, is the action of Harvard University in overthrowing, or much restricting, the elective system for students. Establishing that system was the special work of President Eliot, upon which his high academic reputation in good part rests. In a general way the theory was that a person of an age and with sufficient education to enter college was competent to pick out the studies that he could most profitably pursue. It was much applauded in its day, but the University now returns toward the older order.

How to teach? That question still runs through the pedagogic world and finds no certain answer. Very likely Harvard's return to the older method of experimentation will be no more lasting than the elective system was.

In commenting with approval upon this return, a high educational authority remarks that the old system of prescribed courses, whatever its failings, did for generations turn out men "who justly bore the title of scholar and gentleman."

Does this, perhaps, disclose a prime pedagogic difficulty? The old college did turn out scholars and gentlemen, thereby meeting all the requirements of the case—for the scholars could take care of themselves and gentility was then an occupation in itself. Sure preferment awaited it in church, army, navy and politics. But, alas, there are no jobs, so-called, for gentlemen nowadays!

It's the man who can hold the job that gets it irrespective of who his father was or whether he dances or dines with the best families. To turn out scholars and gentlemen is like turning out civil engineers and men-at-arms. How much, for instance, is the emphasis upon Latin in our schools a survival from the time when some knowledge of that tongue was the badge of a preferred class?

Farmers and High Prices

MR. JAMES J. HILL stoutly iterates his slogan: "Back to the land!" It is easy to repeat with him and other eminent economists that these high prices for foodstuffs are due to a general desertion of the farm in favor of the city, but it is impossible to prove it.

From 1897 to 1908 the population of the United States increased twenty per cent. In the five-year period ending 1897 our average wheat crop, according to the Department of Agriculture, was four hundred and fifty million bushels. In the five-year period ending 1908 it was six hundred and fifty million bushels. Production increased about forty-four per cent, or more than twice as fast as population. The production of corn increased forty-five per cent, of oats twenty-three per cent. The number of milch cows, as reported by the Department, increased thirty-three per cent; of other cattle, sixty per cent; of sheep, forty-eight per cent; of swine, thirty-eight per cent. In 1909 our chief grain crops were more abundant than ever before, and Canada—a competitor at least as regards exports—raised a hundred and sixty million bushels of wheat as against only eighteen million bushels in 1897.

Undoubtedly, if agricultural production had increased three times as fast as population, instead of only once and a half to twice as fast, food prices would be lower. But if the farm falls behind in competing with the city for hands, as Mr. Hill asserts, even at these high prices for farm products, what would be its position in that respect if farm prices were falling or remaining stationary? To attract more people to the farm, the reward of agricultural labor must be greater instead of less.

"Back to the land—that wheat may fall" doesn't sound to us like a very alluring call. As a matter of fact, from 1897 to 1907 clothing, fuel, metals, lumber and building materials advanced in price faster than food.

Settlers for New England

NEVER before, says the recent report of the Secretary of Agriculture, were the gross profits of farming so great as in 1909. Aggregate farm value of the chief crops exceeded the record for any previous year, while total value of farm products was twice as great as in 1899.

Secretary Wilson then points out an unoccupied field in which agriculture may be profitably pursued—not in Canada or the West, but in the East. "Some of the most fertile lands in our Eastern states," he says, "some of the most fertile lands in the world, have been left in a condition of practical if not actual abandonment. It has now become as serious a problem to settle up our Eastern states as it was in the past to settle the West."

From 1880 to 1900 the number of farms in New England decreased and the area of improved farm lands declined from nearly thirteen million acres to less than nine.

"Fashion and sentiment," Mr. Wilson concludes, "rather than reason, have played the great part in relegating these New England farms to barrenness. In New England literature, we know, the teacup, rather than the six-shooter, has been the chief symbol; its 'bad man' has been a stodgy railroad politician in a top hat rather than a romantic young blade in chaps—result, an oversupply of spinsters and an under-supply of farmers."

Where, then, are the hardy pioneers to invade Maine, New Hampshire and Connecticut? Who will stimulate the movement by making the White Mountains fashionable in adventure? We almost feel inclined to offer prizes for stories in which the mortality rate runs highest.

A Home-Rule Object-Lesson

THE fate of the English Government is largely in the hands of Irish members of the House of Commons, holding the balance of power, and John Redmond has announced that those members will insist first of all upon curtailing the veto power of the Lords—because that is a condition precedent to the passing of a Home-Rule bill.

This situation must harrow the feelings of many good Englishmen. The Irish members are interested primarily in Ireland. Upon a very important question of English politics they propose to vote with reference to their own special national interest. In short, the fortunes of politics have temporarily thrown the Government of England, to a degree, into the hands of men whose paramount interest is not in England. This is exactly the condition that Ireland has been complaining of for centuries. Irish government is controlled—not temporarily and accidentally, but permanently—by men whose paramount interest is not in Ireland. In announcing that he will exert his power in whatever way seems best for Ireland, Mr. Redmond merely gives conservatism a momentary taste of its own medicine. Probably it tastes bitter.

Bankers and Postal Banks

OPPOSITION of bankers, as a body, to the postal savings-bank bill is somewhat discouraging.

Bankers are mostly good citizens, and we do not think they have, as a class, been corrupted by special favors at the hands of Government. They imagine, however, that postal banks might trench somewhat upon their private interests. This imagining, no doubt, is wholly vain. Probably postal banks, limited to paying a very low interest rate, would simply attract depositors who now shun the banks, thus bringing into the channels of trade money that is now hidden, promoting thrift and really helping rather than hurting the other banks. But so tender of itself may an organized private interest be that the bankers' organization absurdly denounces the bill as a dangerous innovation in government, and urges the Republican party to repudiate the explicit pledge that it would establish postal banks. This is somewhat discouraging as indicating how little anybody with an axe to grind can be trusted in politics.

Niccolo Machiavelli long ago pointed out that a just Government cannot satisfy the nobles, but may satisfy the people, for the nobles always wish to oppress somebody, while the people wish only to escape oppression. Translated into modern terms, with regard to what a Government's attitude should be as between the people and private interests that seek their own selfish ends, the maxim is still quite sound, and may be commended to Congress with reference to the bankers' opposition to postal banks.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and Near Great

A First-Class Moses

OPENING on the good of the order, let me inquire, stridently, stringing along with one of the grandest inquirers of literature: "What's in a name?" Of course, everybody knows Colonel Shakspere's answer, which is to the effect that there is nothing, absolutely nothing, in this name business, for, as he declares, "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Still, as the subject in hand has no floral features and no possible connection or conjunction with roses, unless, perchance, he had the roseola in his youth, it seems safe to depart from the Colonel's answer to his own question and assert, in a modest way, that there may be times—may be, mark you: this is no dogmatic statement, it is merely a suggestion—when there is something in a name, and will Mr. Wade Hampton Ellis, of Ohio, shy his castor into the ring and venture to disagree?

You see, it is this way: Along in 1917 there will be a crop of first voters many of whom will register as William Jennings Bryan McGinnis, or whatever the patronymic may be. Enthusiastic father, you understand, and the boy in the family happening coincident with the Boy Orator of the Platte, who bloomed that year and has been booming ever since. Thus, when Wade Hampton Ellis was born in 1866 his zealous progenitor took him firmly to the font and had him baptized Wade Hampton Ellis, being, no doubt, a warm admirer of the doughty South Carolina soldier and statesman. It was all right and regular, too, for the little Ellis who later came to be furnished, not to say furbished, with those distinguished handles was born in Kentucky.

Moreover, he was educated in the Washington and Lee University and bore proudly his Wade Hampton, there being plenty of other sons of the South in school with him who were Wade Hamptons, so far as their given names were concerned. Doting Southern papas used that combination extensively after the close of the war, thereby conferring distinction on their offspring. It fitted our sturdy Wade Hampton Ellis bravely, for he was a Kentuckian and a Democrat. He used to write it in full, with a flourish, and it was fine and orotund and mouth-filling.

Time passed, and Wade Hampton Ellis progressed from Kentucky to Cincinnati—if such a removal can be called progression—and, in the mean time, progressed politically through the various stages of free and unlimited political thought, touching a few high places, and became a Republican. That showed wisdom, for in those days it was about as much use being a Democrat in Ohio as it was being a Republican in Kentucky. It also showed breadth of vision. The late Mr. Emerson, discussing in his well-known limpid manner a somewhat similar circumstance, remarked that a foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds! No person has ever accused Wade Hampton Ellis of being foolish. Nay!

First Curtailed, Then Beheaded

SIMULTANEOUSLY with his access of Republicanism Wade Hampton Ellis began a survey of that Wade Hampton part of his signature and decided it would look just as well and save a lot of time to sign himself Wade H. Ellis; also, it would seem a bit more natural for one who had been a lifelong Republican since he came to Cincinnati. Thus, having established himself in the law and having scientifically pruned the name, he decided to embark in journalism, which epoch in Cincinnati newspaperdom occurred in 1894.

He became a police reporter. Serious in manner, serious in mind, serious in all and everything else, he was a serious police reporter, and while he was investigating the psychology of the crime the less serious persons who worked on the other papers were busily engaged in finding out who the criminal was and what was the value of the jewels stolen, to the great distress of Wade H's city editor when he saw the opposition sheets, the city editor being a crude person who didn't give a hoot for psychology, but who demanded names, dates, street numbers, interviews, and such other details as police reporters are wont to embalm in their stories.

Presently Ellis, removed from this disturbing work, became a managing editor, still serious, but not unimpressed with the value of that frame of mind. His law partner was made corporation counsel and Wade H. quit newspapering and went to be assistant. He served for six years, gaining every day in his sturdy Republicanism and his political knowledge. He drafted a municipal code bill in 1902, and in 1903 he took another leap and was nominated by the Republicans for Attorney-General of the state and elected.

Poor Old Hampton Part of It—Gone Forever

During these days as Attorney-General he lopped off some more of the name. To be sure, only the "H" was left of the Hampton part of it, but he was merciless. He amputated that, leaving himself Wade Ellis, which he now is. He developed a trust-busting strain and made some talk along those lines that reached the ears of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, who at that time had a keen appreciation of trust-busting music. Likewise, Ellis was favored by Secretary Taft, and they saw to it that he was well placed.

When the time came for the Republican Convention at Chicago to frame and adopt a platform that should register the free and untrammeled will of that great party as regards public questions, Wade Hampton appeared with a carefully-prepared and neatly-canned document which he presented to the Platform Committee as the important expression it was to make. The Platform Committee took a look at its handiwork, as handed in by Mr. Ellis, deliberated a time, shot some holes in it, patched it up a bit, but wound up by adopting Ellis' platform as the basis of its own.

Thus sustained, Ellis moved with great dignity through the following campaign and, subsequently, landed in the Department of Justice as a sort of a trust-buster plenipotentiary. He argued several important cases before the United States Supreme Court and showed himself to be a good deal of a lawyer, always signing his letters: "Yours truly, Wade Ellis." Poor old Hampton part of it—gone forever

While all this was going on, Republican politics in Ohio were coming to have a dish-of-macaroni effect, so convoluted and involuted were they. There were a lot of candidates who thought they should be nominated for Governor, and, at the same time, Uncle Jud Harmon was going steadily ahead, playing good politics and making it more difficult for his Republican brethren every day. It was a parlous situation. Then Walter Brown, and Arthur Vorys, and some others came to Washington with a proposition which they put before President Taft, himself an Ohioan, by the way.

"If something isn't done, they said, "we will sure get it in the neck."

"What do you advise?" asked the crafty Taft, not caring himself to advise.

"Let's make Wade Ellis head of the Republican Executive Committee and let him lead us out of the dark."

"All right," assented Taft, and Ellis was called in and told to mosey to Ohio and become a first-class Moses. He resigned his place in the Department of Justice, was elected chairman, and has opened a law office in Cincinnati and a political office in Columbus. President Taft gave him a dinner at the White House, and he has started out Moseing on the most approved lines.

Speaking about taking things and selves seriously—but what's the use? It has been a good asset for Ellis. He has landed on his feet every time he turned a flipflap and, by the same token, it wasn't all to his skill as an equilibrist. He has a lot of ability. They speak highly of him at the Department of Justice, and Attorney-General Wickersham insisted he should continue as special attorney to argue certain cases that are coming along for the Department. He is a grave citizen, always giving the impression of being in deep thought. He argues well, has a wide knowledge of the law, is a good speaker and no slouch of a politician.

That last is important. If ever a young and serious man had a big job on hand, Mr. Wade Hampton—pardon—Mr. Wade Ellis is that man. He will have a very definite knowledge that he has been in a fight before he gets his forces harmonized and Uncle Jud Harmon bowled over. And if he does win, a circuit judgeship, please, or a place on the Court of Commerce. Do you get that, Mr. Taft?

A Second Truce

THE late John J. Ingalls, Senator from Kansas, let loose in the Senate one day about Conkling, Hancock and several other distinguished people. His remarks about Hancock were particularly severe.

Joe Blackburn, then Senator from Kentucky, was chosen to answer Ingalls, and he took a good deal of hide off the brilliant Kansan. In one paragraph Blackburn said: "And this man has the temerity to assail Hancock—Hancock the Superb—who was giving of his life's blood on the heights of Gettysburg while the Senator from Kansas was skulking along behind a regiment of Kansas jayhawkers, trying those jayhawkers in the capacity of judge-advocate for robbing hen-roosts."

There was more of the same kind, and everybody thought there would be trouble, inasmuch as Ingalls was high-spirited and Blackburn unafraid.

After the Senate adjourned Blackburn and Ingalls met, face to face, in the corridor in front of the Marble Room. A dozen spectators looked for carnage.

Ingalls stopped, looked squarely into Blackburn's eyes and Blackburn glared back.

"Joe," said Ingalls, putting out his hand, "isn't this cruel war over?"

"It is," said Blackburn, taking the offered hand, and they went off arm in arm.

A Pindling Population

THERE was a bill before the Oklahoma Legislature providing that eighty per cent of the voters of any given county must vote in favor of school bonds before such bonds could be issued.

Several members had spoken against the bill when one arose and said: "Mr. Speaker, this bill would cut my county entirely out of schools, because there are not that many people in the county."

The Hall of Fame

¶ J. Pierpont Morgan does most of his getting about in taxicabs.

¶ Attorney-General Wickersham is the star pedestrian of the Cabinet.

¶ James B. Reynolds, of the Tariff Board, once helped write a book called "The Show in Washington." That was before Mr. Reynolds became a part of the show himself.

Romance on the Right-of-Way

A DIPLOMAT, A CAT AND A CATASTROPHE

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

Strike Two, and the Cat Swearing at the Umpire in Four Languages

THUMP! went Thaddeus B. Drumgoole's fat fist on his desk. So sharp was the impact that the telephone receiver leaped in the clutch, and the switchboard girl, hastily responding, learned of something to her disadvantage. As private secretary to the president of a growing trolley system I knew my cue. I sat tight and looked sympathetic.

"She says, 'Next time it will be buckshot,'" he exploded, glaring at the note in his hand.

"It was salt last time, wasn't it, sir?" I asked.

"And pepper," he snapped. "Gleason got it. Serve him right, the lawyer's cub!" He gave up one minute to a devastating frown. Then he continued in his most ponderous and presidential voice: "Curtis, do you know what it will cost to carry the road around the Massinger farm?"

"No, sir," said I, lying as per indications.

"Twentee-five thouz-zand dol-lars," he rasped, as if his throat was rusty. "And all on account of a dried-up, pig-headed, little wizened-faced weasel of an old maid."

"Gleason's description, sir? Did he get to see her, then?"

"Nobody's seen her. When any one so much as says 'trolley' in the front yard she crawls into a hole and only comes out to assault the employees of my road with a shotgun, and to insult the president"—he thumped himself on the chest like a gorilla—"with jeering notes and messages. And here I stand, ready to offer her a hundred dollars for the right-of-way. She ain't a woman at all. She's a demon. She's a serpent. She's a—a—clog on the wheels of progress and of the A. B. & C. system." Thump!

The inkwell went up in the air, fell in a faint and rolled into the presidential lap. When I'd got the Old Man mopped off and he was able to speak stenographer's English again, he gave the C. Q. D. call for Stanley Carroll

"Why isn't he back?" he shouted. "Does he think a vacation is a life term? What do I pay a right-of-way man a big salary for if he's never around when he's needed! Where is he? When's his time up?"

"Today, sir."

"Then why the devil isn't he here?"

"He is, sir. He's been in the office since nine o'clock."

"Then why the devil don't you say so? What do I pay a fool secretary thirty dollars a week for if he can't tell me what I want to know without waiting to be asked?"

"Haven't You Got a Mouse for That Cat to Play With?"

He lifted his fist to soak the desk again, but happened to notice the pastepot getting ready to leap for its life, and changed his mind. "Ring for Carroll!" he said.

Stanley Carroll came swinging in in his big, easy way, looking like a fresh-minted coin and wearing more kinds of clothes than a flower-bed. He always had a rainbow faded to a frazzle on pattern, anyway; but, somehow, you didn't mind it on Stan. He wore his clothes like a butterfly.

"Hello, Curt," Carroll said to me. "Brought you back a couple of new bass flies. Stingers! Good-morning, Mr. President."

"Wrrmph!" said Old Taddles, that being his notion of a gracious and dignified greeting to an underling. Then he tried to smile pleasantly, which was worse.

"Carroll," said he, "I'm glad to see you back. Very glad."

Stan took a long breath and braced himself.

"A situation has arisen, Carroll, calling for tact. Tact, I may say, is the lubricating oil of the trolley business, as executive genius—ahem!—is its electric current. You possess tact, Carroll, in a marked degree."

"Thank you, sir," replied Stanley. "But would you mind telling me the worst at once? I'm feeling strong today."

"It's the Massinger farm matter, Carroll. A vurry, vurry troublesome problem."

"What! Hasn't old Massinger come to time yet?"

"Mr. Massinger is dead and buried these three weeks and more. The farm has gone to his nearest surviving relative, a Miss Massinger. She may be—indeed, I do not doubt she is"—he swallowed hard—"a vurry estimmubble old lady. But difficult, Carroll, difficult!" His roving glance paused and fixed itself wistfully upon a bottle of patent insulator varnish above the desk. "We've simply got to have that right-of-way, Carroll," he said. The insulator varnish was labeled "Poison."

"In her tea," said Stanley thoughtfully to the varnish bottle. "Personally, though, I'd mistrust a coroner's jury. They'd be hard to get at; not like a board of aldermen."

"I don't know what you mean," cried the Old Tad, jumping in his chair. "Our lawyers have done their best." Stanley snorted. "Now, the matter rests with you. The question is, can you get the A. B. & C. through that farm or—or——"

"Or?" Stanley inquired with an accent of polite interest.

"Or not?" concluded the Old Man, limping badly at the finish. What he wanted to say was, "Or shall I get somebody who can?" but he hadn't the nerve. Stan is the one out of the whole lot of us he never dares bully, for the boy hasn't his equal in the business as a land-grabber.

"If your lawyers haven't muddied the water too much," said Stanley, "I think I can. Anyway, I will, if I have to marry the old girl to do it. But it ought to be worth something special. Which brings me to a point of some importance to my unworthy self. Now, Mr. President, I'm a modest little person, if I do say it as shouldn't. And not wishing to hang any May-day garlands on myself out of season, nevertheless and notwithstanding I may state, without impinging upon the boundaries of verisimilitude, accuracy and terseness, that when I go out after a right-of-way, that right-of-way might as well furl up its 'No trespassing' signs and build fences around its livestock. Failure is a word which has seldom, if ever, sullied these manly lips. It's so, or isn't it, Mr. President?"

"It's so, Carroll," agreed Thaddeus B., leaning forward and patting him on the knee, with his nose cocked in the air.

"Loving caresses are balm to a wounded soul, Mr. President," said Stan. "But I spot this display of affection as an abortive attempt to tell from my breath whether I've been drinking or not. Frankness is best. I haven't."

"Then what the devil makes you talk like a kinematograph barker?" growled the Old Man.

"A coy but natural desire for a twenty-five per cent raise of salary. Now, wait! Don't begin while you're feeling like that or your lips'll get blistered."

After swallowing a couple of times, our beloved president was able to speak without choking. Of course, it was the usual song-and-dance about the necessity of consulting the directors (dummies) and other well and favorably known lies. But he ended up with a lame sort of half-promise.

"Which is more than I really expected, Curt," said Stanley, as I followed him into the anteroom. "Now, you tell me what's already been done, if nothing?"

"Worse than that. The lawyers have been in the game. Young Gleason went down there, and the old witch made a pepper-and-salt design out of a perfectly good pair of white flannels with a shotgun. Then Musgrove himself undertook the cause. She parleyed with him through the door. That's as far as he got. Before he could open up she had sprung a catechism of her own private manufacture on him. She asked him if he smoked and he said he did, and she asked him if he drank, and he said he did, and she told him to go to ——, or maybe only advised him not to—he wasn't very clear on that point. Anyway, he remarked that he hadn't come to discuss the future life, but a business proposition. Then she said she was going upstairs to pray for him. Good-by. Finis!"

Stanley whistled. "That's what Our Taddles means by 'a vurry estim-mubble old lady,' is it? Doesn't sound in character to me. Well, I'll go home and get into my frock coat and silk hat."

"With the thermometer at 90? What for?"

"To dress the part right, Curt," sighed the big chap. "I'll land at the kitchen door, all figged up like a church sociable, and it's good for a profound impression on the country old maid type of mind. They're struck by your elegance and, at the same time, tickled to death because you don't go hauling the front-door bell out by the roots, but act folks-y and come around back like a neighbor. Psychology, Curt, psychology!"

"Good luck," I called after him. "And don't forget to let me know what the old pickle is like."

Then T. B.'s bell buzzed and I had to go in and listen to him burble about what he'd do to "my right-of-way man" in case "my road" didn't get its title clear to a pathway through the farm. It's a curious job, private secretarying to Thaddeus B. Much like hiring out as the top hinge to an escape valve.

II—BEING THE UNOFFICIAL REPORT OF STANLEY CARROLL OF THE A. B. & C.

IF THERE'S anything I don't love it's a cat. If there's anything that does love me it's a cat. Cats are always that way. Anybody who everlastingly hates 'em they lose their yearning hearts to at first sight and their one love-sick ambition is to come around and nestle against that unfortunate object of their misplaced affections. The very first thing I saw as I drove into the Massinger place was a twenty-five-pound feline, black as the ace of

spades and with yellow, soulful eyes. The second object I noticed was the signpost the animal was rubbing himself against. It had been done by some amateur with a lot of time and paint to spare, that signpost. It read like this:

Trolley Representatives Turn Around
HERE
And Go Back
Apply by Mail: R. F. D. No. 4
Gill Center

The border was in heavy black, and the word "Here" was bright red, with drops oozing away at the corners very suggestively. As high art it may have been a masterpiece, but as a human document I didn't care much about it. So I stared haughtily over its head and drove up to the hitching-post. While I was hitching my mare Pussy sneaked quietly up from behind and sent a thrill of electrified ice water up my spine by rubbing against my leg. I smothered a yell the best I could and side-stepped twenty feet or so in one jump, landing about opposite the big kitchen door. The door opened conversation in a calm and precise female voice.

"Is Tom disturbing you?"

I hastily backed off a couple of yards and wondered if the sun had got to my brain. "Is the man deaf!" snapped the door. "I asked you if Tom was disturbing you."

"Yes'm," said I, making a leap for the newel-post. "That is, no'm. I love cats. Scat, you brute!"

"In that case," pursued the voice of the door, "suppose you stand up like a man and state your business instead of teetering like a straddle-bug on a toadstool."

"Thank you, ma'am," said I, directing my remarks toward a little, dark-curtained opening about shoulder-high in the panel, "but I'm perfectly comfortable where I am. Except," I added hopefully, "that it's a little hot out here."

The hint didn't take. "You'll find a breeze down on the highway," suggested the voice.

Unfavorable as the situation was, I saw nothing for it but to try her with a sample of that gift of oratory which is my chief professional asset. Preparatory to turning loose an oration in my best commencement stage manner I removed my hat with a flourish, and the blamed cat reached up and clawed about two dollars' worth of nap off of it. I made a note on my expense account and opened up.

"That which has brought me to your calm and peaceful retreat, my dear madam, is a mission of the deepest importance to all parties concerned. Upon my unworthy shoulders has fallen the mission of acting as the forerunner of a magnificent ——"

"Stop right there," interrupted the voice. "Are you a missionary or a quack doctor?"

"The noble and altruistic profession of healing," I began, sparring for time, "is one which has ever ——"

"Never mind," said the voice. "That's enough for a beginning. Such lovely words! Do you wish to come in?"

"Do I?" I cried, almost falling off the post in my joy.

"Then wait in patience for fifteen minutes. When I am prepared to receive you I will summon you."

It seemed more like an hour that I sat and fried on that post while my whiskered friend below begged me to come down and be petted. Just as I had begun to despair of my high collar the door said:

"Come in, young man. You will find a chair in the center of the floor. Take it. Remain quietly there."

"Crazy as a live wire," I said to myself as I made a quick entry, but not quick enough to shut out Furry-Purry, the cat.

There was nothing crazy about the kitchen in which I found myself. It was a great, sunny, high-ceilinged, old-fashioned room, with everything in apple-pie order. Shiny pots and pans were all over the walls. There were long brackets full of china, hanging shelves to hold all kinds of glassware, swinging doo-dabs loaded to the guards with pickles and preserves, and sprangly-armed windmills all white and fluffy with the week's wash. In the middle of it all was the chair, set for me like a trap; a roomy old-timer, weighing fifty pounds and facing a closed door.

I sat down and remembered the Inquisition. The door swung open and showed me a dim, cool sitting-room. Back in it, looking as fresh as a bunch of mint in a goblet of ice, sat the cause of all the trouble..

"I m Miss Massinger's Long-Lost Brother Claude. I Hate to Scrap, but I Love to Argue"

What's that passage in the Bible about being not afraid with any amazement? I was so amazed that I was almost scared to death. Instead of the long, gaunt, gimlet-eyed old harridan that was all framed up in my mind, I saw the dearest, fluffiest little old fairy godmother that ever darned a sock. Her hair hung in white corkscrew ringlets all about her temples and ears. Her cheeks were round and pink. Behind her specs I could see that her eyes were big and I could guess they were brown and bright. She was a preserved peach; that's what she was, and well-preserved at that! To and fro, swing-back, swing-forth, went the huge old rocker that could have held two of her as easily as one, for there wasn't much more than five feet of her. I sat there and stared like a hypnotized man.

"Drat the ninny! Has he lost his tongue?"

I came out of my trance, pop! "If you are doing me the honor to address me in those soft words, ma'am, I answer 'No,'" I said. "But I've lost my bearings. Have I come to the right place, or is this your enchanted castle that I'm sitting in?"

"You've come to Massinger's farm, and this is my kitchen you're sitting in. And, perhaps, you'll have the goodness to tell me why."

"Because you asked me. And wouldn't it seem more home-y, more neighborly, so to speak, if you were to go a step further and ask me into the sitting-room?" What I wanted was to get away from the condemned cat, who was at that moment playing pitapat with my shoelaces. Fairy Godmother would none of it.

"You're put," said she. "Stay put."

"This is a lovely and entrancing kitchen, ma'am," said I, looking all around me and arresting my glance with a bump at the point where half a dozen pairs of stockings were waggling gently in the breeze. "But," I began, in a shocked and grieved tone, and stopped short, looking away hastily. Then I gave a frightened glance in the other direction where the white, frilly goods were rustling on the stretcher.

"Oh!" I said, with an embarrassed cough. "Ahem!" And I looked at the ceiling quite pointedly and blushed. It can be done by holding the breath tight in the throat, if you don't mind a little headache afterward. The blush passed on. Fairy Godmother had one with me. The pink went clear up to her little ears. She stamped her foot. My strategy had won.

"Come in!" she snapped. "And shut the door after you."

I came. The cat came, too. In a leap. He wasn't going to lose any of my precious company—not if he knew himself. Obedient to orders I sat down over by the window.

"Now," said the Preserved Peach, "account for yourself. Do you partake of strong liquor? Are you a Methodist? Do you use hair oil? Is it your habit to bet on ——"

"Hold on, ma'am," I begged. "Spare an innocent young man that never did you any harm. I'm informed and furnished on that question game. You sewed up our legal light in a mess of queries and then shot him more full of strange seasonings than a Pure Food Law label."

"He trampled on my begonias and swore at my cat," she said, looking a little confused. "Anyway, I didn't aim to hit him. I only meant to scare him."

"You did it," I assured her.

She caught me up, sharp as a needle. "*Your* legal light, you said? Then it's as I expected. You're one of those trolley sharks."

Open confession was the only way now. "I am, madam, Stanley Carroll, confidential representative of the Absalomville, Bobbittstown and Cayoopany Interurban Trolley Company, Limited, very much at your service, and, with your kind attention, I beg to place before you propositions looking to our mutual benefit."

And before she could cut in I was off in a flight of my very best style of spellbinding. I drew, for her benefit, a living and poetic word-painting of her property as it would look after the A. B. & C. had described graceful loops through the best part of it. I talked augmented real-estate values in figures that no one had ever met outside an arithmetic before. I quoted from a speech that the Secretary of Agriculture never made, to prove that an electric current passing through a plum orchard not only killed all the doodle-bugs but also increased the yield of fruit from seventeen to sixty-four and five-eighths per cent. I expatiated in rounded periods upon the superior advantages of having but to step over the doorsill and wave a haughty hand in order to be whirled at lightning speed to the uttermost bounds of the county, and I tactfully omitted to mention that after said haughty hand-waggle the following move would be to walk half a mile to the stopping-place and wait for the next car. Finally, I promised that we wouldn't charge her a cent for running our line through her place and that we'd even give her our handsomely-printed time-tables free. And all this time I was trying to prevent the cat from kissing my ear.

"Sign this paper, madam," I cried, shaking the animal off for the sixth time, "and make yourself one with the mighty world which throbs and glitters on the horizon. Sign, and join hands with the pulsating forces of Absalomville. Sign, and connect yourself by bonds of steel and fire with the progress and culture of Bobbittstown and with the classic shades and metropolitan refinements of Cayoopany. Once for all, without money and without price, for the love of humanity, patriotism and our glorious nation's commercial supremacy, sign here and —— For the love of Heaven, ma'am, haven't you got a mouse for that cat to play with?"

At that, she just tilted back her head and laughed. Such a laugh! It was all little silvery thrills and trills and

"Mr. President, I Honor and Revere You as a Malefactor of Great Wealth"

quivers of pure, rollicking joyousness. A beautiful outburst of music worth going miles to hear. But—with a big, big B—there was something very far wrong with it as emerging from the face of a Preserved Peach.

As I drank it in I did some swift and suspicious thinking. I thought of the fact that Miss Massinger, of Massinger's farm, had kept herself out of range of the human vision up to now. I thought of the delay at the doorway, and the darkened room, and the unbidden brightness of the eyes behind the glasses. And dark resentment of the wile of woman and the wrongs of man welled in my soul.

"Excuse me," I said. "There's a hornet in your hair"

In two steps I was beside her, looking at the neck behind the ear. Just as I suspected; not a wrinkle to be seen. With a heart full of wrath I made a grab at the spectacles, and the wig came off, too.

Let me mention right here that the removal of the preservatives from the Preserved Peach did not in any degree affect the quality of the fruit. She might have been twenty-one, possibly twenty-two, as she turned her head slowly and with a little gasp; turned it until the brown eyes were looking directly up into mine, until the red lips, warm with laughter, were just beneath my own, and—well, I did it. That's all; I just did it.

For a minute I thought some one had hit me from behind with a club. Then I saw the other hand coming and ducked back. The Peach got to her feet and faced me, her eyes spitting fire like a short circuit.

"Beast!" she said. "Go away! Quick! Or I'll take the gun to you."

"I wish you had," said I, rubbing my ear. "You might have missed with the gun. For a bantamweight you've got a husky punch."

"Will you go! And never come near this place again!"

"Thanking you for your kind invitation, I beg to decline and to inform you that I'll be here tomorrow at the same time."

"You dare!"

"Miss Massinger, if that really is your name——"

"It is. Never mind my name!"

"Fairy Godmother; found only to be lost!" I could see her mouth beginning to twinkle at the corners. "Will you grant one last favor to a martyr wounded unto death by a hand he loved not wisely but too well?"

"What do you want—idiot?" Her voice broke on the last word.

"Bid me back to learn what it all means. And then, ah, then! let me sink to rest with a soul satisfied and at peace!"

The delicious laughter came again, full-throated, full-hearted. Knowing I had won my point I beat a hasty retreat, followed by the cat, who wailed for a vanishing hope as I drove blithely down to the main road.

That night I picnicked with the mosquitoes of Gill Center, having sent two telegrams. One was to the office:

Job will take a week. Maybe two. Satisfactory progress.

The other was to my sister:

Send full outfit white man's clothes Gill Center. Also three pounds assorted chocolates every other day.

The next day I called at Massinger's farm

And the next.

The day following that, the same.

The succeeding day, ditto.

On the morrow, likewise.

The morrow's morrow, no change.

And the seventh day was like unto the first.

Report to office: Progress.

Report to sister: Continue candy; charge to office.

Net result of assiduous devotion to interests of A. B. & C., a brand-new, wholly delightful, extremely-painful and highly-sensational experience for its loyal employee.

By the end of the week I was tying pink string around my fingers to keep me reminded that I was on the job for the line and not for myself. What I really wanted was Miss Betty Massinger, and be jiggered to her farm! As far as I got was a permit to sit in the kitchen with the cat—"That's for penance," said Betty—and, little by little, extract from my hostess, rocking in the peaceful inner room, the reason for her grouch against the A. B. & C. It was no real reason, after all; just that she didn't like trolleys. She said that they spoiled landscapes, and now that Cousin Ben had left her a landscape of her own she was going to keep it unspoiled. In particular, she didn't like the A. B. & C. They could go around her farm if they wanted to, and she wouldn't be above riding on their line at times. But as for going through it—"Never, Never! *Never!!* NEVER!!! NEVER!!!!" That was her little formula

"If they had come to me out-and-out," she said. "But they didn't. They snooped I hate snoopy people."

"I don't snoop," I said indignantly

"You do. What else do you call it, coming here disguised in a silk hat and a funeral coat?"

"Well, if it comes to disguises!"

She had the grace to blush. "It was such a lark!" she pleaded. "For the lawyer people I just put on the voice. Through the door, you know. Then, when I saw you, looking so idiotic, curled up there on the post, I couldn't resist going through the whole rôle. The part was copied from my aunt. She's upstairs. Like to meet her?"

"Not particularly," I said politely.

"There are only the two of us. Farm life is awfully dull," she added, sighing. "I'm getting bored to death. That's the only reason I let you come around. And I thought it was going to be so idyllic. I just leaped at the chance of getting away from the profession."

"The profession?"

"Yes. You didn't think mine was an amateur performance, did you? I'm an actress. Do you object?"

"I don't object to actresses. But I object to the way you act."

"That's always the way with people who come in on free passes!"

"Couldn't you go a little farther and make it a reserved seat?" I begged, looking longingly at the inner room.

"No, I couldn't," she returned decidedly. "You aren't safe! That is"—she mused, and then laughed a little—"it might be arranged. As a reward for valor. Do you want to be Saint George and slay the dragon?"

"I'd rather slay the cat," I said, shoving that enterprising animal off my knee. "But show him to me."

"He'll be here in a few minutes, I expect. He's big; even bigger than you are. I don't like him. I've told him not to come—seriously. He doesn't pay any attention. Sometimes I'm—I'm afraid."

"So'm I," said I. "What am I to do to him?"

"Make him understand he's to stop coming here. I hope you don't get hurt," she added maliciously.

"Thanks. Hope not," I responded. "Meantime?"

"Meantime, Auntie will come down and sit with me, inside. You can keep Tom with you."

The door slammed and I was left to figure out my play. Now, I'll do almost anything to keep out of a fight. Somebody's sure to get hurt, and frankness compels me to admit that it's usually the other fellow, which makes bad feeling. So, when a full-freckled, husky, six-foot-two product of the locality came hulking in with all his joints swinging loose and demanded to know what I was doing there and why, I said I was giving a physical-culture exhibition, and to prove it I picked up the fifty-pound chair and did a little juggling with it that made even the cussed cat respect me for once.

"Now," said I, "I'm Miss Massinger's long-lost brother Claude. I hate to scrap but I love to argue. If you'll go away now and not come back I'll meet you at the grocery this evening and we'll talk crops."

He didn't even say good-by. But he tried to show his feelings by slamming the door after him, and that's where, with the kind assistance of chance, he got even with me. For the cat peered out to say farewell at that moment, and the door came to on his head with a horrible scrunch. There was a stifled wail and a scrabbling of claws on the floor.

"There goes the last of my troubles," I thought, pulling the door back as quickly as I could. "Taps for Faithful Tom."

Not so. The supposed remains rolled over, did a flipflap back into the room, and the riot began. He never said a word, did that cat. He just started in to loop the loop. As a stage setting the kitchen had everything the heart could desire to bring out the fine points of the ensuing performance.

¶ *"The Measure of a Man" is a Guide to Good Form in Dress Ask for it*

YOUR clothing problem is to select the clothes which meet with your ideas in regard to good fabrics, choice patterns, refined styles, and thorough tailoring. So many men of taste prefer **Michaels-Stern** Clothes to all others that it should be to your interest to try them this season.

Michaels, Stern & Co., Rochester, N. Y.

TAFFETA
Petticoats

Outrival those of silk; for Heatherbloom has the lustre, swish, and beauty of silk with three times the wear at one third the cost.

Every genuine Heatherbloom Petticoat bears this *silk woven label.* Look for it.

Facsimile of label.

EVERY PETTICOAT GUARANTEED

The new styles for Spring and Summer display unusual beauty and daintiness—made in all the latest colorings, including the fashionable pastel shades—attractive stripes and fancies, plain or richly embroidered. Elaborateness alone determines price—$2 and upward.

Ask for a Heatherbloom Petticoat—do not accept a substitute—the label will protect you. If your dealer does not have Heatherbloom Petticoats send us his name and we will see that you are supplied.

A. G. HYDE & SONS, New York—Chicago.

Makers of Hydegrade Fabrics.

Walker's Grape Juice with Whipped Cream.

Chill the Grape Juice and serve each glassful with a heaping tab espoonful of whipped and sweetened cream on top.

What Shall We Drink?

Try Walker's Grape Juice. It is delicious! Quenches thirst without filling the stomach with useless liquids. It is cooling and satisfying.

Helps the digestion and assimilation of food. Furnishes all the useful properties of fresh, ripe fruit without the indigestible pulp.

Many people have refused Grape Juice, in spite of its healthful benefits, because of a puckery after-taste. Try

Walker's GRAPE JUICE

"It's clear because it's pure."

It has no pucker, no astringency. None of the usual sediment which is laden with tannin. Hold a bottle of Walker's up to the light and see for yourself.

It's the most delicious and the most sensible of all drinks. Take it freely. You will like it better and better.

Keep a case of it at home, and call for it frequently when away from home—at the soda fountain, restaurant, hotel, club, on the steamer and dining car. Be sure of getting Walker's—in the "ten-pin" bottles.

Full quarts 50 cents.
Full pints 25 cents.

Send us the names of your grocer and druggist and we will mail you our booklet of unusual recipes for dainty desserts and beverages, made with grape juice

The "ten-pin" bottle.

The Grape Products Company,
North East, Pa.

Tom's first flight took him to the preserve shelf. About thirty-seven dollars' worth of preserves and pickles came down and made a design on the floor that would have done finely for a canner's coat-of-arms. The cat's next tackle was a kerosene stove on a shelf. That left home without a minute's hesitation and added some oil flavoring to the chowchow. Then he circulated. Glass and crockery were his specialty on the first round. The second was mostly tin and metal. It didn't make any difference what it was; he had the magic touch. Everything he approached took a day off and joined the performance. In the midst of the uproar a shiny, swinging lamp let go all holds and fluttered down to earth, followed by one of those thumpin' big pans about the size of a bass drum and full of the same kind of music. While they were still rolling Pussy tried to do a circus-hoop jump around and through both of 'em, with results that outclassed a thunderstorm. As soon as he untangled himself there he sailed up after a swing full of cups and saucers. All down, the first ball. Something resembling a faint scream sounded from the inside room. As I hustled over to the door to listen a mop came out of the corner and caught me a whack over the nose that made me weep like a child. Meantime, Tom had helped himself to some lingerie off the line and was doing the Salome wiggle in the sink.

Every continuous performance has an end. It seemed up to me to furnish a curtain for this one, so I grabbed the mop, wiped the tears from my eyes and started across the room. But before I could reach him my feline friend tore his way out of the flurry and landed on the stove, with a frill over one ear. Crazy as he was, his emotional insanity had not obliterated his sense-perceptions, as the murder experts say. He knew that the stove was hot, all right. And he mentioned it in a yell that would have been human if it hadn't been so loud. This time there was a sure-enough echo from the other room. Off he went again in the opposite direction, and, the very first lap, two soft-boiled pies floated down and spread themselves on my neck. That let out my stock of Christian patience. The next time Flying Thomas came around I made a swipe at him that would have finished the little game of one-old-cat right there if it had landed. It missed. One strike. Give you my word, the cat turned in midair like the Wright brothers and reached for me as he went by on the return trip.

Were you ever sideswiped by a cat? It's very painful and disfiguring. I tried a counter with the handle end of the mop. Strike two, and the cat swearing at the umpire in four languages. By this time I was growing dizzy, but my eyesight was still good. Believe it or not, I saw, plain as day, my little friend pick a broomstick off the wall and sail clean across the room on it, like a witch.

Heaven's blessing on the man who invented fly-paper! There was a sheet of it lying on the table, waiting for something to happen. Tom, the feline air-navigator, tried to soar over it, and it just simply reached out and folded him to its bosom. In a second I was on the spot with a double handful of tablecloths and towels, and in two seconds a big, white, floppy bundle was rolling around the back yard, uttering muffled and bloodcurdling yells for help.

Well, that kitchen! It looked like a pawnbroker's sale-shop the day after the earthquake. I picked my way through the débris and put an ear to the sitting-room door. Not a sound. I opened it up a crack and looked in. In the far corner lay Auntie, her poor old toes turned up and quivering. Betty was leaning over her, rubbing her forehead with a lump of beeswax from the workbasket. I suppose she thought it was camphor.

"It's all over," I said in a soft, reassuring sort of voice.

Auntie took one look at me and emitted a moan from The Two Orphans. "Is he dead?" she gasped.

"I don't think so, ma'am," I answered. "Just crazy. He was still wiggling when I threw him out."

Betty's eyes were all big and frightened as she lifted them to me. "You'd better go," she said stormily. "I didn't know you were a brute."

That fairly got on my temper. At the same time I remembered that, after all, I was working for the company.

"I'll go," I said, "when my papers are signed."

"I'll sign anything to get rid of you for good," said Betty viciously. "Of course, it's the company all the time. I might have known. Well, Mr. Right-of-Way Man, what's it worth?"

Even then I wasn't going to give her anything less than a fair price.

"Five hundred dollars," I said, with a heart like lead. "And fifty extra to cover damage. Sign here."

She hesitated a bit, stealing one quick glance at me and looking away again. Then she signed. "Much good may it do you!" she said.

The shivering old aunt put her name down as witness.

"It seems like blood money," she wailed. "Our poor, martyred neighbor! Though I couldn't abide his freckles!"

"Freckles? Neighbor? I almost yelled. "Did you think that four-corners hayseed put up any such fight against me? It was the cat!"

After that—the deluge. Something told me that the time to depart had arrived. I made two jumps of it for my rig. As I drove out of the place with my romance dead in my heart and my neck all botched up with pumpkin pie like a Sunday-school picnic ground, I heard a noise from the ridgepole of the woodshed. There sat Indestructible Tom, the nine-lived wonder, with his whiskers done up in fly-paper and two feet of white ruffle half-masted on his tail, trying to tell me what he thought of me between spits.

III

THE office force of the A. B. & C. Interurban Trolley Company, Limited, sat up as one man and took notice when Stanley Carroll's final wire in the Massinger right-of-way affair came in. Brief and businesslike it was:

Got it. Sidetracked for minor repairs. Back in a week.

Before the time was up the story of the cat had drifted into headquarters. I suppose old Auntie had leaked it at some sewing circle. From Thaddeus B. Drumgoole down to the newest office-boy every one in the place was loaded for Stanley. I had a few choice gibes saved up myself, but I forgot them when I saw the boy. He didn't look right. It wasn't the court-plaster arabesques scattered about his face. It was something underneath the court-plaster.

"Hello, Curt!" he said as he came in. "Is the Old Man here?"

"Yes," I said. "Glad to see you back, Stan. You turned the trick, eh?"

"Yes, I turned the trick—at a price."

"Not so bad, either," I observed, "at five hundred and fifty dollars."

"I wasn't thinking of the company," he answered with a sigh. It was the first time I'd ever heard Stanley Carroll really sigh. Immediately he perked up and turned a grim sort of smile on me. "Nice, funny crowd of cute little jokers we keep about this place," he remarked.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Nothing much. Only, when I came in, three lever-pushers, waiting to answer to complaints, mewed. You'll find the biggest one at the bottom of the stairs unless the others have carried him away. In the main office our handsome corps of pink and perfumed ledger-blotters were all busy earning their pay, to look at them; but a toy rat came out of a corner and buzzed around the floor real playfully. It's waiting in my pocket till I can find the proper person to feed it to. The head bookkeeper's out buying a poultice. He made a mistake of licking his paw and pretending to preen down his fur when he saw me coming. Know of any one else hereabout having some merry japes up his sleeve?"

"Why, Stan," I said, "it isn't like you to fly off the track this way."

"Isn't it? If you had lain awake six nights running, thinking —— Never mind. Come in and keep me from murdering the Old Tad in case he says 'cat' to me."

In we went, and Our Beloved President whirled around on his chair, stroked his whiskers and purred. I'll bet he never knew how near he came to being a martyr to a sense of humor!

"Ah!" said he. "The hero of the catastrophe. The originator of the hue-hair-trigger and kitty-shoot-'em-up!"

Stan was game. "Ha!" he said. "Ha!" said he, like a man paid to do it. "A joke is a joke, Mr. President, at times. And yours aren't any worse than some I've

The first Derby made in America was a C & K

HATS for MEN

KNAPP-FELT is a hat-fabric peculiar to the C&K Shop, where fine hats have been made for more than fifty years. Starting with the double handful of frail, fleecy fur which a breath might blow away, a Knapp-Felt hat passes through thirty-seven unique processes in each of which something better is done than in any other make. Each hat has the personal attention of a well-paid, expert workman under the careful supervision of a member of the C & K organization.

The Spring shapes are exclusive C & K designs of unquestioned taste and propriety. The variety of styles will afford an opportunity for the selection of a shape which is proper because it is becoming. Knapp-Felt Derbies and Soft Hats are made in two grades, $6 and $4. They are sold at the best shops, everywhere.

Your newspaper probably has the announcement of a hatter who sells Knapp-Felts.

Write for The Hatman.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
340 Broadway, New York

Twenty Shaves for a Two Cent Stamp

This trial tube of

JOHNSON'S Shaving Cream Soap

will be sent on receipt of a two cent stamp to cover postage

One trial will convert you from the use of any other shaving soap to this soap, which makes a more bountiful, rich, creamy, lasting lather, and

The Lather's the Thing

No other soap has the quality and shaving advantages possessed by Johnson's Shaving Cream Soap. It is speedy in action, convenient and economical to use, non-smarting and refreshing in effect.

Every Druggist Sells It

Johnson's Shaving Cream Soap is put up in a collapsible tube containing 150 shaves—sells for 25 cents—⅙ of a cent a shave.

If your druggist has sold out we will mail a full size tube postpaid on receipt of price.

Send 2c stamp for trial tube to-day

Johnson & Johnson

Dept. 25, New Brunswick, N. J. U. S. A.

given up gate money to hear. But what I want to ask is: Was that deal worth the money, or wasn't it?"

To be good-natured for one whole minute at a time, even at some one else's expense, wasn't in Thaddeus B. Drumgoole.

"It wasn't," he snarled, all his meanness sticking out on him like a rash. "You ought to have had it for a fifth the price."

Stanley took one step forward. I went along, too, because I was hanging to his arm at the time. What might have happened next I don't know. I saw the Old Man's eyes fix, not on Stan, but on the door. Then I heard a very clear, self-possessed little voice say, "My entry," and whirled around to see just about the dauntiest and prettiest little five-foot-nothing of femininity that ever gave a man something to dream about.

"Mr. Drumgoole?" she inquired.

"That's me," admitted Taddles, giving her a winning smile that would have scared a fly off a bald head.

"I am Miss Massinger."

"Pleased to meet you, Miss Massinger. Er—you may go, Mr. Curtis. And you, Mr. Carroll."

"They may *not*," countermanded the vision, looking at the head of the A. B. & C. with obvious disfavor. "I want your right-of-way man to hear what I have to say. You employ him, as I understand, to wheedle unsuspecting women out of valuable privileges. He thought he had done his work well this time, under pretense of—of ——" Miss Massinger got pink and neglected to formulate the charge. "He's mistaken. The farm was sold the day before the paper was signed."

"Sold!" It was a trio by male voices.

"Here is your five hundred dollars. Fifty I retain for damages to my cat and my kitchen. Gentlemen"—accent on the first syllable—"I bid you good-day."

"Oh, no, you don't," said Thaddeus B. Drumgoole, and I've never seen him look so vicious. "You'll stay right here for the present. Sold the farm, have you, and then taken our money! Grand larceny, I believe they call that. Curtis, 'phone to Mr. Musgrove and tell him to bring a detective with him. Take a chair, my dear," he added, leering at her with his little pig's eyes. "We can't afford to lose the pleasure of your company."

She went quite white under his look. Instinctively she turned to Stanley, then hesitantly to me.

"Is it true, what he says?" she asked.

I nodded—and I hated to do it, too.

"I think you'd better go, Miss Massinger," spoke up Stanley.

"And *I* think not," sneered the Old Man. "Give me that paper, Carroll."

Stanley didn't even look at him. "Are you going or not, Miss Massinger?" he asked impatiently.

"No, I'm not," she retorted, and her little chin went up in the air, though the lips above it quivered pitifully.

He drew a cigar from his pocket. "I only asked because I want a smoke," he remarked.

"You've grown very solicitous of my feelings suddenly," she returned.

"Sorry I can't return the compliment," said Stanley. He took out the right-of-way document, scratched a match, applied it to the paper and, as the signatures blackened, curled and melted in flame before our eyes, held the fire to his cigar end and took a deep, satisfying whiff. Our Honored President rose from his chair with a sound like a broken-hearted toad. Miss Massinger fairly flew across the room and put her two tiny hands on Stanley's big arm.

"What have you done?" she cried.

"I'll tell you what he's done," squawked Old Taddles. "He's destroyed our only evidence. He's betrayed his employer like the dirty, low-lived traitor he is. He's been bribed, that's what! Bribed!" He stuck his ugly chin out and straddled over to her. "Was it money, my beauty?"

"If you've got to talk, Mr. President," cut in Stanley very coolly, "talk to me."

"I'm through talking with you."

"Well, if you won't talk, then listen." Stanley drew himself up and stuck his hand in his coat front, in position for his swan-song of oratory. "Mr. President," he said in his deep, rounded, professional voice, "I respect you for your scant gray hairs. As the head of a profitable, progressive and conscienceless corporation, I admire you. I honor and revere you as a ma e-factor of great wealth. But, unofficially between us two, and speaking as brother man to brother man, you're a measly sort of a second-rate liar and chump, and if you were half your age I'd make over your outlines into something that more nearly resembled a human face!"

"You're fired!" spluttered the Old Man.

"Again, you're a liar!" said Stanley. "That makes two. Count 'em. I'm not fired. I've resigned. Here's my resignation." He scrawled two words on the back of the smoking paper and thrust it under the puffy Drumgoole nose. "Is it accepted or will you eat it?" he inquired sweetly.

What happened next I never could have sworn to before a jury, because I got awfully interested in a stalled auto outside the window at that moment. But I discerned a shaky sound to the reply, "Accepted," as if it had been jarred out from between reluctant teeth. I looked around in time to see Stanley turn to the girl.

"Betty, is the farm really sold?"

"Really. Was it very wrong?"

"Does the cat go with it?"

"Ye-e-e-s; if you say so."

"Before you give up possession I'd like to sit in that inside room just once more," he said, looking her full in the eyes.

The eyes fell. All the color that had gone out of her face came back and brought some more with it. "You'll be welcome," she said very softly.

And they went out together.

The offices of the A. B. & C. Interurban Trolley Company, Limited, have seemed dull and lifeless to me since then, except for one occasion. That was the morning that Old Taddles received the Massinger-Carroll wedding cards.

6% Reclamation Bonds

Secured by a Thousand Farms

The trend of investment among our thousands of customers is toward Reclamation bonds. With us, these bonds are now outselling all other bonds combined.

They are secured by first liens on good farm land—sometimes a thousand farms. And this land reclaimed by drainage or irrigation is the most fertile farm land in America.

The bonded indebtedness is conservative, rarely exceeding one-fourth the land's value. And, the bonds being serial, this indebtedness is rapidly reduced.

As additional security, we have a first mortgage on all the property of a corporation in which the investment is sometimes twice the bond issue. Thus we combine corporate responsibility with farm lien security.

Some of these bonds are "Carey Act" bonds, where the State supervises the project. Some are municipal securities, issued by organized districts. Such bonds form a tax lien on the district.

The interest rate is six per cent—a liberal rate for high grade farm lien securities. The bonds are for $100, $500 and $1,000, so they appeal to small investors and large. And the differing maturities enable one to make short-time or long-time investments.

For all of these reasons, rightly selected Reclamation bonds have come into great popularity.

16 Years' Experience

During the past 16 years we have sold 78 separate issues of Reclamation bonds, all based on farm liens. Not a dollar of loss has resulted to any investor.

Our position in this field gives us the pick of these projects. To investigate and supervise them, we employ the most competent engineers and attorneys. And an officer of our Company constantly resides in the irrigated sections, watching the projects we finance.

Every investor, small and large, should read our book on Irrigation bonds. Cut out this coupon as a reminder to send for it. (18)

Trowbridge & Niver Co.

First National Bank Building, Chicago — 111 Broadway, N. Y.
50 Congress St., Boston — First National Bank Bldg., San Francisco

Please send your free book on Irrigation Bonds.

Name _____

City _____

State _____ 929

YOUR SAVINGS

Investment in a Falling Market

VERY often, as you ride home on the street car or on the suburban train, you hear your neighbor on the seat exclaim as he reads the financial news: "Look at Steel Common selling at 85! I could have bought it at 75 not long ago. Think of the profit I have missed." Other active stocks come in for the same comment. This sort of episode simply emphasizes the fact that nearly every man and, for that matter, nearly every woman who owns any kind of security is more or less interested in the stock market. This is quite natural, because the stock market is a barometer that reflects or forecasts financial conditions. When panic, depression or unrest strikes at its nerve-center of speculative trading the effect is felt in every part of the whole financial system. Aside from this sympathy there is another good reason why the average man should be concerned about the market. It grows out of the opportunity that a falling market gives him to invest his money so that he will not only get a good income but a satisfactory profit. Here is a phase of investment well worth pointing out, because it is liable to develop suddenly just as it did during the first week in February, when the prices of all stocks declined from five to eight points almost without warning. This was not a very bad slump, to be sure, but it was enough on which to hang the lesson that this article will seek to convey.

Before going into this subject it must be clearly understood that this week's paper is not written to encourage speculation, but to show how the average man can realize on the investment opportunity that the folly of speculation makes possible. Many market collapses are due to the greed, avarice or blunders of manipulators. The break which followed the crash of the Hocking Valley pool not long ago was only one example. A far larger and more significant one was when Mr. Harriman and Mr. Hill struggled for the control of the Northern Pacific, and thereby plunged the whole country into financial turmoil and gloom. But in speculation, as in everything else, it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and

KEITH'S

Are Worth Studying HOUSE PLANS Have Originality

This example of our work (see 172) is but one of hundreds in our books of plans, giving sizes, views, etc.

100 Small Cot. and Bung. .50 | 238 Dwgs. $2000 to $2500 $1 00
98 Dwgs. $800 to $1200 .50 | 191 " $2500 to $3000 $1 00
135 " $1200 to $1600 $1 00 | 207 " $3000 to $4000 $1 00
188 " $1600 to $2000 $1 00 | 173 " $4000 and up $1 00
56 Duplexes Double Houses, Flats etc. $1 00

THE KEITH CO., Architects, 1603 Hennepin Ave. Minneapolis, Minn.

5½% INVESTMENTS 6%

Farm land worth two to five times the obligation secures our First Farm Mortgages which yield 5½% and 6% per annum.

Write for list and booklet "S"

E. J. LANDER & CO.

Grand Forks, N. D., or Minneapolis, Minn.

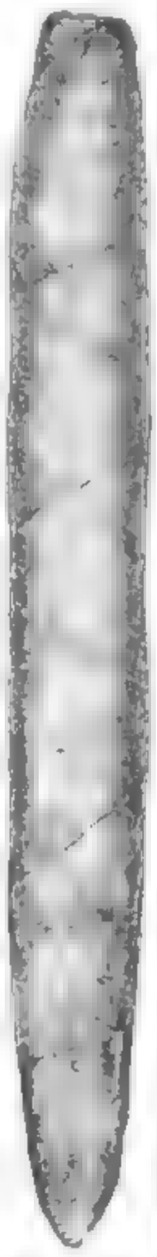
6% NET

For 15 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of $100 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 715

PERKINS & CO. Lawrence, Kan.

A BUSINESS man, an old customer of mine, walked into his associate's office recently, took from his cigar case four cigars of the same size and laid them on his partner's desk with the remark: "There are two qualities of cigars in that lot; can you separate them?"

The partner (a good smoker), after careful scrutiny, selected two and two. He was then informed that there were three cigars of one quality and one of another—guess again.



The fact is that three of the cigars were expensive Clear Havanas; the other was one of my Panatelas.

I feel that a great many men refrain from ordering from me because they think a good cigar cannot be furnished at $5.00 per hundred To such I say—"Let me try once to convince you. There is no risk to you"

I make my own cigars in my own factory in Philadelphia, and thousands of my customers, who are sending their orders to me regularly, have expressed their approval of my idea of combining *economy* with *quality*. I educated these men up to the idea of buying direct from the manufacturer, of eliminating the various middlemen's profits and of holding the manufacturer to every promise he makes in introducing his cigars.

With the cost of living and luxuries rising steadily, why, in the name of reason, should anyone pay ten cents for a cigar when my cigars at five dollars per hundred are just as satisfactory? I use clear, clean, long Havana, grown in Cuba, for the filler, and Sumatra for the wrapper.

Shivers' Panatela

MY OFFER IS: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas, on approval, to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense, and no charge for the ten smoked, if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

What greater risk can I assume? What more can I do to prove to every smoker that my cigars are the kind that *do* sell themselves, if given the chance? My cigar is the only cigar in the world sold direct to smokers at a price so near the cost of making.

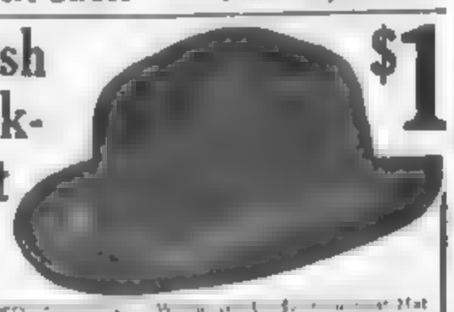
In ordering, please enclose business card or send personal references, and state which you prefer—light, medium or dark cigars.

MY BOOK FREE—it tells a lot of things about tobacco, cigars and smoking in general that every man should know. Write for it.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS

913 Filbert Street Philadelphia, Pa.

English Knock-about Hat **$1**



Panama Hat ... fine English Felt, flexible sweet hand, neat outside band ... for dress and business. Folds into one part ... without changing. Unequalled for traveling motoring ... All shades. Colors Black, Brown, Dark Green Gray Mixture Dark Blue or White ... $1.00 ... cents.

State size and color desired. Satisfaction guaranteed

PANAMA HAT CO Dept A 830 Broadway New York

CLASS PINS

WRITE FOR CATALOG

THE D. L. AULD CO.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, U.S.A.

the investor with a little ready money with which he is willing to take a chance can often step in when prices are crumbling and pick up bargains that will give him a good yield and a substantial appreciation of his principal. Profit is a thing never to be despised

This advice is contrary to the old and costly theory on which the public operated in stocks for many years, which, despite the widespread educational investment campaigns, still claims many victims. That old theory was, that the time for the public to buy stocks was when the prices were highest, and the time to sell was when they were lowest. When you investigate the investment rules of many rich men you find that they pursued just the opposite course, and this is one reason why they became rich. The philosophy of it is best summed up in the celebrated reply made by the elder Rothschild, founder of that long line of European money barons, who said, in answer to a question by a certain king as to how he became rich: "I buy cheap and sell dear."

This rule should be at the bottom of all stock-buying by the average man. It is the creed of investment in a falling market and the only safe formula for the bargain hunter. This kind of buying may have two dangers. One is that the buyer may wait too long for the "low level"—that is, the bottom price of the stock—and lose his opportunity in a rising market; the other is when he "overstays the market"—that is, keeps his stock so long that his profits are lost in a declining market. As a consequence, many shrewd investors have found it wise to take their profits when the price has become sufficiently high; put part of the proceeds into bonds and keep a working surplus in a savings-bank where it will earn money to wait for another bargain chance. Their theory is that profit, being a rare flower, is apt to fade quickly.

Prices Affected When Values Are Not

Of course, the only kind of stock-buying recommended here is buying outright, which means, as often explained, the purchase of stock for cash and not on margin. Nothing is so destructive as margin trading. It is a game that no man can beat—even John W. Gates admits it—and it is to be avoided like a pest. When you own stock outright you can put it away in your safety-vault box, forget all about it and know, if it is well selected, that it is not only producing an income for you, but, under normal conditions and if bought in a falling market, getting more valuable all the time.

In this connection is a fact not generally considered. Many people get the idea that because the stock market suddenly declines all the stocks have gone to the bow-wows. This is not true. It frequently happens that bears make a raid on a particular stock that they want to depress. The stock begins to go down and then the whole market follows suit. This is not because there is anything materially wrong about this stock or any of the others that have declined. One reason is that the whole stock market is like a sensitive harp. When one string is touched all the others respond. It happens in discords and in harmonics.

Not long ago a group of bears combined against Steel Common and it went down nearly five points. The whole market fell. Business was good; earnings were large; the general outlook was favorable. Yet these bears were shy on stock; they had to have it and they broke up the market. It was a speculative procedure, pure and simple, and the fact that the other stocks went down did not mean any impairment of their real values.

A bear raid is only one cause of a stock's decline. The company may be under investigation by the United States Government; it may be involved in litigation affecting its right to merge. At the present time decisions are pending in the Supreme Court concerning the corporate integrity of the Standard Oil Company and the American Tobacco Company. As rumors of the nature of these decisions are circulated the stocks rise or fall, and the whole market moves in sympathy.

It is as natural for stocks to fluctuate as it is for a man to have moods. Save in cases of grave panics these fluctuations, even the sharpest, do not unsettle business. Sometimes the chief and only trouble they cause is for speculators. It is estimated that since the high prices of last year there

SCHLOSS BALTIMORE CLOTHES

Lead in the World of Fashion

CLOTHES may not make a MAN
but they can make him mighty
proud that he is one.
Schloss Baltimore Clothes **will**—
ask the wearer
or
try them
and enjoy the luxurious feeling of a
King among Men.

They cost no more than the ordinary

Sold by the BEST CLOTHIERS everywhere
Designed and Made by

SCHLOSS BROS. & CO.

BALTIMORE NEW YORK BOSTON

has been a shrinkage in security values of more than a billion dollars. Assuming that this is true, it does not follow that the welfare of the country generally has been injured. The total wealth of the United States in land and capital is $110,000,000,000, while the value of corporate securities is about $40,000,000,000. A shrinkage of even a billion and a half, which is a big outside estimate, would represent a loss of only one and a half per cent of real wealth and four per cent of corporate wealth. The so-called shrinkage of values in the stock market, however, is mainly in what is called "floating capital," often employed in what Mr. Morgan once called "undigested securities," and relates mainly to the operations of speculators

When you come to make a comparison of the prices of well-known stocks over a period of years you get some adequate idea of what the profits of investment in a falling market are. The panic of 1907 was the greatest of all feasts for the stock-bargain seeker, and though a similar opportunity will probably not present itself soon there will be occasions of sharp declines when the example then established may be followed.

Let us now take a group of active standard railroad stocks and see by the range of their prices just how the stock buyer would have fared in profits had he bought at the low levels of 1907, sold at the high tide of 1909, or held them until today. The table follows:

Road	Low 1907	High 1909	Price at Time of Writing
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe	66⅜	125⅝	115½
Baltimore & Ohio	75⅛	122⅛	111
Delaware & Hudson	123	200	174
Great Northern Preferred	107½	157⅜	136¼
Illinois Central	116	162½	142
Louisville & Nashville	85½	162½	149¼
Reading	70½	173⅛	165⅞
New York Central	89	147¾	119
Pennsylvania	103⅛	151⅓	132½
Southern Pacific	63¼	139⅛	125
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul	93½	165⅛	145
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Preferred	130	181	162¾
Chesapeake & Ohio	23¼	91¼	85
Northern Pacific	100½	159½	136
Union Pacific	100	219	183¾

Some of these stocks more than doubled in price in less than two years.

Now take a group of well-known industrial stocks and make the same comparison:

Company	Low 1907	High 1909	Price at Time of Writing
United States Steel Common	21⅞	94⅜	79
United States Steel Preferred	79⅛	131	119⅛
Amalgamated Copper	41⅝	96⅛	75
American Smelting & Refining Co	58¼	105½	82½
General Electric	89½	172¾	153
United States Rubber Common	13½	57⅛	42
United States Rubber First preferred	61¼	123½	111½
Standard Oil	390	692	630
American Tobacco	174½	418	400

All the stocks mentioned in these tables are Common save where it is specified otherwise

Many concrete examples could be cited to show what profits men made in buying wisely in a falling market. Here is one that will serve to illustrate: A well-known New York hotel manager had been reading articles about investment for a whole year before the panic of 1907. Shortly after the depression came he drew out $10,000 that he had in a savings-bank and, with an additional $10,000 from a first mortgage that came due, went into the market to buy for investment. His purchases were as follows: 100 shares of Union Pacific Common at 110, which cost him $11,000 and yielded him 9.09 per cent; 200 shares Steel Common at 25, which cost $5,000 and yielded him 8 per cent, and 50 shares Steel Preferred at 95, which cost $4750 and yielded him 7.37 per cent.

Now the first striking thing about this investment is that it was so arranged that it provided some income every month. In January, for example, he received a quarterly dividend of $250 from the Union Pacific—then, as now, paying 10 per cent; in February he received $87.50 from the Steel Preferred, which was on a seven-per-cent basis, while in March he got $100 from the Steel Common, which was on a two-per-cent dividend basis, and so on each quarter. The total income for a year was $1900. Last year he sold out his stocks for $40,800. They had cost him $20,850. His profit, therefore, was exactly $19,950, or nearly one hundred per cent. He could have had a profit of $5000 more had he sold at the year's "high prices," but he did not want to "overstay" and wisely let go when he thought he had a fair profit.

This hotel man's experience could have been duplicated on a smaller scale by a man with a few thousand dollars, the moral of the performance being that the purchases must be made when stocks are falling or low; bought outright, and then held for a favorable rise that will give a good profit.

One very successful business man, who has a very good income, always keeps from $4000 to $5000 in savings-banks waiting for market declines. The very moment that stocks drop from eight to ten points he buys a bunch of stocks, holds them for six months or a year, and then sells when he can clear a good profit. If the stocks should go lower in the mean time he does not worry, but is satisfied with the dividend, because he makes it a rule only to buy dividend-paying securities. Out of every bunch of proceeds he buys a cheap bond which he salts down. Thus he builds up a permanent nest-egg out of his stock operations. One helpful feature of his plan is that while his surplus is waiting for stock bargains it is earning about four per cent in a savings-bank.

This sort of stock-buying, however, is only for a man, because the fluctuations of the market would give a woman such anxiety and alarm that she would be liable to sell out at loss in a temporary slump for fear that all her investment might be lost.

Fancy Food

I HAVE eaten French and Spanish, Swiss, Hungarian and Dutch; I have seen the goulash vanish and have puzzled overmuch in the tangles of spaghetti speared and twisted on my fork; I've had salad of confetti and the pickled spurs of stork; I have gnawed at walrus blubber in the land of midnight sun; I've been sea-dog and land-lubber and my appetite has run through the gastronomic highways with the gluttons of Broadway, and along secluded byways to some alley-door café. And when all the odors vanish of the garlic and the cheese, when the chilli of the Spanish and the curry of Burmese have gone sizzling past my glottis and have argued on the way as to which of them is hottest—I am yet constrained to say there is nothing in the menu of the whole world can compare with the gladness you have when you sit at home to simple fare.

I HAVE eaten steaks with buttons of broiled mushrooms up the back; I have heard the sighs of gluttons when the claws of lobsters crack; I've had birds' nests and chopsuey such as mandarins have tried, and such sauerkraut—Ach, Looey!—with ham knuckles on the side; I've had stockfish with drawn butter that was soaked six weeks in lye, and heard sons of vikings utter in delight a heaving sigh that was drawn out like the butter, and with gladness I've helped scan where the fresh-caught trout would sputter with the bacon in the pan. And when I have near digested all the kinds of food there be I have come back home and rested at my own mahogany, and the roast beef and brown gravy I have been content to share with the fluffy rolls and wavy—the delights of simple fare.

I'VE had dishes done by masters of the realms of grub abstruse; I've had salads, mushes, plasters, salted whale and pickled moose; I have run the blessed gamut, all the harmonies of food; I have tried the steaming clam at high or low tide of its mood; I have seen the social mob stir when the theater was through to the haunts of quail and lobster all a-cry for something new; I have swung the lobster mallet in the wastes of claw and shell and have introduced my palate to whatever promised well; I have had things chafed and chided, plain and smoked and casseroled; I've had planked fish, shingled, sided, splintered, floored, shiplapped and poled; and it brings one sage conclusion that I know you'll come to share: Out of all this grub confusion there is naught like good home fare.

—*J. W. Foley.*

Your Roof Will Defy Wind Storms

AT certain seasons tremendous wind velocity is developed in various sections, resulting in cyclones, hurricanes and tornadoes. Shingles are ripped off, slate and tiles loosened, ordinary roofings are torn in sheets from their fastenings, gravel is blown off. The *cause* is improper nailing to the roof-boards.

REX FLINTKOTE ROOFING

has a *patented* and *exclusive* method of fastening which assures permanency,—it cannot blow off or tear away! This is only *one* of the *many vital reasons* why Rex Flintkote Quality is superior to other roofings. It has been protecting all kinds of property, under all sorts of weather conditions, in all parts of the world, *for years*. A business reputation of over 70 years is behind every roll. Send for our large, new book, "Roof Protection." It will interest you.

FOUNDED 1817 J. A. & W. BIRD & CO.
60 INDIA ST., BOSTON, MASS.

PARIS GARTERS

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Patented 1906 other Patents Pending

Copyrighted 1908 By A. Stein & Co

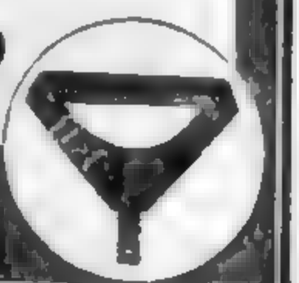
Be sure you get this Box

Tailored to Fit the Leg

Prices 25¢ 50¢ and $1.00

At your dealer's or sample direct upon receipt of price
A. STEIN & CO., 506 Center Avenue, Chicago

NO METAL can touch you



PATENTS That Protect and Pay
Advice and Books Free. Rates Reasonable. Highest References. Best Services.
WATSON E. COLEMAN, Patent Lawyer, WASHINGTON, D. C.

3000 GUMMED LABELS, Size, 1 x 2 inches, printed to order and post-paid. Send for Catalog. Fenton Label Co., Philadelphia, Pa. **$1.00**

Young Men Do You Care?

If you don't, take any thing in the way of clothes that happens to be offered you.

But if you want smart clothes, clothes that radiate style, clothes that are dominated by the same spirit and life that makes and keeps you young, resolve now to wear

Ederheimer-Stein Clothes

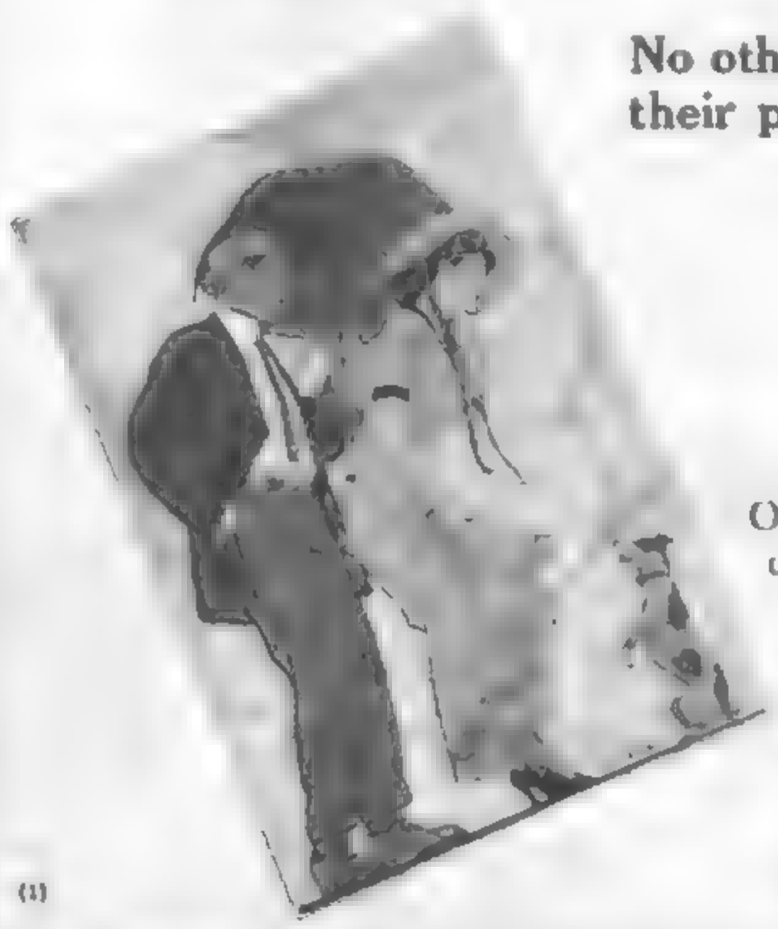
They fit? Yes. Good patterns? Yes. Well made and economical? Yes. These are qualities common to many makers' goods. Ederheimer-Stein clothes are more.

They fit your ideas and tastes. They harmonize with the life you live and want to live. They are made to be as much a part of you as your features, your manners, your speech.

They represent the new idea in clothes making. Neither extreme nor conservative; neither fancy nor plain; but clothes with a personality, individuality, just like you.

These clothes are not made simply for you to wear. They are intended for you to live in. They become you, do you justice, are worthy of you.

No other clothes can take their place—if you care.



Leading clothiers throughout the country sell this make. Our booklet shows every style. Write for it today.

Get This Artistic Poster Free

One of the handsomest den pictures you can find; size 21 x 28 inches, in colors, done by the famous artist, McFall. Ederheimer-Stein dealers are displaying this in their windows and will gladly give you a copy. If you fail to locate such a store, ask any clothier to write us and we'll forward the poster to him for you.

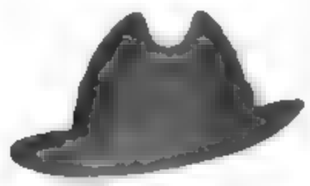
Ederheimer, Stein & Co.

Young Men's Clothes **Chicago**

(1)

These styles and many others can be obtained of the dealers here mentioned

CARSON—4 x 2



ASHLEY—5 x 2

MERTON—5 x 2⅜

IS YOUR NAME

ALABAMA
J. S. Harris, Bessemer
Antwine-McGuire & DeShazo, Birmingham
J. Blach & Sons, "
J. M. Hayes Co., Jasper
Langan Hat Co., Mobile
Brown Stone Co., North Birmingham

ALASKA
Will Clayson, Cordova
P. H. Fox, Douglas
J. R. Heckman Co., Ketchikan
Chas. Goldstein, Juneau

ARIZONA
Schwartz Bros., Bisbee
Scott & Thornton, Douglas
Babbitt Bros., Flagstaff
Old Dominion Com. Co., Globe
The Toggery, Mesa
P. A. Tharaldson, Phoenix
Bashford Burmister Co., Prescott
Hyder Bros., Tempe
Armstrong & Co., Tucson

ARKANSAS
J. W. Patterson, Arkadelphia
J. L. Mitchell & Co., Fayetteville
W. A. Johnson Clo. Co., Ft. Smith
I. J. Clener & Bro., Helena
Patterson & Co., Hope
Gans Clo. Co., Little Rock
Isaac Dreyfus Co., Pine Bluff
Brewer & Sanderson Co., Texarkana

CALIFORNIA
N. J. Cohen, Auburn
Lavers & Kamrau, Bakersfield
Herbert Jones, Berkeley
C. V. Jackson, Eureka
Arthur M. Afee, Fresno
McCourt & Newport, Hanford
C. M. Dietterich, Hemet
The Mercantile Co., Long Beach
Bryant, Morita & Davison, Los Angeles
Chas. W. Ennis, "
Lawman & Co., Inc., "
Manhattan Clo. Co., "
St. Pierre Bros., "
Powell Bros., Marysville
O. M. Oliver, Merced
Dozier & Leiter, Modesto
S. Charmak, Monterey
A. L. Voorhees & Co., Napa
The Hub, "
Miller Clo. Emporium, Nevada City
M. J. Keller Co., Oakland
Wm. F. Linnett, Oxnard
Frazer & Co., Palo Alto
Phelps & Tough, Petaluma
Albert Shafsky, Placerville
W. S. McRicken, Point Richmond
Booth Vaughn & Sons, Pomona
R. M. Norvell, Red Bluff
Craddock & Norton, Redding
McCormick-Saeltzer Co., "
The Hub, Richmond
Geo. N. Reynolds, Riverside
Albert Jesse, Sacramento
Hale Bros., Inc., "
The Hub, San Bernardino
Price & Price, San Diego
W. H. Doud, San Francisco
Ellis Lewis, " "
The Hastings Clo. Co., " "
J. C. Meussdorffer Sons, " "
Nicholas Bunsan, " "
San Jacinto Merc. Co., San Jacinto
Hale & Co., San Jose
Carmichael-Ballaris Co., " "
Green Bros., San Luis Obispo
C. H. Frink, Santa Barbara
David Jonas, Santa Cruz
The Hub Clo. Co., " "
Keegan Bros., Santa Rosa
M. G. Denioni & Bro., Stockton
Hale Bros., "
Cunningham-Lundahl Co., Turlock
Hunker & Meyer, Ukiah
Frank Copper, Vallejo
Klingberg & Co., Whittier

COLORADO
Nate Deaky Clo. Co., Brush
The Felter Clo. Co., Canon City
F. E. Gorton, Colorado Springs
Cottrell Clo. Co., Denver
Daniels & Fisher Stores Co., "
J. S. Dreyfuss & Co., "
Nichols & Williams, "
O'Brien Hat Store, "
Stranton Bros., "
J. E. Wilson, Ft. Collins
B. & O. Gann Merc. Co., Pueblo
R. Humerslough Merc. Co., Trinidad

CONNECTICUT
J. Howard Burr & Co., Danbury
Morris Freedman, Naugatuck
S. Loeb & Son, New Haven
Tate & Nolan, New London
J. C. McPherson, Norwich
The Finnegan-Phillips Co., Waterbury

DELAWARE
Jos. Levi & Co., Dover
Frank O'Donnell, Wilmington

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
A. Beer & Sons, Washington

FLORIDA
MacDonnell Clo. Co., Jacksonville
The Stuart Bernstein Co., "
H. Giddens Clo. Co., Tampa
Penn Dawson, "
Woolf Bros., "
Ramon Sierra & Sons, Ybor City

GEORGIA
Cohn Bros., Albany
L. C. Adler, Atlanta
A. E. Marcus Clo. Co., "
M. Marcus & Bro., "
Lee Morris, Athens
A. C. Chancellor Co., Columbus
Ed. Cohn, "
R. S. Thorpe & Sons, Macon
M. Dryfus, Savannah
S. E. Duke & Co., Sylvester

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS
Economic Shoe Co., Hilo

IDAHO
R. Bergman, Burke
Midvale Merc. Co., Midvale
Davut & Ely Co., Moscow
Weyer & Tooney, Mullan
Moss Merc. Co., Ltd., Payette
Wm. Doyle, Sand Point
O. A. Stalker, Twin Falls
Eldridge Clo. Co., Wendell

ILLINOIS
Hirsh & Hermes, Aurora
Shroder Clo. Co., Bloomington
Flack & May, Cairo
Jos. Kuhn & Co., Champaign
The Fair, Chicago
Palace Hat Shop, "
Maurice L. Rothschild, "
W. O. Wright & Co., Freeport
A. A. Lennon & Co., Joliet
J. G. Knecht Co., Kankakee
Schupper & Block, Peoria
F. L. Shriver, Pittsfield
Seeberger & Harmon, Quincy
C. F. Henry Clo. Co., Rockford
Myers Bros., Springfield
Obermiller Bros., Sterling
Scharfenberg Bros., Streator

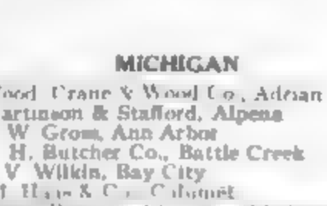
INDIANA
Dennis Triplett, Angola
J. Goldberg & Son, Elkhart
Boswell Torian, Evansville
Shields Clo. Co., Ft. Wayne
Bloch Bros., Gas City
F. Dick's Sons & Co., Huntington
The When, Indianapolis
Henry Rosenthal, Lafayette
Eichman Bros., Lebanon
Beall & Co., New Castle
Julius Falk, Peru
Ettinger Steed Johnson Co., South Bend
M. Joseph's Sons, Terre Haute
Lowenstine & Son, Valparaiso
J. Heitman, Washington

IOWA
W. H. Jameson & Co., Ames
Salter Clo. Co., Burlington
Armstrong & McClanahan, Cedar Rapids
M. M. Thompson & Co., "
McCreary & Co., Centerville
Metcalf Co., Council Bluffs
A. J. Lloyd, Davenport
I. & A. Freidlich, Des Moines
McCulley Bros., Dubuque
Kratz Clo. Co., Fairfield
Hornsby Clo. Co., Fort Dodge
M. Solomon & Co., " "
Evens-Blumer & Co., Greene
Geo. H. McMurray, Grinnell
Max Mayer, Iowa City
W. C. Stouder, Marshalltown
Parker Bros., Mason City
Leuthold & Hinkley, Nashua
Evens-Johnson & Co., Northwood
Leuthold & Evens, Osage
Moore & Evans, Oskaloosa
Iowa Clo. & Shoe Co., Ottumwa
L. Hiller, Waverly
Chas. T. Smith & Son, Webster City

KANSAS
Harry C. Litts, Abilene
Graham-Morris Clo. Co., Beloit
Fashion Clo. Co., Caney
Garvin & Massey, Chanute
The Great Western Clo. Co., Clay Center
Isador Litman, Coffeyville
Dodge City Merc. Co., Dodge City
Palace Clo. Co., Emporia
Baumann Bros., Hiawatha
J. W. Martin, Hutchinson
The Haas Co., Independence
I. M. Hershkowitz, Iola
Young Clo. Co., Junction City
Peckham Clo. Co., Lawrence
W. S. Elliot, Manhattan
Cattrell & Reed, Newton
Jumbo Clo. Co., Parsons
Degen & Co., Pittsburg
Palace Clo. Co., Topeka
Palace Clo. Co., Wichita

KENTUCKY
King & Fannin, Ashland
Hunt Singletary, Clinton
Graddy & Bradley, Lexington
Henry Loevenhart, "
Loevenhart & Co., Louisville
Cassity Beck Hat Co., Inc., "
Spencer Hat Co., "
J. P. Tepper, "
W. M. Johnson & Bro., Monticello
Desberger Bros., Paducah

DIXON—5¾ x 1⅝



ULTRA—5 x 2

LOUISIANA
Farnbacher Dry Goods Co., Baton Rouge
H. Manasses, New Orleans
Maison Blanche Co., " "
D. Mercier's Sons, " "
Hudson & Chapman, Shreveport
Selber Bros., "

MAINE
Sherburne & Dailey, Augusta
J. Waterman Co., Bangor
Thompson Bros., Bath
Janelle & St. Pierre, Lewiston
W. E. Hellenbrand, Old Town
Robt. F. Somers & Co., Portland
O. E. Blackington & Son, Rockland
H. R. Dunham, Waterville
S. Arenovsky, Westbrook
Treat & Lowe, Winterport

MARYLAND
W. T. Bunn, Baltimore
Wm. J. O'Neal, "
Stewart & Hoining, Frostburg
J. B. McAlpine & Bros., Lonaconing
Nock Bros., Salisbury

MASSACHUSETTS
R. I. Perry, Attleboro
R. W. Burgess & Co., Beverly
Leopold Morse Co., Boston
B. M. Wolf, "
Sphinx Hat Store, 412 Washington St., Boston
S. Vorenberg & Co., "
W. L. Brown, Brockton
T. E. Sanford, Fall River
D. Rosen, Greenfield
E. O'Connor & Co., Holyoke
Housatonic Cash Store Co., Housatonic
Amos B. Chase, Lynn
W. C. Blake & Co., Marlboro
H. D. Bowker, Milford
J. E. Miller, North Adams
M. J. Keating, Northampton
W. E. Hoyt Co., Peabody
Sweeney & O'Connor, Pittsfield
W. E. Hoyt Co., Salem
Stephen Dufault, Spencer
Haynes & Co., Springfield
L. E. Higgins & Co., Taunton

MICHIGAN
Wood, Crane & Wood Co., Adrian
Martinson & Stafford, Alpena
F. W. Gross, Ann Arbor
T. H. Butcher Co., Battle Creek
S. V. Wilkin, Bay City
F. I. Hays & Co., Calumet
Rapin Bessette Clo. Co., Cheboygan
J. W. Berna, Detroit
Lewis Gordon, "
Gus. W. Hartman, "
McManus & Shields, "
Clyde Wagner, "
The Continental, Escanaba
Buckingham's, Flint
Lewin & Jacobs, Gladstone
Houseman & Jones Clo. Co., Grand Rapids
Dick Brink, "
Perry Bros., Hillsdale
P. S. Boter & Co., Holland
Ed. Haas & Co., Houghton
Max Roman, Ironwood
L. W. Atkins & Co., Ishpeming
McQuillan & Harrison, Jackson
Frank A. Cowlbeck, Kalamazoo
Godding & Abbey, Lansing
G. W. Carpenter & Son, Lapeer
Ormebee & Atkins, Marquette
Moss Winkelman, Manistique
A. E. & E. Guenaburg, Menominee
Rosen Bros., Muskegon
Lemon Bros., Negaunee
Lenhoff's Hat Box, Pontiac
L. Higer & Son, Port Huron
Cohn & McKay, Romeo
Bauer Bros., Saginaw
Heavenrich Bros. & Co., "
W. F. Ferguson & Co., Sault Ste. Marie

MINNESOTA
George Hirsh, Austin
Gill Bros., Bemidji
Lieberman Bros., Bovey
A. Mark, Brainerd
Vertin Bros., Breckenridge
Sam Rivkin, Cloquet
Williamson & Mendenhall, Duluth
Nathanson Bros., Evelet
Ardes Bros., Ironing
M. E. Osherman, "
Leuthold Bros., Kasson
Leuthold & Hansen, Kenyon
Olson & Lowe, Marshall
E. G. Barnaby & Co., Minneapolis
Plymouth Clo. House, "
Olson & Claggett, Montevideo
Hummel Bros., New Ulm
Harry B. Gress, Northfield
Leuthold & St. Claire, Owatonna
A. Josephson, Red Wing
Martin Maulden, Jr., Rochester
Hirsch Clo. Co., Stillwater
Plymouth Clo. House, St. Paul
Nathanson Bros., Virginia
Hirsch Clo. Co., Winona

MISSISSIPPI
Wm. R. Carter, Biloxi
John McGrath & Sons, Brookhaven
E. C. Taylor & Co., Canton
Feibelman Bros., Jackson
The Wilkinson Co., "
Chas. Isaacs & Bro., Vicksburg

MISSOURI
W. T. Chandler, Ash Grove
C. E. Brown, Aurora
L. W. Rummell, Brookfield
Brashears Bros., Hannibal
H. T. Leeman, Joplin
Palace Clo. Co., Kansas City
E. Neu, Springfield
Plymouth Clo. Co., St. Joseph
Browning, King & Co., St. Louis
The Famous, "

MONTANA
Copper City Com. Co., Anaconda
Fisher Mer. Co., Bozeman
John Wyeth, "
Samuel R. Clarke, Butte
Bourne & Hamilton, Chester
Thos. O'Hanlon Co., Chinook
J. Robert Morton, Dillon
Waller & Albee, Eureka
Scharp Bros., Fort Benton
F. Riverside, Glendive
Kaufman Co. Co., Great Falls
The Fair, Havre
Gans & Klein Co., Helena
Geo. S. Wilson, Kalispell
Henry Frank & Sons, Livingston
The Shore Newsome Co., Miles City

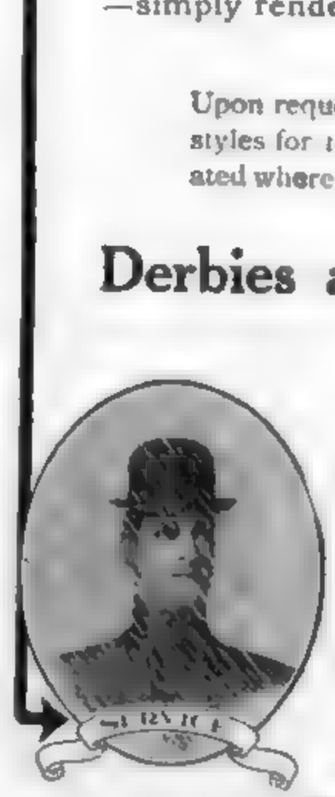
NEBRASKA
Marcus Frankle, Alliance
Armstrong Clo. Co., Lincoln
W. F. Unland & Co., "
Browning, King & Co., Omaha
Falter & Theirolf, Plattsmouth

NEVADA
Will F. Hefferman, Goldfield
H. D. & L. D. Porter, Pioneer
Gray, Reid & Wright Co., Reno
H. D. & L. D. Porter, Rhyolite
H. W. Parker, Sparks
Sands Co., Tonopah

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Ed. Coulombe, Berlin
Lothrope-Farnham Co., Dover
Lane & Dodge, Manchester
Manchester Hat Works, "
Lothrope-Farnham Co., Rochester

NEW JERSEY
Bert Snyder, Asbury Park
J. N. O'Neil, Trenton

TOWN—4¼ x 2⅜



Mallory "Craver

WEATHE

All Y

Yo

Like

HA

New, exclusive shapes and s
absolutely correct style—the finest
weatherproof feature which comes fr
treatment does not change the textur
—simply renders it weatherproof. T

Upon request, we will send you free
styles for 1910. This is distinctly a n
ated wherever good hats are appreci

Derbies and Soft Hat

Every Genuine M
Hat Bears This

13 Astor Place
Cor. Broadway, N.Y.

E. A. MALLOR

DEALER'S HERE?

hades—becoming refined lines—
fur felt—you get all these, plus the
om the cravenetting process. This
e or appearance of the material at all
hat is why Mallory Hats stay new.

a new and unusual booklet on hat
ovelty in booklets—and is appreci-
ted.

s $3.00, $3.50, $4.00

allory Cravenette
Trade Mark

DELMO—5¼ x 1¾

EMSLEE—5½ x 1¾

DRURY—5¼ x 1¾

These styles and many others can be obtained of the dealers here mentioned

NEW MEXICO

G J. Wolfinger, Alamogordo
B L. Washburn Co., Albuquerque
F Rosenwald & Son, Las Vegas
Remsburg Merc. Co., Raton

NEW YORK

Wilkie & Platt, Amsterdam
Leonard's, Auburn
F J. Watson, Bath
[illegible] Binghamton
[illegible] Buffalo
E McGovern, Cartilage
P White & Son, Corning
Bingham & Miller Co., Cortland
Talbot & Co., Edmeston
Harris [illegible] Hatman, Elmira
F W [illegible] Far Rockaway
Young & Co., Gloversville
T D Sullivan, Ithaca
Ernest [illegible], Jamaica
The Famous, Jamestown
Sutters Bros., Lockport
A T Ruggles, Middletown
[illegible] & Fitch Co., New York
[illegible] Broadway,
New York City
"
J R [illegible]
A B [illegible] Niagara Falls
F C [illegible] Niagara Falls
Karl C [illegible]
Wm. S. Bethell, Poughkeepsie
Frank H Dunstatter, Richmond Hill
W. F Haldeman, Rockaway Beach
W. R Waterbury & Co., Saratoga Springs
John B. Hagan, Schenectady
Schenectady Clo. Co., "
Wood Bros., "
Kenyon Hat Co., Seneca Falls
L. Vinney Co., Syracuse
J. P. Dugan, Troy
W. & M. Gross, "
John J. Booth, Utica
A. J. Holstein, Watertown
James R. Miller Co., "

NORTH CAROLINA

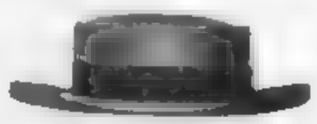
O. E. Stoner Clo. Co., Asheville
Tate Brown Co., Charlotte
Tom A. Thornton Co., Fayetteville
The Blount Co., Rocky Mount
F C Brown Sons' Co., Winston-Salem

NORTH DAKOTA

Alex Stern & Co., Fargo
M G Olson, Grand Forks
M Stanchfield, " "
The Great Western Clo House, Mayville
R R Hausken, Wahpeton

OHIO

The J. Koch Co., Akron
Russell & Thoman, Bryan
W M Sherrard, Cambridge
C. N Vicary Co., Canton
C Rielag, Cincinnati
Hill's Hat Shop, Cleveland
The May Co., "
Geo. F. Sherman, Columbus
Danbury Hat Store, Dayton
Isaac Lang & Co., East Liverpool
Wade Bros., Fostoria
The Mozart, Greenville
Marshall & Reynolds, Mansfield
The Buckeye, Marietta
J Strelitz's Sons, Marion
Maier Shaidnagle & Co., Massillon
Mitchell & Miracle, Newark
M C Sherman, No. Baltimore
C. N. Vicary Co., Orrville
Ostertag Bros., Piqua
Anderson Bros.' Co., Portsmouth
The When, Springfield
J Anderson & Son, Salem
B. O Kelly & Co., Tiffin
B R Baker & Co., Toledo
Hart, Duer & Hart, Troy
Mitchell & Miracle, Utica
W M. Boyd, Warren
Stanton & Son, West Mansfield
Freedlander's, Wooster
Powers & Flaugher, Youngstown
F. T Little, Zanesville
Loeb's "



CLARK—4⅛ x 2⅜

OKLAHOMA

Nelson Bros., Ardmore
Witt, Badgett & [illegible], Kiowa
The Panama Cothern, Tulsa

OREGON

Blain Clo. Co., Albany
Judd Bros., Astoria
J M Nolan & Son, Corvallis
Eglow Clo Co., Dallas
Roberts Bros., Eugene
C P. Bishop & Co., Grants Pass
The Women Mill Store, Marshfield
The [illegible]olin Wheeler Clo Co.,
McMinnville
T E Daniels, Medford
L. Adams, Oregon City
The People's Warehouse, Pendleton
Bowman Bros. Portland
George Dilworth, "
Eastern Outfitting Co "
Famous Clo. Co "
Sol Gerde, "
Meier & Frank Co. "
Norris Baker Co "
Robinson & Co "
Ben Selling, "
Wilder & Agee, [illegible] "
Salem Woolen Mfg. Co., Salem

PENNSYLVANIA

The Penn Clo Co. Altoona
[illegible]
J D [illegible]
The [illegible] Berwick
B [illegible] Braddock
Meyer & [illegible]
[illegible] Brookwayville
Abe Muller, Brownsville
Harvey Colbert, Butler
Coogan Bros., Carbondale
Desher Bros., Columbia
B F Cohen, Danville
Emanuel A Fiechel, Du Bois
Ellwood Clo. Co., Ellwood City
Isaac Baker & Son, Erie
[illegible] Supply Co., Etna
A E Troutman & Co Greensburg
J J Gaughan, Hazleton
The Union Clo Co., Jeannette
Seeds Hat Co., Johnstown
John Karboski, Nanticoke
Cooper & Butler, New Castle
Max Jacobs, Oil City
Kaufman Bros., Pittsburg
Louis Kuehneisen, Jr., "
McClure Bros., "
J J Collins, Scranton "
Leader & Hamilton, Shamokin
L. Koester & Son, Sharon
F F Kremer Co., Sharpsburg
Levi Epstein, Sheffield
C. R McLean, Union City
Frantz & Maitland, Warren
Stafford & Trainor, Wilkesbarre
Eureka Stores, Windber

RHODE ISLAND

The J. B. Barnaby Co. Providence
Fred Mayer "
I B [illegible] Westerly
J C. Rocheleau & Co., Woonsocket

SOUTH CAROLINA

Malloy & Co., Cheraw

SOUTH DAKOTA

Olson Bros. & MacCosham, Watertown

TENNESSEE

Joe Straum, Bristol
Dixie Clo. Co., Chattanooga
Wm. [illegible] "
Miller & [illegible] Jefferson City
J S Hart, Sons, Knoxville
Ellis Chandler & Co Maryville
S. Brooks & Co Memphis
B Lowenstein & Bros., "
Burk & Co., [illegible]
Varley & Bauman Co., "
Abernathy, Laugham & Shook, "
S. Lowenstein & Bros., "

KENT—5½ x 2⅜

TEXAS

The Hub, Amarillo
Bowen & Stephens, Austin
Henry Weiss Co., Beaumont
Burk & [illegible] Dallas
Pearl A Gerard, "
Geo. Bailey, "
I Kempner, "
Bryan Bros., El Paso
L Gordon, Ft. Worth
Stonum Bros., Gainesville
[illegible] & Mitchell, Houston
[illegible]son, La Grange
Allen & Co., Marshall
R. P Campbell, Marlin
Nevitt & Smith, San Angelo
Joske Bros.' Co., San Antonio
Ransom & Sublett, "
Matthews Bros., Waco
Colbert & Hendricks, Wichita Falls

UTAH

A H Crabbe Co Salt Lake City
Geo. Mellett & Co., "

VERMONT

Colburn Clo Co., Northfield

VIRGINIA

C W Howell, Alexandria
Jones & Richardson, Cape Charles
Lewis Shoe Co., Danville
Cunningham & Patterson, Lynchburg
S H Franklin, "
Leftwich, LeGrand & Watts, "
Sheaffer Bros "
J E Wood & Bro "
The Hub Norfolk
T L. Strawhand & Co "
A A Rothschild, North Emporia
M A Brandt, Portsmouth
John A Morris "
K Fisher & Son Richmond
Jacobs & Levy, "
N F Jacobs & Son, "
R Lovenstein & Sons, "
L Cohn & Son Roanoke
M Rosenberg & Sons, "
Frank C Hanger, Staunton
H J. Bowen & Co., Suffolk

WASHINGTON

Gottstein & Siegel, Ballard
P C Adams, Bellingham
Gage Dodson Co "
Rasmusson & Still, Blaine
M F. Shaw, Buckley
Chas. F Wetherell, Carson
L. Bar & Son, Centralia
Hartman & Nathan, Chehalis
Costello & Grant, Cle Elum
White House Clo Co., Colfax
C L. Collins, Ellensburg
Boston Clo Co., Everett
A M Murray, Hillyard
[illegible] & Co., Hoquiam
J W Talbott, Leavenworth
Frank L Hunt, Mt. Vernon
Donau Clo Co., North Yakima
Harris Dry Goods Co., Olympia
Bartley & David Co., Palouse
[illegible] Co., Port Townsend
Carlson & Pearce, Pullman
Wm. [illegible] Seattle
F N [illegible] & Co "
Dike Winkler-Sommer Co., Inc., "
Gaffney's, "
W B Hutchinson Co., "
Keystone Clo. Co "
King Bros.' Co "
McCormick Bros., "
M F McDonald, "
Milner Dept. Co "
Outlet Clo. Co "
L. H Faust, "
J Redelsheimer & Co., "
Rochester Clo. Co., "
Westerman & Schermer, "
Herbert Wilcox & Co., "
A A Werley, South Bend "
Ball Clo. Co Spokane
Brown & Seehorn, "
The Famous Clo Co "
Kemp & Herbert "
M Kornfeld "
Main Clo. Co., "
J Chapman, Tacoma
Morris Chehm, "
Dickson Bros.' Co., "
Fraser & Hodge, "
Klopfenstein & Conrad, "
McCormick Bros., "
People's Store Co "
Rhodes Bros., "
Sam Sondheim, "
The Summerfield Co "
Davis & Jamison, [illegible] "
Toppenish Trading Co., Toppenish
Cohen & Dietderich, Vancouver "
R E Guichard Walla Walla
The Schwabacher Co., "
Wm. Mosgrove, Wattsburg "
E. M. Tupper, Wenatchee "

BERWIN—5¼ x 1¾

WEST VIRGINIA

Sligo Clo Co., Bluefield
A Kaufman, Elkins
B S Kroger, Hendricks
Sam Gideon & Dave Gideon, Huntington
Lewis & Mockler, Mannington
Clyde & Jacobs, Morgantown
L. Oliker & Son, Monongah
Sanders Clo Co., Piedmont
B Kaplan, Weirton
[illegible] & Co Wheeling
M Lefko "

WISCONSIN

Reader & Byrne, Antigo
W O. Thiede, Appleton
[illegible] r, Ashland
[illegible] Beaver Dam
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
A B [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Livingston Merc. Co Viroqua
Stumpf & Langhoff Milwaukee
Werkauf Hat Co "
E H Kuehnsted Co [illegible]
Schulte Clo Co., Racine
P F Siebel, Rhinelander
Mattice Foster Co., Ripon
Bolenstein Bros., Sheboygan
Arthur Imig "
C Imig & Son "
W S Mulford, South Kaukauna
Continental Clo Co., Stevens Point
Miller's Clo. House, Sturgeon Bay
Robert Miller, Superior
Siegel Bros. "
Stoll & Groves, Viroqua
Hertel & Hoffmann, Watertown
Morris Levin, Waukesha
Weinkauf Bros.' Co., Wausau

WYOMING

Bon Shoe & Clo. Co., Cheyenne

CANADA

ALBERTA

[illegible] MacMurray, Calgary
Hamilton Milne Co., Ltd., Edmonton
Harvey Murphy, Frank
McKelvie & McGuire, Lethbridge
A Southard "

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Burns Bros., Cranbrook
Fred C Johnston, Fernie
P W George & Co., Greenwood
S Des Brisay, Vancouver

ONTARIO

Trudell & Tobey, Hamilton
Graham Bros., London
R T Devlin Co., Ltd., Ottawa
Wm Lech & Sons, Peterboro
Thornton & Douglas, Ltd., Stratford
Holt, Renfrew & Co., Ltd Toronto

QUEBEC

H Hart, Montreal
N E Papillon, Quebec

NEW BRUNSWICK

W L. McRae, Campbellton
R C. Cole & Co., Ltd Moncton

NOVA SCOTIA

B McLaughlin & Co., Amherst
W F Page, Halifax
Fanjoy & Co., New Glasgow
E Phillips & Co., Truro

SASKATCHEWAN

Battleford Trading Co., No. Battleford
Pickle & Johnston, " "

MEXICO

Modesto Rodriguez, Guanajuato, Gto
Tampico News Co., S. A., Mexico, D. F
A Gomez, " "
Lopez & Lemus, " "
Pelletier Hermanos, "
Enrique Lobato, "
Sombrereria Nueva, "
Compania Sombrereria, S. A., Mexico, D. F
Julio Barreda, " "

Factory:
Danbury, Conn.

Y & SONS, Inc.

The Secret

of the fine, snappy flavour found in a cup of Postum as prepared by *one* cook, and its absence when prepared by *another*, is easily told.

Postum must be boiled until it is rich and dark—don't attempt to make it as you would make coffee.

The *more*

POSTUM

is *boiled* the *better* it is.

Therefore, brew your Postum according to directions on pkg. —15 minutes at least, to get the rich flavour and wholesome food qualities.

With good cream, well-made Postum has a flavour distinctly its own, not unlike that of the mild, high grade Java coffee.

The best proof of the wholesomeness of Postum is found in the clear brain and steady nerves when it becomes the regular, daily beverage in place of coffee or tea.

POSTUM

made of clean, hard wheat (including the bran-coat with its "vital phosphates" grown in the grain) quickly assists in the rebuilding of worn-out body cells, because it contains these valuable elements in liquid form, in fact, it is a very palatable liquid food.

After all arguments, 10 days' trial proves

"There's a Reason"

Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.

Battle Creek, Mich. U. S. A.

TENDERFOOT TOURISTS

(Concluded from Page 23)

turned to the guide, who remarked that he thought the fish was tired from overwork that morning

"*Tired?*" said I. "No, Domenico; he isn't tired. He'll spark up all right if you tip him a franc or so." For the first time in his life Domenico blushed. It was the only blush I ever saw in Europe.

Such are a few of the troubles of Americans in Europe. They are but a few among the thousands of others that could be enumerated. The intention of Europe is that no American dollar shall escape. It is especially awkward and dangerous for unprotected young American girls to travel abroad, as they very often do. Two such came to me almost in tears at Rome, stating that they had been robbed at a *pension*. They went into this place and asked to be shown some rooms, did not register, did not even take off their hats or wash their hands. Not liking the looks of things they declined to stop, whereupon the manager seized hold of their luggage and refused to let it go until they had paid him six francs apiece, which in their fright they did very gladly. This matter we took up the next day, and at the cost of a little of our sightseeing, succeeded, as I am glad to say, in getting the money back, and a hearty apology as well. I heard of two other cases like this last summer, in each instance two American girls traveling together—something which ought not to be thought of for an instant.

Actual theft from the person or from luggage is, of course, not unusual in Europe. The clumsy system of travel invites that sort of thing. No amount of care on the part of the traveler, however, not even any amount of tipping, serves as protection to luggage in transit and not under the eye of the traveler. It is customary to send one's heavier trunks on to Paris or London, to be picked up at the end of one's stay abroad. I once met a gentleman in an express company's office at Paris who stated that his trunk had been opened in transit from Italy and all his jewelry with other valuables extracted. It was a very common case. There was no redress, for the fine print on the back of his receipt told him that he should have sent his valuables in a separate package, and so have declared them. I knew of two other instances last summer of precisely the same nature, and heard of yet others. Italy seems to be the worst of the countries for rifling baggage.

There is one thing I do not like to mention, and would not mention in any case save as a warning and as counsel the sad would give those not yet sad. Europe takes its heaviest tax from the sick and the sorrowing. In this country illness and death are reasons for increased assistance. In Europe they are only opportunities for extortion. I have three friends who have lost relatives by death in Europe. I will not tell their story. I have two others who had friends sick in European hospitals. Their story is not fit to tell.

Any group of travelers can sit down and think of a thousand and one other and further instances of petty graft inflicted on Americans in Europe. Their forms and variations are simply legion. These few are some of the items which you can pay and will pay as part of the price of seeing the Holy Land, where women work in the mines, streets and fields like beasts of burden; where men touch their hats to you for a copper, and where everything is on sale excepting common decency. Europe may be a good place for a millionaire to live, but it is no place for an American.

It now takes five factories to supply the demand for my razors and I am building more.

No matter what razor a man tries or how much he may experiment, he finally settles down to the Gillette—because it is practical—it does the work as no other shaving implement does or can.

The Gillette is the one razor that will shave smoothly in any direction. It is the only safety razor made that shaves on the hollow ground principle. You get this effect with the Gillette flexible blade. When you screw the handle up it draws the blade naturally into a hollow shape. It *shaves* the beard—does not scrape it off.

In thickness a hair ranges from one-thousandth of an inch to six one-thousandths. The Gillette is the only razor that can be adjusted to any beard—for a light or close shave. It is so made that it admits of an absolute micrometer adjustment—thirty one-thousandths of an inch for every complete turn of the handle.

The Gillette costs $5 and it lasts a lifetime.

Standard Set, in velvet-lined, full leather case, $5. Pocket Edition, in gold, silver or gun metal, $5 to $6.

Gillette
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

New York, Times Bldg.
Chicago, Stock Exchange Bldg.
London Office, 17 Holborn Viaduct

GILLETTE SALES CO.
22 W. Second St., Boston

Canadian Office 63 St. Alexander St. Montreal
Eastern Office Shanghai, China

Factories: Boston, Montreal, London, Berlin, Paris

WURLITZER BRASS BAND instruments. *We supply the U. S. Government.* Prices cut in half this season. Best values ever known. Big, new catalog now ready. Write our nearest branch.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
172 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, or 326 Wabash Ave., Chicago

CALIFORNIA BUNGALOW PLANS Book of Los Angeles and Pasadena bungalows. $10 to $17 50. We have built 1000 homes in California. ALFRED E. GWYNN, 303 W 2nd Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

"Porosknit" Summer Underwear

FOR MEN FOR BOYS

Most comfortable because it feels like nothing at all in hot weather. Surprisingly durable—elastic. Cools the body.

FOR MEN 50c — Any style Shirts and Drawers per garment — FOR BOYS 25c

Union Suits, $1.00 for Men, 50c for Boys

Buy from dealers. *Write us for interesting booklet.*

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY, 1 Washington Street, Amsterdam, N. Y.

You must insist on seeing this Label.

On Only the Genuine "Porosknit" Garment

PATENTS that PROTECT
R. S. & A. B. LACEY Dept. 35 Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

Stamp Album with 100 genuine stamps, 10c. N. Zld., etc., 6c. Big list coupons etc. Free. We Buy Stamps. SUSSMAN STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.

World-Wide Styles by Stein-Bloch

STEIN-BLOCH Smart Clothes, in their world-approved styles for Spring and Summer, 1910, are now ready.

This Spring announcement is hailed by thousands of men from the Atlantic to the Pacific as a true style-marking event. These men know that Stein-Bloch have been bending every effort and every resource in two hemispheres to assemble and interpret for them the real style thought—the approved fashion features—displayed at the gathering places of fashion.

THESE men have learned through past seasons of satisfactory service how great are Stein-Bloch achievements in tailoring these exclusive style features into truly American clothes—clothes for business, for leisure, for out-of-doors, for society—for any call upon the wardrobe of any man.

These clothes are made to fit—to endure—to give that confidence and dignity of bearing that a man feels when he knows he is dressed by tailors who have no rival in the fashion world.

IN all this thoroughness of workmanship and style excellence Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes are ready for you to look over—to try on before the mirror at your best clothier's. Go to him.

"Smartness," the Stein-Bloch book of photographed style for Spring and Summer, is also ready for distribution. A postal brings it—free. Be guided by it and be correct. It emphasizes the benefits to be derived from insisting on this label—the label that means 55 years of Knowing How.

The Stein-Bloch Co. Wholesale Tailors

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY

Tailors for Men

OFFICES AND SHOPS:
Rochester, N. Y.

NEW YORK:
Fifth Avenue Building

CHICAGO:
1422 Republic Building

The Magnifying Glasses Tell the Story

Of the Bath Towel with the 1½ Year Guarantee

LOOK at them and you'll see why RUBDRY Cotton Sponge towels are an improvement over Turkish towels.

The RUBDRY is a series of cotton sponges; the Turkish a series of twisted thread loops.

The RUBDRY cannot shed lint; the Turkish is full of lint. Its construction makes lint unavoidable.

The RUBDRY cotton sponges soak up the water instantly; the Turkish loops drag the water back and forth.

The RUBDRY cotton sponges press up and down on the pores of the skin, freeing them from moisture and impurities. The Turkish loops *mop* the water back and forth; there can be no massaging effect.

RUBDRY BATH TOWEL

THE Cotton Sponge Bath Towel

Guaranteed 18 Months

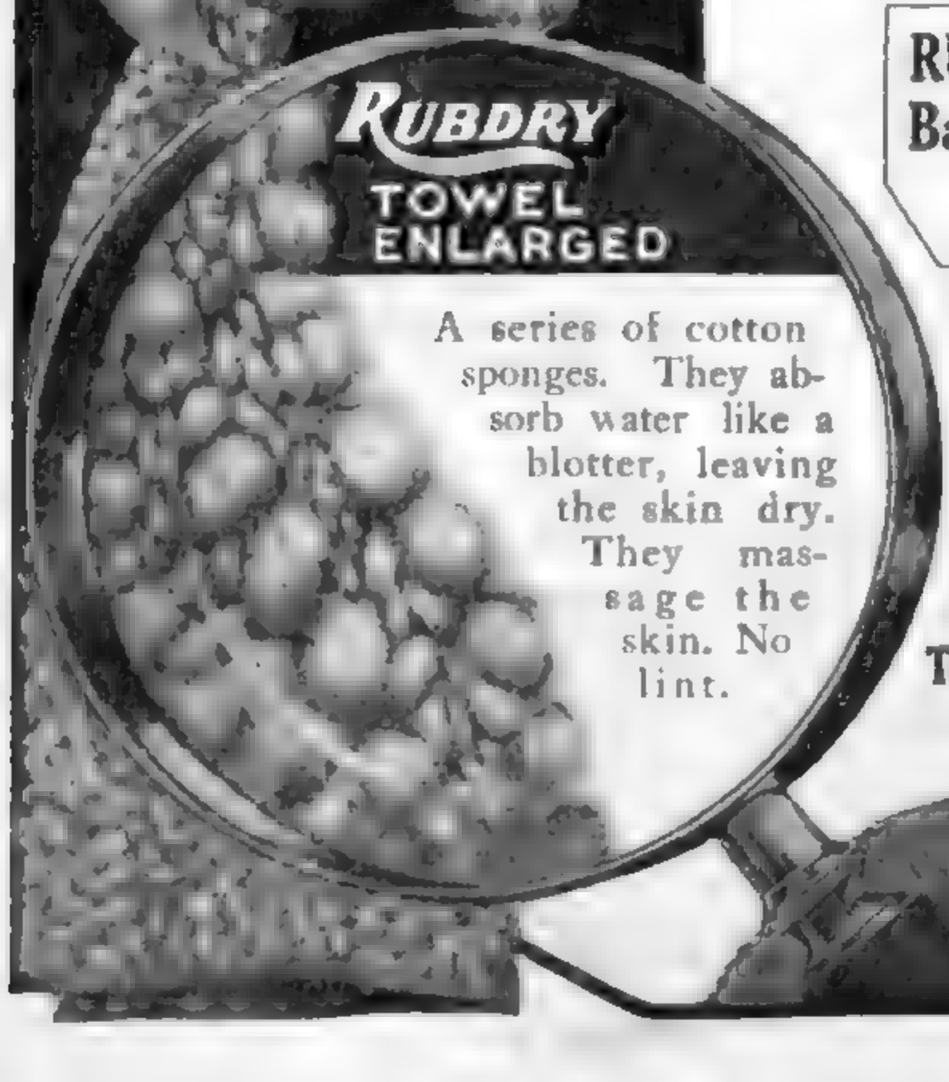
Rubdry Extra, 85c. **Price: 39c, 53c, 67c.** *Rubdry De Luxe, $1.25*

It's so much more beneficial to rub DRY with a RUBDRY Cotton Sponge towel; it's so much more pleasant. The millions of little tufts or "sponges" of untwisted cotton take the moisture up *instantly* and hold it, leaving always a dry, soft surface to rub with.

The result is, first: the instant drying of the skin on the surface, and then the massaging of the pores, freeing them from all moisture and impurities, and from particles of dead, loose cuticle. The skin is left in a more sanitary, healthful condition which is most pleasant to feel.

Each RUBDRY Cotton Sponge Bath Towel is put up in an individual carton AND GUARANTEED for a period of ONE AND A HALF YEARS

Ask for the RUBDRY Cotton Sponge towel; but don't listen to the "just as good" story. If a dealer offers you the "just as good," ask him for a signed year-and-a-half guarantee. There's nothing as good as the RUBDRY; there's nothing like it. We ship direct, paying express charges to all localities where the goods are not on sale. If you do not find them send direct to us.

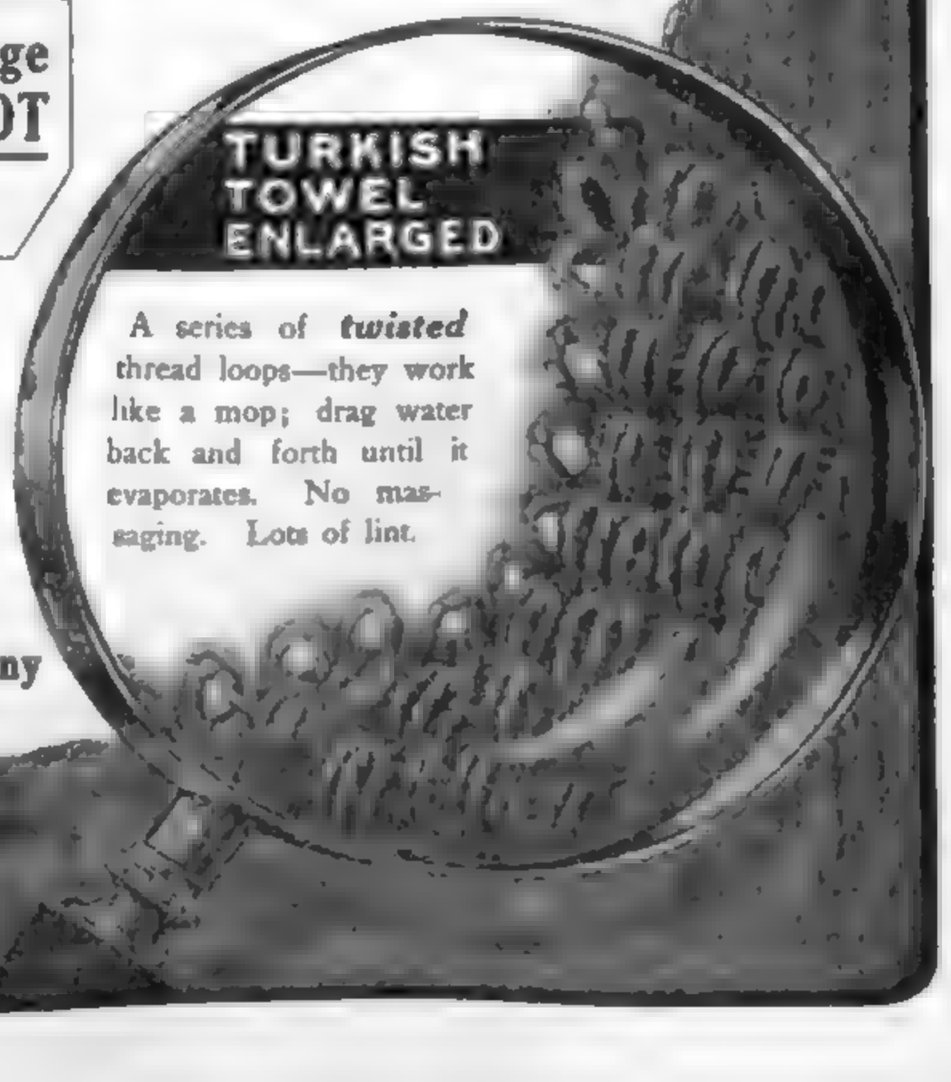


A series of cotton sponges. They absorb water like a blotter, leaving the skin dry. They massage the skin. No lint.

RUBDRY Cotton Sponge Bath Towels DO NOT SHED LINT

Write for our big 14¾ inch x 20 inch Demonstration Sheet, which conclusively proves the superiority of RUBDRY Towels. For 4 cents postage we will include a large wash-rag of same material as towels.

The Rubdry Towel Company
167 South Angell Street
Providence, R. I.



A series of ***twisted*** thread loops—they work like a mop; drag water back and forth until it evaporates. No massaging. Lots of lint.

The Senator's Secretary

WHEN a balloon goes up the aeronaut takes a lot of ballast with him in the car to be dropped overboard at propitious times in order to keep the balloon afloat.

The William H. Taft balloon went up early in December, loaded with tons of ballast in the shape of measures the proprietor of the balloon wanted enacted into law. There was an Alaskan government bill, an Arizona and New Mexico statehood bill, a Federal license for corporations bill, a postal savings-bank bill, a series of conservation bills, a series of interstate commerce bills, a railroad bill, an increase in second-class postage project, and many more—a tidy lot of ballast, all told.

In addition, there embarked on the balloon those skillful pilots of the air lanes, Mr. Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, and Mr. Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, pledged to the man who owns the balloon to keep it afloat as long as possible without chucking overboard a particle of ballast. The voyage was to be continuous and prosperous, and the time for descending was picked out as about May first, next.

For a short time everything was serene and comfortable. Pilots Aldrich and Cannon looked over the side of the car at the Congressional world beneath and figured they could keep their pledge and stay up indefinitely without sacrificing any of the ballast. Owner Taft, who was along, felt jubilant over the prospects. Still, balloon voyages are uncertain and pernickety. Things are likely to happen, and things did happen. Variable and vicious insurgent air currents were encountered, special interest storms broke, Middle West tempests raged, mischievous Wall Street panics dropped the barometer and there was the dickens to pay.

"Boss," said Pilot Aldrich one day, saluting the owner, "we can't keep her up much longer with her present load. We've got to drop something overboard."

"Don't do it yet," commanded the owner, "we've only just started."

They struggled for a few days. Then both pilots, Aldrich and Cannon, said to Owner Taft: "There's nothing to it, Boss; something's got to go, or we'll have to drop."

Heaving Ballast Overboard

There was a consultation. Finally, it was decided to drop over the Federal license for corporations ballast, and it was dropped with a note tied to it, saying: "We didn't intend to take this ballast with us for the entire trip, anyhow. We simply took it up so the people could find out about it. Like as not it's unconstitutional baggage, anyhow; but we'll throw it over and next year we'll take it up again when the load will not be so great."

This helped some. Soon, however, the balloon began sagging down again and there was another consultation.

"Boss," said Pilot Aldrich, "some more of that ballast has got to go."

There was another consultation. "What shall it be?" asked Owner Taft.

"I suggest that Alaskan government bill ballast," replied Aldrich. "It can just as well be thrown out now and taken up again next year."

"But," protested Owner Taft, "that is my pet ballast. I have had it in mind to take that through on the entire trip."

"Too heavy," said Cannon. "It's got to go."

Thereupon, they threw over the Alaskan government ballast, threw it over bodily, and, thus lightened, soared a bit.

"This increase in second-class postage ballast is getting mighty heavy and taking up a lot of room," suggested Cannon a few days later.

"Heavens!" said Owner Taft. "That can't go. We must hang on to that."

"It's very heavy," grumbled Cannon.

Pilot Aldrich seemed impressed with the idea that the increase in second-class postage ballast was much in the way, but Owner Taft was firm. The balloon kept sinking.

"Let's compromise," said Pilot Aldrich. "We'll throw over a part of it and keep the rest for future consideration." And they compromised by taking much more time to consider that ballast than they had anticipated. "What's the use?" grumbled Pilot Cannon. "It's got to go, anyhow."

"Wait," insisted Owner Taft; "hold on to it for a while, at the least, no matter what happens."

More storms came and there was a discussion about throwing over the postal savings-bank ballast. It seemed imperative at one time, but the ballast was lightened considerably and kept in the car. Parts of it were dropped from time to time, as were parts of the second-class postage ballast, a few handfuls thrown over the side now and then.

Thus the voyage was maintained. Whenever the balloon began to sink some more ballast was thrown overboard. The trip is not yet half over, but it is safe to say when the balloon descends there will be left but very few of the sacks of ballast originally taken on board. Owner Taft is perturbed, but he can do nothing. He has shipped Pilots Aldrich and Cannon, and they know more about running the balloon than he does and, having embarked with them, there is no way to descend and change pilots, for that would cause more remark than the dropping of the ballast.

Toothless Bills Better Than None

Aeronautics aside, Mr. Taft is having his troubles with his legislative program, mapped out so gayly in his message and his special messages. Aldrich and Cannon have promised to do what they can to enact his pet projects into law, but they are not averse to making those pets as petty as possible, and are framing up things with just that end in view. Being adroit and skillful persons they promised *en bloc*, as John Dalzell—the greatest French scholar in the House—would say, and did not go into particulars. Wherefore, if they pass any kind of a railroad bill, for example, they will have made some performance, no matter how toothless and innocuous that railroad bill may be.

They are manœuvering to get the best they can for themselves and, at the same time, do what they can for the President. There isn't a day in the week when the President isn't reminded that legislation can only be effected by compromise, and that there must be compromise or there will be nothing done. There isn't a day in the week when the President is not told that the new rules, or the addition to the rules in the House, establishing a calendar Wednesday, and so forth, and put across at the beginning of the special session of Congress that began soon after Mr. Taft was inaugurated, are delaying business frightfully, and that Mr. Taft must take this into consideration when he asks about his legislative program, for, if he wants an early adjournment, the only way he can get it is by compressing that program.

Then, too, there are those various investigations that take up so much time—valuable time that might be used in passing Mr. Taft's laws. He must know, they tell him, that it is imperative for the Republican majority in the Senate to investigate the high cost of living, which is a very vital subject. Moreover, so far as the tariff end of that investigation is concerned they are all in the same boat. The Republicans passed the tariff law and the President signed it, and none of the high contracting parties can afford to have it shown that the tariff has anything to do with the high cost of living. Hence, the investigation must be nursed. Further, there is that investigation into the business methods of the executive departments, and that is important because Mr. Taft's principal tenet is economy.

It is all very plausible, and Mr. Taft, being somewhat of a philosopher, is content to let a lot of things slide to get a few things he wants. One of these things is his railroad law. He wants that. Now, that railroad law is in a peculiar condition. As it stands, there is one group of bankers and captains of finance and railroad men that favors it, and there is another group that does not favor it. The biggest men and the most powerful favor it.

What will be done with the bill, eventually, cannot be foretold at this time, but as it stands when this is written there is a provision that fairly makes the progressives in the Senate and House jump up and down and babble incoherently. Under the terms of the bill railroads can nullify the present provision of the Interstate

Interior View of a modern factory, showing that Detroit-Fenestra will deliver daylight to a maximum

Daylight for Factories

Detroit-Fenestra Solid Steel Window Sash means 25 per cent more light for factories than ever before. It means that large window openings can be fitted without using obstructing frames or heavy mullions—thus saving their cost, as well as giving more light.

THE day of expensive wooden sash is past. Detroit-Fenestra's original cost is little, if any, more than ordinary wooden sash. And it saves money—and makes money—in many ways for the modern mill and factory.

Detroit-Fenestra is absolutely fire-proof. It safe-guards your machines, materials and employees.

Your factory is made light—with sunlight. You can throw the walls almost entirely open to the sun.

Thus efficiency of employees is improved vastly. Cost of production is cut down—your profits thereby increasing. Investigate

Detroit-Fenestra

(Patented)

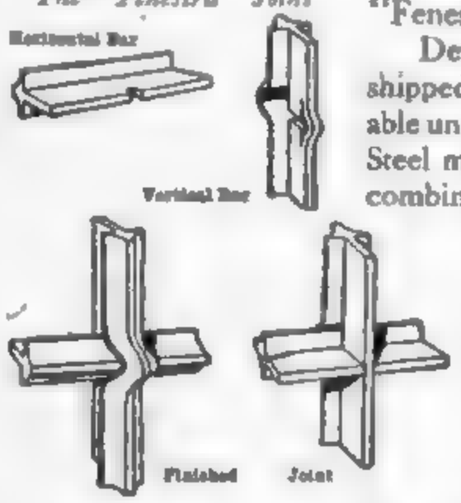
Solid Steel Window Sash in Standard Sizes

For Mills, Factories, Foundries, Car Shops, Garages, Power Stations, Etc.

No other sash can match the strength of Detroit-Fenestra.

The "Fenestra" Joint—an amazing, yet simple invention—gives each intersection more strength than ever was possible before. Unlike former joints, the completed "Fenestra" is entirely solid. It locks. It stays locked.

The "Fenestra" Joint



Send for our Pamphlet Y to learn all about the "Fenestra" Joint.

Detroit-Fenestra is made in standard sizes. It is shipped ready to install. All standards are interchangeable units and can be combined for filling large openings. Steel mullions are supplied when they are to be used in combination. We have 104 standard sizes and near standards always ready for shipment.

Plan your openings to take Detroit-Fenestra standards.

Send the coupon today for our Pamphlet Y, telling all about the "Fenestra" Joint and Detroit-Fenestra. It includes diagrams and dimensions of various standards, with instructions for erecting and glazing.

A Few of the Notable Users of Detroit-Fenestra

U. S. Steel Corporation, Gary, Ind.
Mitchell Motor Car Co., Racine, Wis.
Dodge Mfg. Co., Mishawaka, Ind.
Solvay Process Co., Syracuse, N. Y.
Erie Railroad Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
Carnegie Steel Co., Bellaire, O.
Minnesota Steel Co., Duluth, Minn.
General Electric Co., Pittsfield, Mass.
Carpenter Steel Co., Reading, Pa.
Peninsular Stove Co., Detroit, Mich.
American Radiator Co., Kansas City, Mo.
Gillette Safety Razor Co., Waverly, N. J.
Metropolitan Electric Co., Reading, Pa.
N.Y. C. & H. R. R. R., West Albany Shops
Buffalo Pumping Station, Buffalo, N. Y.
U. S. Navy Dept., Boston and Portsmouth Yards
Ford Motor Company Foundry, Detroit, Mich.
American Car & Foundry Co., St. Charles, Mo.
Minnesota State Penitentiary, Stillwater, Minn.
Chicago & N. W. Ry. Terminal, Chicago, Ill.
St. Louis-Southwestern Railway, Tyler, Texas.

Detroit Steel Products Company

Manufacturers

Dept. 31 Detroit, U. S. A.

Use This Coupon

Detroit Steel Products Co.,
Dept. 31, Detroit, U. S. A.

You may send me, FREE, your pamphlet Y and details of Detroit-Fenestra Solid Steel Window Sash in Standard Sizes.

Name .....

Address .....

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

You can easily cut a beard that has been thoroughly softened. That's why it is so easy to shave with Williams' Shaving Stick.

Williams' Quick and Easy Shaving Powder affords the same rich, creamy lather that distinguishes Williams' Shaving Stick.

Sample of either Williams' Shaving Stick or Williams' Shaving Powder mailed on receipt of four cents in stamps.

Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap

If you are one of the unfortunates who suffer from chapped hands and roughness of the skin in cold weather, try Jersey Cream Soap and see how easily you can avoid this trouble. You will be surprised at the soothing, comforting effect of its delightful creamy lather. Price 15c per cake. Sample mailed for 2c stamp.

IMPORTANT. By buying four cakes at one time you get the handsome nickeled soap box free which is packed with every four cakes. If your druggist fails to supply you, send P. O. order for 60c. to

The J. B. Williams Co. Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Brighton

Absolutely Flat — Everywhere 25¢

Nickel, rustless metal parts

At your dealers, or we mail them

If your garters mark your leg

you need a pair of **Brighton Garters.** Made of that soft, stretchy silk web that yields and clings as you move, yet never binds or chafes. Brighton Garters have grown more and more popular for 20 years—*now worn on 6,000,000 legs.*

Pioneer Suspenders for perfect shoulder balance, comfort in every motion. 50c everywhere, or we mail them.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO.
PHILADELPHIA

BIG GASOLINE SAVER!

The most power comes from a perfect mixture—lots of air. Little gasoline. But it requires a fat, white-hot spark at high voltage to ignite it. Batteries won't give it. So you have to use one-quarter to one-third more gasoline than you should or no explosion. A lot wasted gasoline is SAVED by the

Motsinger AUTO-SPARKER

NO BATTERIES NEEDED TO START

A White-Hot Spark for a Lifetime

It delivers from 4 volts 4 amperes to 18 volts 4 amperes while running, sufficient to fire a charge under 150 lbs compression. It is self-regulating, fool proof and so durable that A. G. Sparkers 10 years old are still giving A1 service without repairs of any kind. One user writes: "I have saved enough on gasoline to pay for the Sparker." Others pay the Sparker price in a few months. We charge $15.00. We also charge $1 extra for Sparkers for gasoline engines. Ask us for name of nearest dealer and literature.

Live Dealers Wanted

Motsinger Device Mfg. Co.
Box 653 Pendleton, Ind.

Attached to Stationary Gas Engine

Commerce law that prevents the acquirement of control of competing lines.

If that provision is not changed there will be fireworks when the bill is pressed for passage that will be worth going miles to see. Still, Mr. Aldrich has the votes and he may be able to put it through. The only danger to the program is that when the people learn that Aldrich is for the bill they will think it should be beaten. Perhaps that is why he is so openly for it. 'Tis hard to analyze N. W. Aldrich.

The opposing railroad interests are in a pickle. They do not want the bill passed, but they do not want to stir up too much for fear that if they get it wide open they will get a bill that is much worse than the one now proposed. From this it can be seen that life in financial circles is not always so happy. Fancy two sets of railroad and banking gentlemen fighting among themselves about a bill that is proposed to crimp them all and hold them within the law!

What do the railroad and banking gentlemen who are for the bill think they will get out of it, and what do the railroad and banking gentlemen who are opposing the bill think the other railroad and banking gentlemen can get which they cannot? And where do the plain people come in, in any event? The way that railroad bill comes out of the hopper will be interesting, as will an analysis of its provisions after it has been sandpapered and carpentered and switched and padded and manicured into such shape as Mr. Aldrich desires before he will let it pass. Mr. Taft may get all he wants in it—if he doesn't want much.

Meantime, Mr. Taft is becoming one of our readiest little speakers. He keeps on taking trips here and there and talking, swinging around the circle to address his fellow-citizens. From a rather heavy and academic orator Mr. Taft has developed into a speaker of power, fertility of resource and facility of expression. All he needed was the practice he has had, which is all any man who aspires to be a public speaker needs, by the way, if he has any ideas within him he wants to get out.

The Back-From-Elba Program

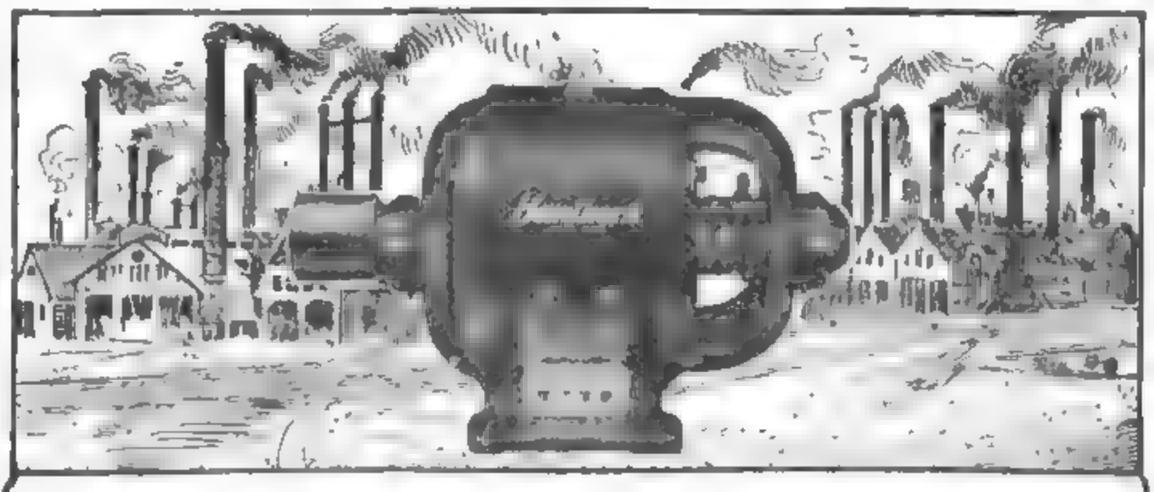
Taft's eagerness to speak to the people, to meet them, to talk to them face to face, is born of his fixed idea that his motives are misunderstood in many quarters. In my opinion the job of being President appeals to him less now than it did before he became President, but now that he is in the office he is anxious to have the people know he is doing his level best to carry out the program he has made. That is why he accepts so many invitations to talk.

Preparations for the reception to Colonel Theodore Roosevelt are going on as well as may be without much definite knowledge of what the Colonel wants. The first cablegram from Mr. Roosevelt, after the project was broached to him that his fellow-citizens wanted to give him a hurrah in New York, began with these familiar words: "See Loeb." So Loeb was seen and intimated that the Colonel might be induced to allow a few firecrackers to be fired when he got back. And they are getting ready to fire some.

Meantime, the big newspapers have started men to Khartum to meet the Colonel, and some of them have men with him now. One story comes back that the Colonel has raised a fine set of whiskers in the jungle. It cannot be that he will wear them home and enter into competition with Governor Hughes, hitherto our highest hirsutian hero, and make a bid for the whisker vote. Other emissaries are on their way to meet the Colonel, some with Back-From-Elba stories to pour into his ear, some to tell him the woes of Gifford Pinchot, some to convey the ideas of Jimmie Garfield, and some merely to get what glory they may attain by standing in the limelight with him when he strikes civilization.

There is much speculation as to what attitude Mr. Roosevelt will assume as regards Mr. Taft and his Administration. We may be sure, judging from the well-known proclivities of some of the emissaries who have gone to meet the former President, that if there is any complaining to be done about Mr. Taft they will do it. He'll hear all the criticism, you may be sure.

Still, I desire to go on record with this observation: If Colonel Theodore Roosevelt has anything to say about Mr. Taft and Mr. Taft's Administration, as he probably will, what he will say will not be criticism or censure, but will be praise and support. Stick a pin in that.



Do You *Use* All the Power You Pay For?

No—you do not—if you are using the antiquated method of belt and line shaft drive. That shafting is turning from morning till night, whether your machines are running or not, and every time it turns power is wasted in friction.

Hawthorn TRADE MARK **Motors**

Will save you 25 to 40 per cent. over the old belt transmission.

They can be connected direct to the machine and under all conditions will give just enough power at just the right speed all the time.

"Hawthorn" Motors for alternating and direct current circuits are built in all sizes for operating machines of every description. They work just as well with a coffee grinder or an ice cream freezer as with the largest machine tool, for they are built and guaranteed for service.

Let us tell you how "Hawthorn" Motors will increase your profits. Booklet No. 8249 tells. Just write our nearest house.

"Ask the Man Who Has One"

The Western Electric Company Furnishes Equipment for Every Electrical Need.

Western Electric COMPANY

New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburg, Atlanta, Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Dallas, Omaha, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Salt Lake City.

MONTREAL, WINNIPEG AND VANCOUVER
Northern Electric and Manufacturing Co., Ltd

BERLIN
Telephon Apparat Fabrik E. Zwietusch & Co.

ANTWERP
Bell Telephone Manufacturing Co.

LONDON
Western Electric Company

PARIS
Société de Matériel Telephonique

SPAULDING'S

FETHER-LYTE

ALL THE STRENGTH OF WOODEN TREES—WITH ONLY ¼ THE WEIGHT

VENTILATED **SHOE TREES**

KEEP YOUR SHOES IN PERFECT SHAPE

What is more unfortunate in woman's attire than ill-fitting, wrinkled, shapeless shoes?

Your best safeguard against such a condition is to keep Fether-Lyte Ventilated Shoe Trees in your shoes when they are not in use. Just a pair of Fether-Lytes as an experiment will convince you. Our Mr. Spaulding has given the matter of shoe trees and shapers of many years and many kinds the most careful study and attention. Fether-Lytes are made to meet every requirement of perfection, a simple pressure of the thumb being all that is required. Ask your dealer for Fether-Lytes. If he cannot supply you, write for our booklet which gives you instructions how to order direct from us.

$1.00 PER PAIR, PREPAID

J. Spaulding & Sons Co., H St., Rochester, N. H. Canadian Agents: E. B. PACKARD & CO., Limited, Montreal

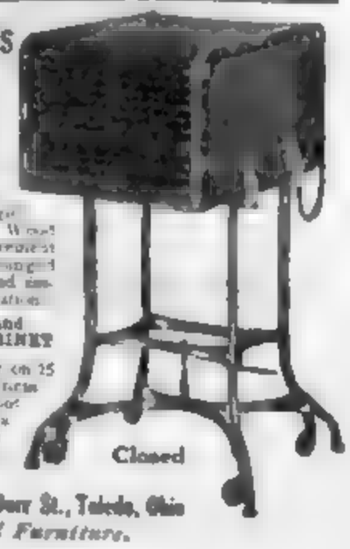
TRAVEL WITHOUT EXTRA WEIGHT

15 Days' Free Trial

If Not Entirely Satisfactory, Trial Costs You Not a Penny

Open

This Typewriter Desk Saves 6 Sq. Ft. Floor Space



Closed

10 Days' Free Trial. Ordinary typewriter desks occupy about 9 sq. ft. This one takes only four. That means you can put two Uhl stands in space now occupied by one desk. Has ample space for work and supplies at right hand. Most practical and convenient typewriter desk ever invented. Movement of stand or drawers up or down is changed by easiest movement. Metal slides in drawers and has ball bearings. Drawers and locks at right and left operation.

Uhl Art Steel Typewriter Stand and CABINET

We will deliver one to you through your dealer on 15 days' free trial. If you will write a postal or send us your dealer's name and address we will tell you how you can secure a better desk at less price than you ever thought possible. If not entirely satisfactory, trial costs you not a penny. Write for full particulars first if you wish, giving dealer's name. Then make trial. Address

THE TOLEDO METAL FURNITURE CO., 2003 Dorr St., Toledo, Ohio

(1) *Makers of famous Uhl Art Steel Furniture.*

This new kind of chair

in one year has won a nation's favor—

60,000 American homes have already discovered its comfort

The first chair ever built that holds you in the natural position for rest

The **Slumber** Chair

REG. U.S. TRADE MARK—PAT. OFF.

Seat lets down with the back

Back and seat one piece

Try it at home for thirty days

—we will then take it back if you think you can do without it

If you want solid comfort—evenings of complete rest and relaxation—get the Slumber Chair.

Follow the example of 60,000 *others* who have purchased Slumber Chairs in the one year they have been on the market and *appropriate its luxurious comfort—yourself.*

The Slumber Chair is utterly unlike any other chair you have ever sat in.

It tilts you back against the cushions—distributes your weight—holds you in the natural position for rest.

Consequently you don't tire quickly as in a Morris chair—don't tend to slide out. It feels comfortable to you **just as long as you wish to sit in it.** *You get a full evening's enjoyable rest.*

152 Styles, $13—$100
5 years' guarantee

You can get the Slumber Chair in any kind of wood—with any kind of cushion—finished in any style you like. It is made to suit every taste and every pocketbook.

Like all Streit furniture the Slumber Chair is built to give a lifetime's service—and then be passed on to the next generation. It has no complicated mechanism—nothing to get out of order. We absolutely guarantee it against all the wear and tear of ordinary usage for five years.

Ask any Streit dealer

Drop us a postal—or clip off and mail us the corner coupon—and we will send you our 90 page illustrated catalog—showing our complete line of Slumber Chairs and Davenport Beds—and give you the name of dealer nearest you.

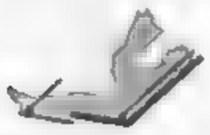
Any Streit dealer is authorized to sell you this chair on 30 days' trial. And there are Streit dealers in almost every city and town.

If there is no dealer in your town, we will supply you direct.

Write or mail coupon, whichever is most convenient. Begin to enjoy, at the earliest possible moment, the extraordinary comfort this chair offers you.

In the old style Morris chairs only the back tilts—

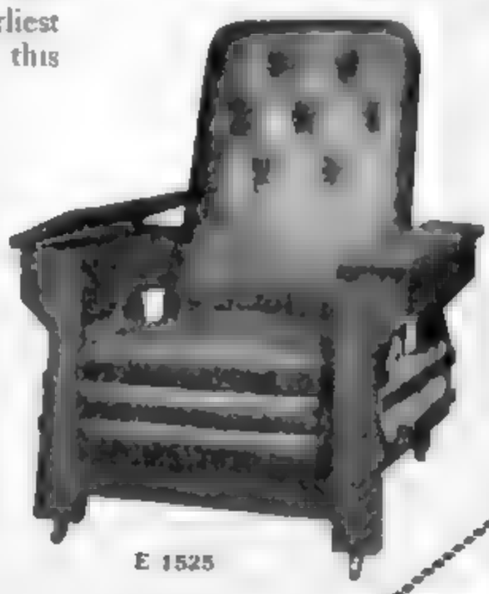
Your weight is concentrated on the base of your spine like this



But in the new Slumber Chair back and seat are built in one piece—pivoted at front—thus

and hold you in the natural position for rest—like this

S 1547



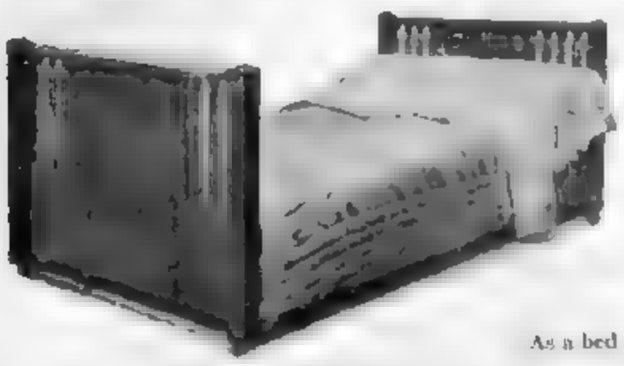
E 1525

Our catalog also shows

The Streit Davenport-Bed

—a perfect davenport that instantly changes into a complete and perfect bed

As a davenport



As a bed

This is the first Davenport-bed that combines perfect sanitation with real comfort.

Ordinary Davenport-beds have inside doubled-up mattresses. They collect dirt and floor sweepings—breed disease and vermin. As beds they are mere makeshifts, having hard ridges down the center which makes sleep almost impossible.

The Streit has radically changed all this. Back lets down and with the seat forms a real box mattress; the ideal kind to sleep on.

There is no possible lodgment for vermin. Mattress is always open to the purifying air and light.

When it's a bed, it's a real bed; no ridge down the center; full length head and foot boards. It looks inviting and gives real comfort to the overnight visitor. It is the ideal solution of the small room problem. **Send for our catalog today.**

Send coupon for catalog

The C. F. Streit Mfg. Co.
1040 Kenner St., Cin., O.

Gentlemen:—Please send me your catalog showing the 152 styles of the Slumber Chair. I would like to see which suits me best.

My name is

Street address

Town State

Please send Streit Davenport-Bed Catalog also.

The C. F. Streit Mfg. Co., 1040 Kenner St., Cincinnati, O.

Mortifying Confession

A woman who says, "Thank heaven, I'm through with my Spring housecleaning," makes a mortifying confession.

She admits that for **twelve months** she allowed her house to grow **dirtier, month by month,** until it became just **twelve times** as dirty as it should be.

What excuse can she offer? Why does she clean house thoroughly only once or twice a year?

The confusion—the misery—the worry it causes—when done in the old-fashioned way—is her **only** excuse.

The Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner

transforms the cleaning of the home from an infinite burden into a comparative pastime—into an actual pleasure.

Instead of an upheaval of furniture, taking up carpets, etc., the Duntley Cleaner, by an **easy, simple, daily renovation,** gives you perpetual freedom from **dust, grime** and **disease germs—without** disturbing furniture or furnishings.

Try It—At My Expense

I know so well that the Duntley Cleaner will free you forever from the housecleaning bugbear, that I am willing to send you one for a **free** demonstration in your own home—no matter where you live.

I am not afraid to ship the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner a thousand miles away, to let it tell its own story, and to prove to you **why** it has won Grand Prizes here and Gold Medals abroad.

I will even **rent** you a Duntley Cleaner by the month, until you **convince yourself** that it is **cheaper to have** it than to be **without** it—and then when you decide to buy, I will apply **all** the rent you have paid on the regular purchase price—$35 to $125.

And when I am willing to take **all the risk,** won't you give me the opportunity to **prove** these statements—by filling out and mailing me the coupon below—today—**now?**

A Business of Your Own
Earning $10 a day or more

There is such an immense demand for vacuum cleaning that any honest, energetic worker can earn big money daily doing commercial cleaning.

The following letter is evidence of the splendid possibilities of this business:

Home Cleaning Co.
GENERAL HOUSECLEANING

Seattle, Wash. Nov. 22, 1909.

Duntley Mfg. Co.,
Chicago, Ills.

Gentlemen: In the past forty-two days my Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner has netted $477.25—an average of over $11.00 per day, doing splendid work and giving entire satisfaction to the people for whom I have worked.

Yours respectfully,
Elmer L. Hancock

I have started scores of men in the commercial cleaning business—like Mr. Hancock—and I will do exactly for you what I have done for them, if you will simply fill out and mail me the coupon below.

Don't hesitate—do it **right now.**

J. W. Duntley, Pres., 400 Harvester Bldg., Chicago

Cut on This Line and Mail Coupon at Once

Duntley Manufacturing Co., 400 Harvester Bldg., Chicago

Send me booklet of Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners for ... household or ... commercial use, and your book on scientific housecleaning.

Name .....

Address .....

County .....

Town ..... *State* .....

Mark X before the use in which you are interested.

THE BAD EGG

(Continued from Page 7)

say on his lips and he went off and into the fireroom. Then Rush turned to me. "I know you're needed on deck, Doctor," he said. "But everybody's crazy up there. If you'll stay with me tonight down here, I'll try to keep the engines turning. I'll show you how to fire under an oil-burner."

My place was on deck with the passengers, of course. I can't explain why I stayed below. Possibly it was the dogged will of the man, the imperious heart of him demanding and getting help. I followed him into the stokehold.

The fireroom of an oil-burner is a roaring, spitting, red-hot furnace. Where coal is burned one hears only the suck of the drafts, the slash of the heavy bars, the slurring of the coals, the clang of furnace doors, all against the deep diapason of the steam. But in the bowels of the Princess it was a continuous and horrible blast, as if one stood in the very throat of an incredible gale blowing out of hell. The lurid glow was shot here and there by jets of black smoke from the vents, by spurts of hot carbon that reduced to ashes one's clothes wherever it struck. Again, under the impulse of the hot steam that sent the heavy oil over the grates in a vast spray, sharp detonations of flame and gas would fill the whole resounding fireroom with blinding heat, driving us huddlewise into corners with our hands over our eyes. Into this inferno Rush took me, invested me with some man's cast-off garments, showed me the gauges, pointed out to me the pumps that must be regulated. My sole companion, the oiler, he charged with instructing me in my duties.

I imagine it must have been the excitement of it, but we kept the steam up by awful exertions. We tore back and forth like bedlamites, twisting great valves, swinging on the big chains that raised and lowered the dampers, watching the jumping needles that proclaimed a temporary victory or imminent defeat. Suddenly—how, I can't explain—we caught the trick of it. The pumps worked smoothly. The great fountains of oil played steadily into the fires. The steam pressure rose pound by pound. The throbs of the propellers increased, the deck under our feet shook to the vibrations of the heavy engines. I and the oiler wiped the sweat from our eyes and grinned vacuously at each other, like a pair of idiots.

Rush appeared, his cold face lit with approval. "It's daylight, Doctor," he told me. "You've done famously. But you can't keep it up. Please go and see Captain McLean and tell him to send my men down here. Tell him if they don't come I'll come up and get them."

Instantly I felt my strength leave me. I was completely exhausted. It was all I could do to scramble out of the fireroom into the cool engine-hold, almost too much for me to make my painful way to the deck. Once there I stared round like a dazed man till the skipper, catching sight of me, rushed down and cried: "Where have you been? What is the matter?"

"I've been in the fireroom," I told him with some pride. "We've kept the steam up. Mr. Rush says for you to send him down his men."

McLean was very angry. My place was on deck with the passengers, he said. What business had I in the engine-room? He would speak to the chief engineer about it . . . preposterous . . . Wasn't a man to command his own ship? . . . The engineer seemed to think . . .

"But the men?" I reminded him. "The steam will go down"

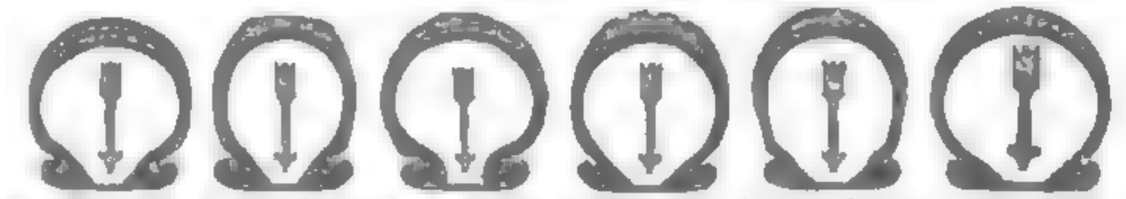
"I won't send the men back there," he said with sudden decisiveness.

"But the engines will stop," I protested. McLean stared at me. "That's no business of yours," he said sharply.

I remember my dismay. You see, I had been violently active for hours, feeling that the steamer's safety depended on my exertion. I had really got excited. And to be told bluntly that all this was of no account, that it didn't matter, flattened me out. I decided—quite justly—that the skipper was crazy.

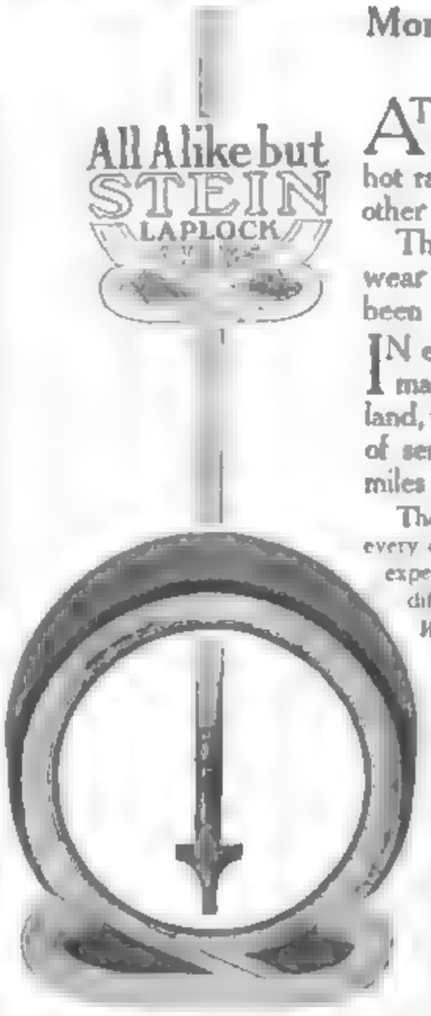
As I stood there, very likely with my mouth open in my sooty face, Edith Halsey came up. "What has happened?" she demanded, drawing me apart from the curious.

"The engines will stop," I told her. I tried to explain and I am sure I let it out



Cross Sections from Actual Photographs of Six Leading Tires Showing Similarity of Construction
Outside of the STEIN the only difference in tires is a variation in quality

All Alike but STEIN



More Miles on the Original Air Than Any Other Tire

AT the New Orleans races on Nov. 20th and 21st, a car equipped with Stein Laplock Tires went through seven hot races in the two days, **on the original air.** Every other car had to change tires—most of them twice.

The Stein Tires went through with practically no sign of wear or depreciation. We believe that this record has never been equalled in automobile history.

IN every-day road-performance their mileage is equally remarkable. On the car of Mr. A. M. Wright of Cleveland, Ohio, they showed much less wear after 7,000 miles of service than another high-grade make after only 3,000 miles **on the same car.**

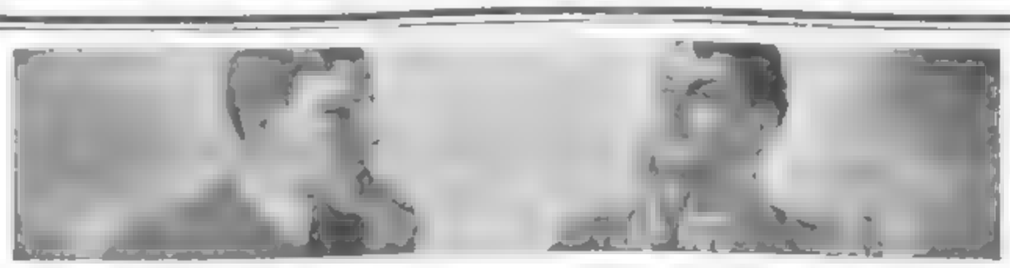
These are only two instances of the sort of thing Stein Tires are doing every day for every owner and user. It means so much saving of time, expense, trouble and worry, that you ought to know just how the Stein differs in construction and quality from all other tires.

Write today for Booklet "S" and write or see any of the following Stein Agencies:

List of Distributors

NEW YORK CITY—The Stein Laplock Tire Company, 1862 Broadway
CHICAGO—Standard Auto Supply Company, 1425 Michigan Ave.
ST. LOUIS—Phoenix Auto Supply Company, 3974-3976 Olive St.
CLEVELAND—Pennsylvania Rubber & Supply Company, 1845-1847 Euclid Ave.
MILWAUKEE—Goodyear Rubber Company, 382-384 E. Water St.
INDIANAPOLIS—Gibson Automobile Company, 238 Massachusetts Ave.
TOLEDO—Atwood Automobile Company, 1528 Monroe St.
MINNEAPOLIS—United Motor Supply Company, 917 First Ave., South
LOS ANGELES, CAL.—The Stein Double Cushion Tire Co., 804 S. Olive St.

The Stein Double Cushion Tire Company
Exclusive Tire Manufacturers
AKRON, OHIO ESTABLISHED 1901



Get Face Handsomeness

Look at the face of a man who shaves with a no-stropping razor. It is coarse, rough, full of big pores, ugly. Why? Because his unstropped edge is as coarse as a saw.

Look at the skin of a man who is shaved by the head barber. It is soft, smooth, silken, handsome as a peach. Why? Because the head barber expertly strops a fine, thin, feelingless cutting edge onto his razor.

Anybody can have this head barber handsomeness if he has an AutoStrop Safety Razor, because anybody can strop it as handily, quickly and expertly as the head barber.

Try It Free
(Dealers Read This, Too)

Suppose you buy an AutoStrop Safety Razor from a dealer; then later ask him to refund your money. What happens? Dealer gladly refunds it, returns razor to us, and we exchange it or refund him his cost.

Therefore, why should anybody be timid about asking a dealer to sell him an AutoStrop Safety Razor on 30 days' free trial? And he shouldn't be timid about taking it back either.

Don't wait to call on your dealer. You'll forget it. 'Phone or write him to send you an AutoStrop Safety Razor on trial, and write or 'phone now, while it is in your cranium.

Consists of one self-stropping razor (silver-plated), 12 blades and strop in small, handsome case. Price $5, which is your total shaving expense for years, as a blade often lasts six months to one year.

"The Slaughter of the Innocents"

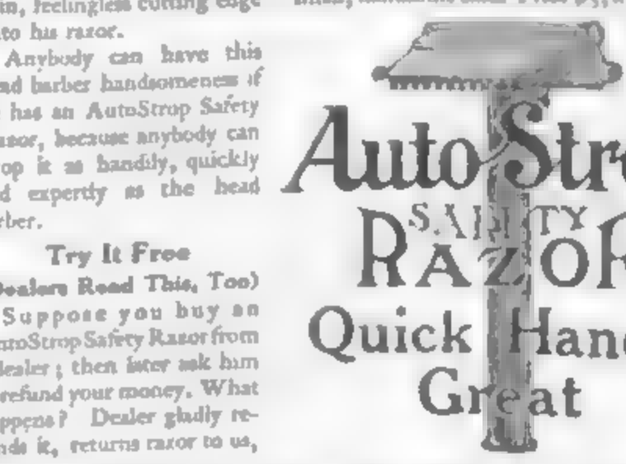
After the Battle of the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*, a British admiral said: "Yesterday England had a great Navy. Today she has none."

After reading "The Slaughter of the Innocents" you'll say: "Yesterday I thought everything about shaving had been told. Today I realize how little was told heretofore."

Teaches you how to shave yourself as well as the head barber can, but is no book for persons of weak sides.

It's free. Quick, sense your pen and post card and send for "The Slaughter of the Innocents" now.

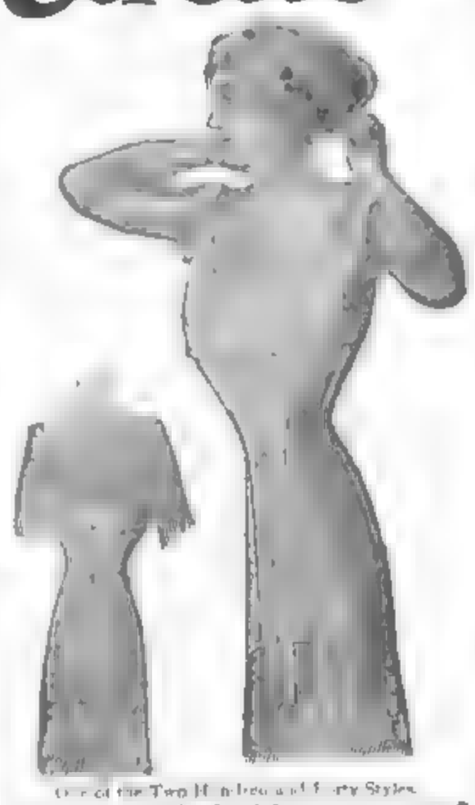
AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., 341 Fifth Ave., New York; 133 Corbitt Bldg., Montreal; 62 New Oxford Street, London.



Far Quicker, Handier than a No-Stropping Razor

Strops, Shaves, Cleans without detaching Blade

Warner's Rust-Proof Corsets



One of the Two Hundred and Forty Styles

Are you satisfied with your corsets? You will be if you wear a Warner's.

Millions of women know of the revolution in corset designing through wearing Warner's Corsets. Do you?

Every pair [illegible]. There are two hundred and forty styles to select from and you are in style if you wear a Warner's.

Every pair, if properly selected and laced, is comfortable, strengthening and supporting.

Every pair is guaranteed not to rust, break or tear.

Security Rubber Button Hose Supporters
Attached to every pair

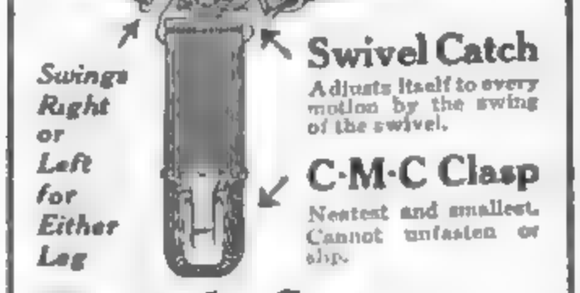
$1.00 to $7.00 per pair

Write for Booklet "F" on how to select and wear your corsets.

The Warner Brothers Company
New York, Chicago, San Francisco

EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED

C·M·C GARTER



Swivel Catch
Adjusts itself to every motion by the swing of the swivel.

C·M·C Clasp
Neatest and smallest. Cannot unfasten or slip.

Swings Right or Left for Either Leg

The Only Garter Without Objections

Men prefer it because it will not tear the stocking and will not bind the leg

25 cents will convince you

The best dealers have them or sample pair by mail. Send your dealer's name and 25 cents.

CLARK MFG. CO.
3467 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.
Also Makers of Hump Hooks

Trade Mark on every box

THE American Boy

Help Your Boy To Develop Himself

Give him a year's subscription to this great boys' magazine. Entertains and fascinates boys, gives them helpful ideas, teaches them how to work, to make things, to do things, keeps them alert to current events, makes their school work more interesting. You could not be intelligent without YOUR papers and magazines; give your boy THIS Magazine, 12 mos. illustrated.

Send $1.00 for a year 10c at news-stands

Spencer Publishing Co. 95 Majestic Bldg. Detroit, Mich.

that I thought the skipper had lost his mind.

"Is Mr. Rush all right?" she asked presently.

"All right," I told her. Then I burst forth with my inner thought. "I wish he were in command. Then ——"

"Then we should all be saved?" she finished for me. "But they say he's a cruel, murderous man. They say ——"

It struck me that while I'd been working, while Rush had been keeping the machinery going, people had been talking about him. Very likely McLean, with nothing else to do, had blamed his chief engineer to this girl. While Rush was standing down there on the platform with death breathing on him, they had been talking scandal on deck. Our appalling plight suddenly appeared to me in its clear colors. Here we were, two hundred odd of us in the heart of the South Pacific, on a steamer almost helpless, overhung with a cloud of death, under the command of a man who didn't know what to do, who talked petty scandal about his chief engineer while half a dozen grinning mutineers loafed on the after-deck under the awnings. There was nothing to say. I shook my head dismally at Miss Halsey. It didn't even seem worth while to justify Rush.

While we stared at each other there was a shout from forward. I saw the captain on the bridge grab his glasses. A moment later the big gong clanged in the engine-room. The vibration of the machinery ceased. Rush appeared on deck, the oiler behind him. "What's the matter?" he demanded of me. I shook my head.

The sun had been risen a couple of hours at most and now shone upon us out of faint haze that whitened it into a huge, silvery disk. The Princess Eugenia was fast losing speed, and the sluggish rollers were heaving under her quarter with sullen persistence. We saw the passengers pour out of the saloon and run up till they stood under the bridge. Somewhere a woman was crying hysterically. Rush and I made our way forward. The skipper, the chief officer beside him, was standing rigidly by the rail staring ahead into a slight, reddish mist. As no one paid any attention to us Rush said sharply: "Here we are, sir!"

McLean turned on us with a look of gentle surprise on his face. He said: "I think we are at the end of our course, Mr. Rush. Will you look ahead and tell me what you see? Look, Doctor, if you will."

I can tell only what I saw myself. Lying low on the water was a strange, smoky mist that seemed to encircle us at a distance of about a mile. On the edge of this floated a small schooner with her sails set. No one was at her wheel, and the booms banged and slatted to her every roll. That was all I saw. McLean's voice in my ear said: "Do you see any signs of life?"

That question answered any query you might have put to us. There was no one alive on that pretty vessel. The reddish mist was a poisonous emanation. The shadow of death fell circlewise about us. To run into it meant destruction.

I remember staring at the captain and then turning and consulting the sea about us. On every side I saw the gradually-lowering cloud of ruddy fog. Then Rush spoke: "We aren't sure that this is it. Let's go ahead and see."

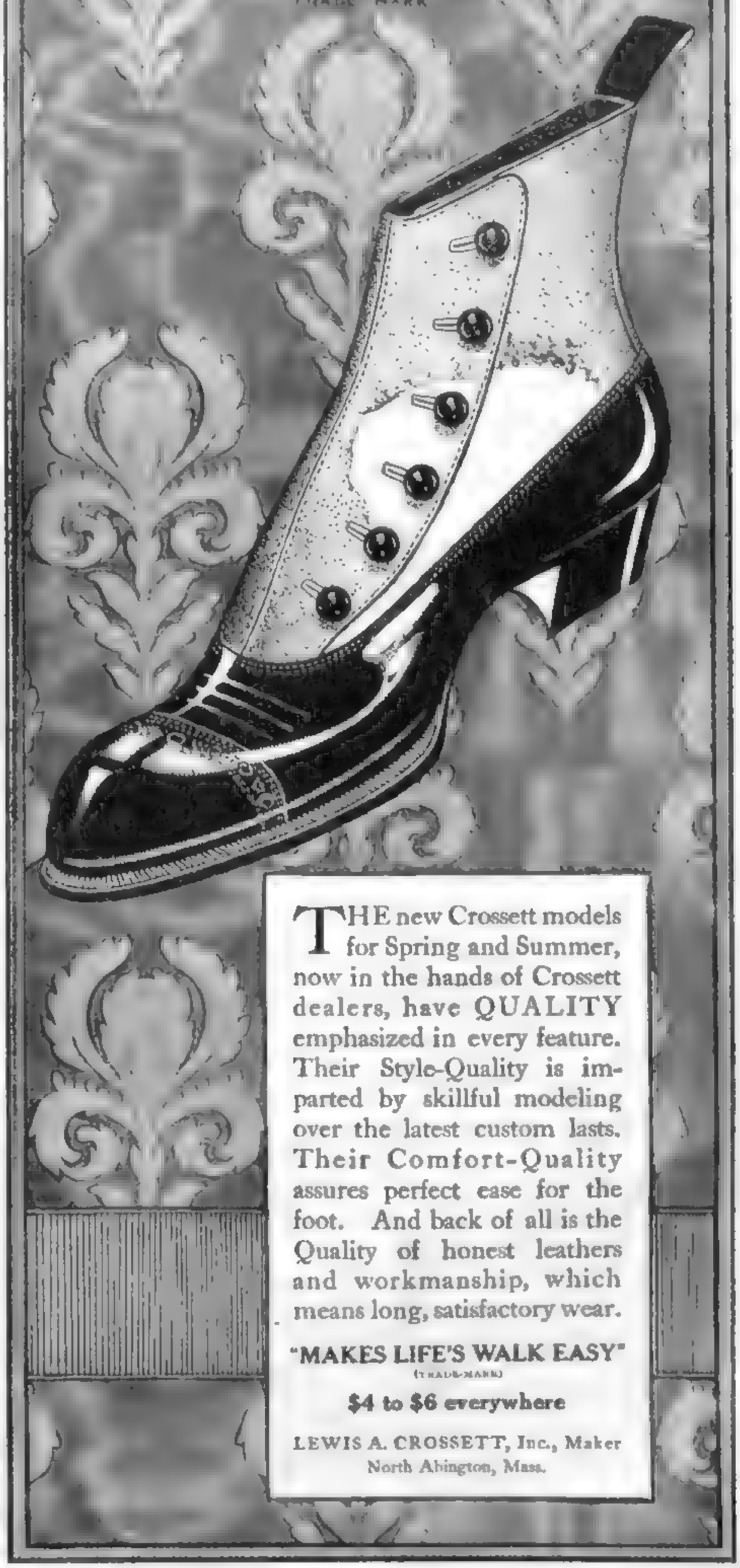
Some one caught the words below and there was a tumult. A hoarse voice yelled: "We won't go!" Another answered with a fluent curse. There followed a wild stamping of feet and, before McLean could leap to the deck, those of the crew that could make it had piled themselves into a boat and lowered it away with a run. The chief officer leaped to the rail and pointed a revolver at the men, but McLean called out: "Let them go!"

Why did they do this? Don't ask me. Panic, I suppose; the fear that comes over men who have labored till their bodies are exhausted. And they floated there, in a frail craft, a few hundred feet away from the Princess, not knowing which way to go, what to do, how to avoid sudden death. I counted them through the glass. The six firemen were among them, half a dozen of the steward's boys, a couple of sailors. Rush leaned over my shoulder and said bitterly: "There go our men. Let's get them back."

"What for? How?" I demanded angrily.

My question, natural as it was, seemed to bring us up all standing. McLean bore an expression of bewilderment. The chief officer, revolver still in hand, scowled at

CROSSETT SHOE
"MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY"
TRADE MARK

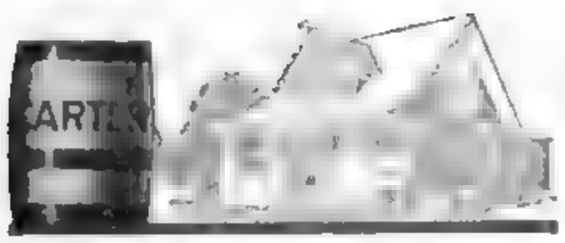


THE new Crossett models for Spring and Summer, now in the hands of Crossett dealers, have QUALITY emphasized in every feature. Their Style-Quality is imparted by skillful modeling over the latest custom lasts. Their Comfort-Quality assures perfect ease for the foot. And back of all is the Quality of honest leathers and workmanship, which means long, satisfactory wear.

"MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY"
(TRADE-MARK)

$4 to $6 everywhere

LEWIS A. CROSSETT, Inc., Maker
North Abington, Mass.



Good Paint Protects the Home

Pure White Lead Paint, properly applied by a good painter, protects your home from the elements—rain, heat, cold and wind. With White Lead your painter can mix the paint to order (any color) to exactly fit the needs of your buildings, insuring durable paint that will not crack or scale.

There are several brands of Pure White Lead, but the purest, finest, *whitest*, and therefore best, is

CARTER
Strictly Pure
White Lead
"The Lead With the Spread"

None is so scientifically or carefully made—none so white and fine—none so durable.

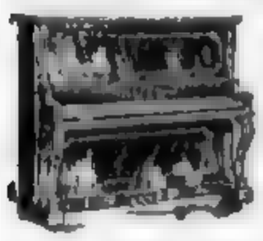
Carter White Lead is made by the only modern and scientific process in the white lead industry. Every particle of impurity and discoloration is eliminated. Carter is therefore *whiter* than other leads. Whiteness means even quality—absolute purity. Whiteness assures brighter, truer, more lasting colors—remember this point in particular.

While Carter costs slightly more per pound than other leads, it will prove more economical in the end. Your dealer can supply you with Carter; take no substitute.

Please send today for our valuable free book, "Pure Paint," which tells all about paint and painting. We will send you with the book, a set of beautiful and practical color plates showing how real houses look when properly painted.

Carter White Lead Co.
12080 So. Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.
Factories: Chicago—Omaha [22]

"To Be Sure It's Pure, Look for CARTER on the Keg"



Piano Supremacy

Among the high-grade pianos of the world is accorded the

IVERS & POND

We make pianos of but one quality—the highest; better cannot be made. For large half-tone pictures, showing in detail the exquisite and refined designs of our latest models, send for our new catalogue and literature.

How to Buy Wherever in the United States no dealer sells them, we send IVERS & POND PIANOS on trial at our risk. If the Piano fails to please it returns at our expense for railway freights both ways. Write today for our special proposition embodying our perfected Easy Payment Plans as available in the most remote corner of the United States as in Boston.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.,
103 Boylston Street, Boston

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS
Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Get "Improved," no tacks required.
Wood Rollers *Tin Rollers*

$15 SUCCESS HAND VACUUM CLEANER
As effective as the most expensive power machines. A whirlwind for business. Agents and Dealers Wanted. Write quick—be first to your locality. Hutchinson Mfg. Co. Wilkinsburg, Pa. (Greater Pittsburgh) 328 Wood Street

the crowding passengers. Rush stared at us all. Then Edith Halsey appeared below us, fixing her big dark eyes on the chief engineer. "Does this end it?" she asked in her full, low tones.

Rush turned his grim stare down on her. I can't tell you how odd he looked in his charred clothes, his face and arms sooty and scorched, his hair crisped at the ends where the fire had seized on it. And yet as the girl put this momentous question McLean, the mate, myself, all of us, had to withdraw, so to speak, and listen to our fate. Rush opened his lips briefly: "They're coming back to work."

And they came. I couldn't tell you just how he did it. But he brought them back. His voice carried far out over them in strict commands. He directed them in the very management of their oars, and like children they answered the quiet assurance of the man and scrambled back on deck, swearing at each other. He herded them down into the stokehold.

Half an hour later we looked up at the funnels and saw fresh volumes of black smoke pouring out to mingle with the almost imperceptible shadow that hung over the Princess. Then the sun reached the meridian, descended the western sky, sank into the sea. Still we didn't move. The colors changed swiftly in the sky. Darkness came. And we saw something that horrified us. The schooner showed two lights, the red and the green. They twinkled out from the invisible cloud with a message of routine method, of regular, unquestioning obedience to the law that rules the traffic of the seas.

"There's some one alive on that vessel," said McLean.

But the mate wouldn't believe it. "They were caught by the poison last night," he said. "Those lights have burned all day. There was nobody to put them out this morning."

An hour later Rush reappeared to ask what the captain intended to do. McLean didn't know. "Possibly . . . the passengers, you see . . . great responsibility . . . in fact . . . ." The skipper mouthed mere phrases that signified nothing but a perturbed mind. Rush touched me on the arm as he passed back and said: "Come down and help me. I want to tell you something."

The engine-room seemed strangely dark and silent as we descended into it. Rush had hung lanterns here and there where a ghostly gleam could fall on some steel face, or throw the huge shadow of a pillar against the darkness. At the working platform he stopped and we gazed up at the stolid dials of the gauges and telegraph signals. Then Rush began: "McLean doesn't know what he is doing. We've been close to losing our crew this day and we're a good week's sail from anywhere. I'm the only man left on this ship that can even start these engines. Whuff! and I'm gone! Then, man, this ship will rot before anybody finds her. This is no time for dallying. This is the time to be moving along and out of this sea. Go and tell the skipper what I say, Doctor."

I started to answer him when I was aware of another with us. I peered up the steel ladder and saw Edith Halsey standing there, one white arm outstretched on the hand-rail. Rush caught sight of her at the same time and gave utterance to a groan.

"I came down to see whether I couldn't help you," she said quietly.

"You!" Rush burst out. "Aren't there any men left on this ship?"

I discerned the shadow of a smile on her face. She looked directly down into the engineer's eyes while she simply answered: "None but yourself, Mr. Rush."

"This is no place for you," he stammered. "You might—you might get hurt."

She refused to listen but repeated: "Is there anything I can do?"

"She might go and tell the captain what you say," I suggested stupidly, and to my astonishment she accepted the mission instantly. We watched her go swiftly back up the steps. Then Rush went on into the fireroom.

Miss Halsey returned in a few minutes and stopped on the platform beside me in evident excitement. She demanded to know where Rush was. I told her and led the way down and forward into the fireroom. As I opened the door Rush came toward it, the glow of the fires red on his face. He motioned Miss Halsey back, in alarmed solicitous fashion, but she paid no heed to him. "The captain is afraid,"

(Continued on Page 48)

American Gentleman
$3.50 $4.00 $5.00 SHOE

You will probably buy your first pair of AMERICAN GENTLEMAN Shoes because their style and appearance look good to you, and because your feet feel comfortable in them.

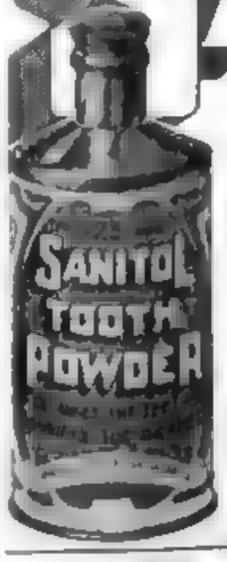
You will buy your second pair because you will have found that the first pair outwore any shoes you ever had, and never gave your feet a moment's discomfort. After that the habit becomes fixed.

This AMERICAN GENTLEMAN shoe is one of the newest styles for Spring and Summer. It is a patent leather oxford, with perforated wing tip and perforated quarter. The new Nether and last, upon which it is made, is full of snap and swing. Step into the dealer's store in your locality where AMERICAN GENTLEMAN shoes are sold and try on this shoe. If it does not please you there are many other styles that will

Send today for a free copy of our beautiful new book, Footwear Fashions for Spring and Summer.

HAMILTON, BROWN SHOE CO. — St. Louis — Boston

SANITOL



Your children must form the tooth cleaning habit early in life.

It is essential to their future health.

If their teeth and mouths are thoroughly cleansed each day with antiseptic Sanitol Tooth Powder or Sanitol Tooth Paste, they feel a refreshing sense of clean-ness. This makes your child feel better, think clearer and learn lessons easier. A mouth that is Sanitol-pure is healthful.

25c, wherever toilet articles are sold.

Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Co. St. Louis

Real Chewing Gum

It's New! **It's Great!**

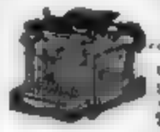
"Mint Chips" and "Violet Chips" are the latest Colgan Gum Co. creations. Differently delicious in flavor and form—for the chips are round and sold in a round metal box.

"Mint Chips" have the wonderful flavor of old fashioned mint stick candy. "Violet Chips" are flavored like the aroma of sweet violets. Supreme as a breath perfume.

Sold everywhere. Be the box. Avoid Imitations. Insist upon Colgan's.

COLGAN GUM CO., Inc. Louisville, Ky.

WEDDING INVITATIONS 100 for $3.50
Announcements, etc., engraved and printed. Latest styles, best quality, prepaid anywhere. Monogram Stationery 100 Visiting Cards, 50c. Write for samples.
THE ESTABROOK PRESS, 181 S. Tremont St., Boston, Mass.



TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES
"Visible" typewriters (new or second hand) and all other makes sold or rented anywhere at ½ to ⅔ manufacturers' prices. Write for our catalog. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for it. D
Typewriter Emporium 23-24 Lake St., Chicago

This Talk Means a Saving of Time and Money to Every Man Who Buys, Sells or Uses Metal-Cutting Saw Blades

You, who use hack saw blades—
You, who sell hack saw blades—
You, who run machine shops—

The *MILFORD Hack Saw Blade* concerns you all—because it affects the quality and quantity of your work—the amount of your earnings—your reputation as a worker, your profits and prestige as a dealer.

MILFORD

MILFORD Achievement

For the last quarter of a century we have been manufacturing and improving hack saw blades—accumulating experience and inventing methods for their betterment. And the sum total of this knowledge is expressed in our MILFORD Hack Saw Blades.

No more substantial or positive proof of their supremacy can be cited than the fact that within the last decade MILFORD Blades have established an admitted standard not only in America but in every country in the world where skilled Mechanics are employed.

The "Reason Why" of Supremacy

We have carried on a series of "comparative tests" that have covered practically all steel alloys and methods that could enter into the manufacture of hack saw blades. We have tried one blade against another, under equal conditions, to prove which was best fitted for the work. In this way, we have probably tested every hack saw blade that has *ever* held any kind of place on the world's market.

Here's what we mean by "equal conditions":—we test the blades of various manufacturers in a power machine—*not* by hand. Because only a power machine insures absolute mechanical precision; because each blade tested *must* make the same *length* of stroke, at the same *speed* and *pressure* and on the same steel—in order to enable us to accurately note the comparative cutting power and durability of every blade so tested.

These tests, so scientifically exact, have enabled us to eliminate every weak point and strengthen every strong point of our product; they have supplied the "reasons why" we have developed materials and methods in the manufacture of hack saw blades until now—today—MILFORD Blades are admitted by those who know to be absolutely unequalled in Cutting and Lasting Power.

Why MILFORD Blades Cut Free and Fast

MILFORD Blades are made from an alloy steel of highest quality (and therefore highest cost) containing Tungsten in just the right proportion to produce the maximum of *toughness* and *endurance*.

By our own original and exclusive tempering process, we not only obtain the best results, but also *absolute uniformity*. The cutting power of the teeth is retained; by our process, the carbon in MILFORD Alloy Steel is not reduced.

Every MILFORD Blade Individually Tested

Each MILFORD Blade is thoroughly tested before it leaves the shop. This test is severe and searching. Every blade must "measure up" to the MILFORD Standard before the inspector will pass it. Consequently there are no MILFORD Blades on the market of doubtful or inferior quality—no MILFORD "seconds." Every MILFORD Blade in a hardware store or mill supply house is honestly worth its price. You can pay more, or pay less, but unless you buy hack saw blades *branded* MILFORD you do *not* get MILFORD Quality. And, as every mechanic knows, the *best* tool is the *cheapest*.

About The Price of MILFORD Blades

MILFORD Hack Saw Blades are not without competition. But it is a *price* competition—not a *quality* competition. A manufacturer who aims at the highest possible quality, cannot, at the same time, aim at the lowest price.

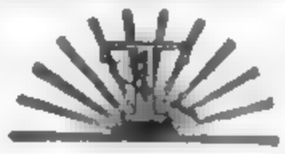
Neither ourselves nor any other maker can afford to cut price without decreasing cost of production; and that means cheaper steel, less efficient labor, less care in testing and inspection.

Quality considered MILFORD Blades are absolutely the cheapest hack saw blades on the world's market.

Every time you buy hack saw blades, remember that the *only* way to get MILFORD Quality is to buy blades *branded* thus:

MILFORD

Wrapped by the dozen, and packed six dozen to the box. The name MILFORD, together with our trade mark (registered the world over):



appears on the wrapping labels and on the boxes.

A Free Sample Blade will be sent you *only on condition* that you specify the class of metal upon which you wish to test the Blade.

To the Dealer

The coupon below will bring you additional information about "MILFORD" Blades, and give us an opportunity to explain how we co-operate with you.

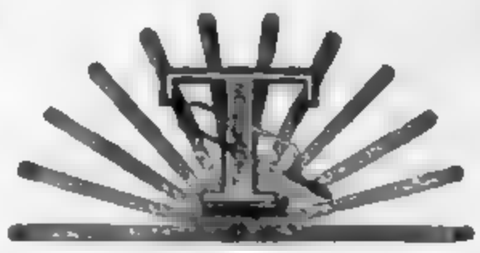
To the User

The coupon below will bring you illustrated catalogue of MILFORD Hack Saw Blades. Please answer questions enumerated on coupon.

The Henry G. Thompson & Son Company

Manufacturers of "All-Hard" and "Flexible-Back" Hack Saw Blades, Hand Frames, Power Hack Saw Machines, Metal Cutting Band Saws and Machines

Also The "Carr" Patent Tool Holders for Lathes, Shapers and Planers.



New Haven, Conn. U. S. A.

COUPON

To The Henry G. Thompson & Son Co., New Haven, Conn.
Please send me illustrated catalogue of MILFORD Hack Saw Blades.
(Cross out one line) I am a supply buyer / I am superintendent of machine shop of
Name
Address
Dealer's Name

COUPON

To The Henry G. Thompson & Son Co., New Haven, Conn.
Please send us further details regarding MILFORD Hack Saw Blades.
(Cross out one line) We carry MILFORD Blades / We do not carry MILFORD Blades.

(Continued from Page 46)

she announced quietly. "He is afraid of the mist ahead of us. He thinks we had better wait."

Rush would have answered but the men behind him shuffled up menacingly. One of them growled: "We don't stay down here any longer. We're hungry and we're tired. We quit right here."

Involuntarily, I suppose, Miss Halsey and I ranged ourselves with the engineer in front of the only exit. Rush's face showed a moment's worry. "You men will stay here and work," he said, above the roar of the boilers. "I'll kill the first man that refuses duty!"

They backed off, but we heard their protests: "The skipper wouldn't stand for having them abused. Enough of them had died already. The ship was being abandoned. They would go on deck."

On the eve of their onset Rush backed firmly against the iron door and thrust a revolver out toward them. "I'm running this engine-room," he told them coldly. "The man that doesn't get back to his work is a dead one." And while they hung in the wind he turned to Edith again. "I've got plenty of steam up," he said. "We could get a good sixteen knots out of her now if McLean would only make up his mind and run for it." His eyes carried a message of helplessness.

She balanced herself on the reeling plates, ignoring utterly the grumbling crew. A smile lit up her face. "I said to myself that you were the only man left on the ship," she said. "It's true."

He returned her smile. "That's nicely said, Miss Halsey. And I know what they've been telling about me up on deck. I kill men when it's necessary. I'm the original devil, that's what I am. McLean's all right, but he's not up to this work. He's thinking of the company, of the passengers, of the people ashore who'll want to know all about it."

"Whom are you thinking of?" she demanded.

A shrill cry from the hold pierced through the murk. A man staggered out, swinging back and forth to the roll of the steamer, sought for some handhold, choked horribly and fell. While I bent over him I heard Rush's unshaken voice say: "I'm thinking of you. Say the word, and I'll save you."

"Why?" I heard her ask breathlessly.

"Because I want you," he answered. "All my life I've tried to find a woman worth my while. I'm a brute and I'm down in the books for all sorts of things. But that doesn't matter now, Edith. I love you."

The man on the deck slowly got his breath and I helped him to his feet. Possibly I missed something they said to each other. But as the men once more surged forward, this time mad with pain and fear, she jerked the revolver out of Rush's hand, drove it into the very mouth of the leader of the mutineers and said: "The man that wants to die, come on." She turned her dark eyes on the chief engineer. "I'm going to do it," she told him. "You start the engines. I'll keep these fellows at work."

Without a moment's hesitation he passed her and adjusted a valve. Then he opened the drafts wide and motioned to the men to get to work. You would have thought he would have had something to say, but he merely gazed round at us all and then, taking my arm, opened the engine-room door. As we went out he said, over his shoulder: "I leave them to you. I'll do my part." And she answered him with a pitiful look of obedience.

I can see him yet swaying easily over the many obstructions till he came to a halt under the big signal dial that marked the orders from the bridge. It pointed still to STOP. He looked at it and then reached up with a determined gesture and put the lever over to full speed ahead. There was a clashing of gongs about us and slowly the engines rose and started on their toil with flash of steel and hiss of steam, as he opened the big overhead valve.

Almost immediately the indicator traveled back to stop and the gongs clamored again. McLean was on the bridge. But Rush refused to answer the command in kind and jammed the indicator over to full speed ahead once more. The engines picked up their gait, and we felt the big steamer surge slowly along through the water.

Still again the gongs yelled at us their imperative message to stop. Again Rush

"Korrect Shape"
KOOL AND KOMFORTABLE
OXFORDS

Made of the finest leathers, in the newest styles, including button, lace, blucher and Two Eyelet ties.

Made in the popular shades gray, tan, black and patent.

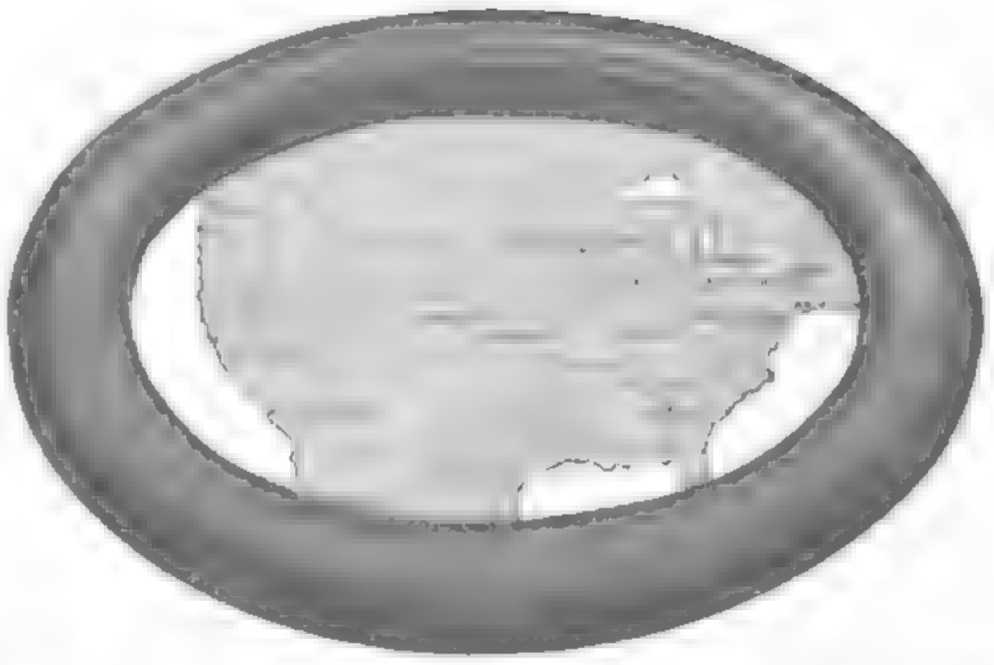
"Korrect Shape"

oxfords do not gap at the sides or slip at the heel. They are made to fit the foot instead of the foot to fit the shoe. MOST IMPORTANT TO YOU is the GUARANTEE on our "Burrojaps" Patent and dull leather. READ IT: If the "Burrojaps" upper breaks through before the First sole is worn through, we will replace with a new pair FREE.

KORRECT SHAPE SHOES ARE FOR SALE BY 5000 DEALERS. IF THERE IS NO DEALER NEAR YOU, SEND FOR OUR FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE IN COLORS AND ORDER DIRECT.

$4.00 & $5.00 BENCH MADE

BURT & PACKARD COMPANY
MAKERS
38 FIELD ST
BROCKTON
MASS.



Our Tire Service units cover the country from Atlantic to Pacific. They're accessible *everywhere*—they insure the maximum efficiency of Fisk Tires.

We make splendid tires!

Our tires stand up against the severest wear successfully

The thousands of Fisk Tire owners are Fisk Tire enthusiasts

The materials we use are excellent, the expert skill we employ the most expensive obtainable.

When a man buys Fisk Tires he gets the *Best tire made*—no question about it.

And he gets more.

The best tire needs a certain amount of attention—not necessarily repairs—but attention.

And the people who can give a tire the best attention are not agents who want to sell you as many tires as possible; instead they are the people who make the tire themselves and who want that Tire to give the best possible service.

The purchaser of Fisk Tires buys more than mere tires—he gets expert and conscientious tire attention.

For in seventeen cities extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific accessible to *every part* of the country are the Service Units of the Fisk Rubber Company—branches not agencies.

Our literature is free.

We have a number of booklets on Fisk Tires and our Service Units, telling the whole story in detail. We will be glad to send you these booklets without obligation on your part upon receipt of a note from you—just write us today. Address the New York Office—1725 Broadway.

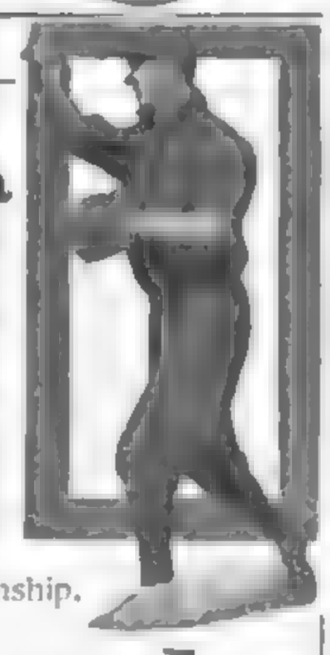
Four styles: Bolted-On with Removable Rim, Clincher, Quick Detachable Clincher, Dunlop.

Tires to Fit Any Rim.

THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY
Chicopee Falls, Mass.

BRANCHES IN SEVENTEEN CITIES

BOSTON, SPRINGFIELD, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, ATLANTA, BUFFALO, CLEVELAND, DETROIT, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, MINNEAPOLIS, ST. PAUL, KANSAS CITY, DENVER, SEATTLE, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO



Reach Quality

base ball goods are the standard among ball players.

The Reach trade mark assures *best* materials—*best* workmanship.

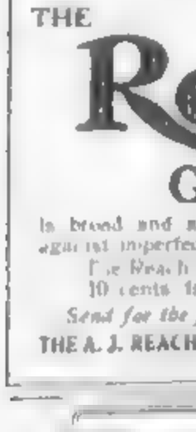
THE Reach Guarantee

is broad and absolutely protects the purchaser against imperfections.

The Reach Base Ball Guide now on sale—10 cents from your dealer or by mail.

Send for the free Reach Base Ball Catalogue

THE A. J. REACH CO., 1705 Tulip St., Philadelphia, Pa.



The Harris Wood Fiber Mantle

The only practical mantle in the world

Guaranteed to outlast three ordinary cotton mantles and give one third more light. Positively will not shrink, and will increase in candle power while burning.

STRAIGHT INVERTED

Wood Fiber Incandescent Mantle for gasoline pressure $1 per dozen

The Harris Wood Fiber Mantle Co.
1869 West Third Street Cleveland O
Dealers write for prices, terms and

"I am just delighted with what you are doing and the way you are doing it," says

Judge Ben B. Lindsey

of the Denver Juvenile Court

in writing of

The Saturday Evening Post Boys

"When a boy sells THE POST he is giving value for value received and that several times over. It is my hope that the splendid band of fellows selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST shall be the cleanest, bravest boys in America. The boy who is busy with good work like this is not the kind to get into trouble. This kind of a boy is bound to win, not only in making a creditable record *in* selling THE POST but also *through* selling THE POST; to lay the foundation of a successful career and a useful citizenship."

Perhaps no man in America knows boys better than does Judge Lindsey. He knows what appeals to them and what makes good men of them.

If you have a boy who wants to earn his own spending money, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST will help him do it. By delivering the magazine to friends and neighbors outside of school hours your boy can earn a lot of money without associating with undesirable companions, and can get a business training that will be of inestimable value in later life.

To any boy we will send everything necessary. There isn't one cent of expense. Your boy can be just as successful as are the thousands of other boys of whom Judge Lindsey writes.

By just sending us a line any boy will receive everything necessary.

Circulation Bureau

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

NO TIRED BACK! Blistered Hands!

Write for FREE Book

IWAN BROS.
Dept. 105 South Bend, Ind.

POWERFUL ENGINE For HIGH SPEED BOATS

$40

Fast, powerful, 2 H P reversible motor

This $40 motor is a remarkable value

Adopted by U. S. Lighthouse

Northwestern Steel & Iron Works
Box 211 Eau Claire Wis.

6 pairs for $1.00

These hose are guaranteed,—we give a new pair FREE for any that need mending in **six months.** Easy, soft, shapely, well-fitting and good-feeling hose.

Manheim MENDLESS HOSE

FOR MEN—light weight in ten popular new shades, and medium weight in five shades, fast colors, sizes 9½ to 11½. Six pairs in handsome box, with guarantee, **$1.00.**

FOR WOMEN—light and medium weight in black, light and dark tan, fast colors, sizes 8 to 10½. Six pairs in handsome box, with guarantee, **$1.50**

INSIST on genuine Manheim Mendless Hose. If your dealer can't supply you, send $1.00 for Men's or $1.50 for Women's, giving size of shoe and color (or colors) desired, and we will forward six pairs prepaid.

Splendid terms to dealers

Manheim Hosiery Mills
Manheim, Pa.

6 PER CENT

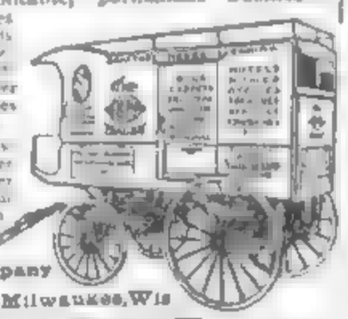
Our Certificates furnish a desirable form of investment for trustees of funds, guardians, retired men, women who have the care of their own affairs and all persons who live on the income of their money. Interest paid twice a year.

Write for Booklet "S"

THE FIRST TRUST and SAVINGS BANK
BILLINGS, MONTANA

Safety and Profit for Small Capital in Vacuum Cleaning

Operators of Aero Vacuum Cleaning Power Wagons in all parts of the United States are earning from $1,000 to $2,000 a year. This is an exceptionally safe, profitable, permanent business. Territory open in cities



Aero apparatus is [illegible] and efficiency. Write at once for full information

American Air Cleaning Company
220 Sycamore St., Milwaukee, Wis

WHEEL CHAIRS A Wheel Chair is often an invalid's greatest comfort.

We offer over 75 styles of these easy, self propelling and Invalid's Rolling Chairs, with latest [illegible] Ship direct from factory to you freight prepaid [illegible]

THIRTY DAYS TRIAL

[illegible] interesting for free [illegible]

GORDON MFG. CO
685 Madison Ave., TOLEDO O

CLASS PINS
and BADGES for COLLEGE, SCHOOL, SOCIETY or LODGE

Either style with any [illegible] Sterling Silver 25c each, $2.50 a doz. Silver Plated 10c ea. $1.00 a doz. [illegible]

Catalog free Bastian Bros. Co. 304 South Ave., Rochester, N.Y.

WIZARD INVERTED PIPE

Style X $1.00 Style D $1.50
Style XX Sterling Silver $2.00 postpaid
The Faultless Pipe [illegible]

Wizard Patent Developing Co., Inc
Dept. 50 139 West 31 St., New York
WANTED An agent in every town

S&S TYPEWRITER RIBBON 40c

[illegible] Try the S & S Ribbon. Equal to any high-price ribbon made. Used by largest concerns N.Y. City. Cut your ribbon expense in half. Begin by ordering today [illegible] State machine, color, copying or record

S&S SALES CO. Your money back if you want it. 95 Park Row, N. Y. C.

deliberately thrust the answering lever back to full speed ahead. Then he turned on me and smiled. "Doctor, suppose you go in and help Miss Halsey keep the fires going. You know a little about it. If the men balk, you know what to do. We'll need all the steam we can get."

Miss Halsey had picked up a dirty jacket discarded by some choking stoker and stood in the midst of the toiling men with unconcerned eyes on the gauges. The heat tossed her hair about her forehead and scorched her cheeks. A puff of carbon burned the hem of her skirt away. But she paid no attention to it. Now and then she would look straight into the eyes of some hulking fireman, and the man would fall to his work again with an expression of puzzled subjection.

Rush came in after a while and gave calm directions and orders. He didn't exchange a word with the girl about her being there, offer her sympathy or thanks. As he went back to his engines I caught him by the sleeve and remonstrated with him for allowing her to stay longer down there. "She's all right," he said gruffly. "She's helping. But ——" he paused a moment considerately and went on, "But if she dies, call me."

A moment later Miss Halsey came over to me and said: "What did he say?"

"He said for me to call him if you—if you were taken ill," I told her.

Her eyes shone and I saw the gentleness of her profile as she turned away. I thought I heard her say, "God help the man's sweetheart!" but I wasn't sure.

I can't tell you what was doing on deck all this while except as I heard about it afterward. It seems that McLean finally acquiesced in the manœuver so mutinously forced on him by Rush, and took the wheel himself. In fact, he straightened the Princess out just in time to avoid running down the schooner. The mate told me they looked down on her decks and saw white faces staring up at them through the darkness, the faces of her dead crew. Then McLean fell over, choking, and died, with one foot caught in the grating on which he had been standing.

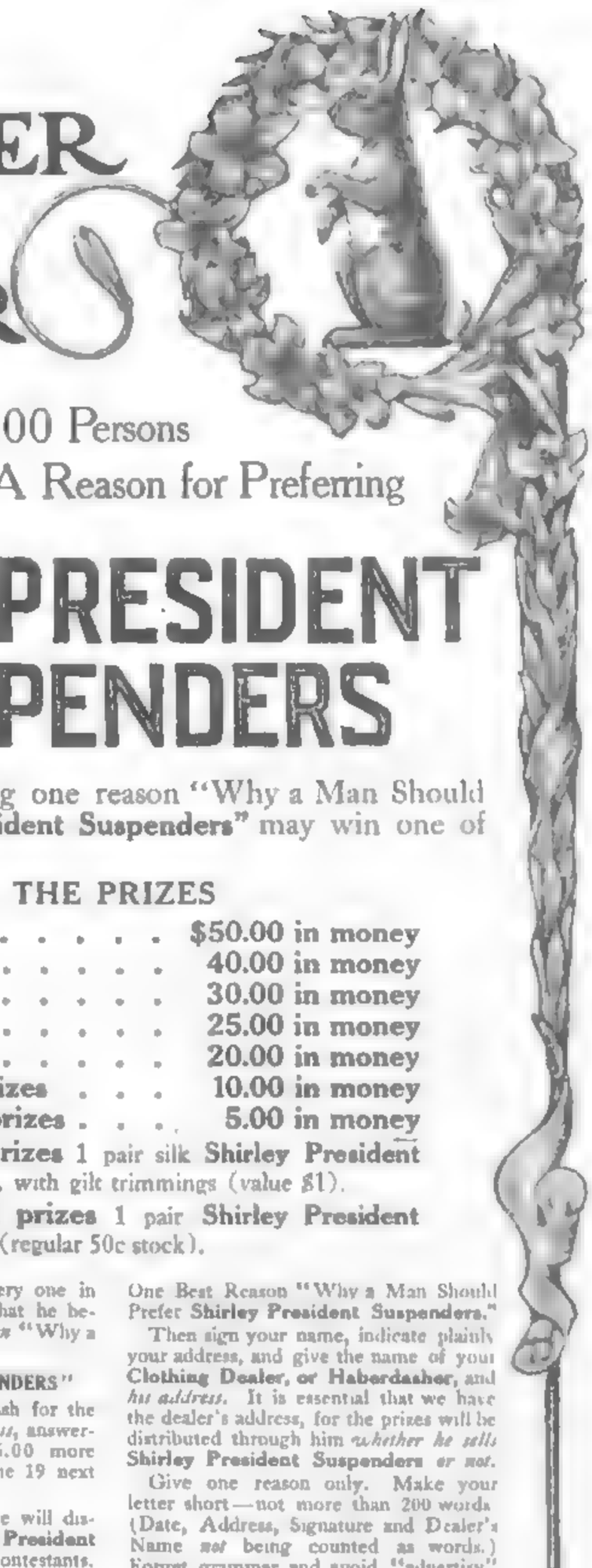
Down in the fireroom we knew nothing of the dawn. Miss Halsey was still standing among us, still vigilant, though scorched, grimy, her eyes circled by great rings of soot. The steam gauges registered fifty pounds—the best we could do. The clock marked six o'clock when Rush looked in on us, gave a hand on the chain that raised the heavy draft-shutters, stood a moment silently staring at the girl and was going out again. Suddenly we heard cries on deck, the sound of them floating down to us through the lofty gratings. Miss Halsey dropped her revolver, for the cries were of joy, of relief, and down through the ventilators came a faint, delicious draft of air, bearing the scent of the fresh, open sea, of leagues of frothing waves, the sharp odor of pure winds. Rush smiled. "It's all right now. The breeze is freshening." He picked up the revolver and dismissed Miss Halsey and myself with a curt "That will do for you two."

Two hours later the Princess Eugenia was once more trim and in such order as the crew and volunteers from the passengers could put her. The captain had been buried and the chief officer was in command. The steward made his little force do double duty and under a fresh, blowy sky we were pursuing our feeble way down to port under what steam we could keep in the boilers.

Among the first to revive and resume an interest in daily life was Mary Russell. She dried her tears and came down to luncheon. On her way she passed Rush, grimy as ever, white with exhaustion under the soot, clad in filthy rags of uniform, altogether a dull sight and a reminder that the ship had suffered. She stopped to speak to him. "Why don't you clean up?" she demanded, with a frown. Rush stared and laughed, but he didn't answer; merely turned back to his engines.

Close behind Miss Russell Edith Halsey entered the saloon. She was freshly gowned, trim, serene. Telltale blisters on her slim hands, scorched flush on her cheeks, curled eyelashes, crisped hair alone told her experience. And when she came in all the men looked up and smiled and called out greetings, openly recognizing that what she had done for them all was known and priced at its high value. She responded quietly, her great dark eyes fixed on the distance in a profound and inscrutable expression of sorrow, of some

OUR EASTER PRIZE OFFER



A Prize for 100 Persons
Who Write A Reason for Preferring

SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

Your letter, giving one reason "Why a Man Should Prefer **Shirley President Suspenders**" may win one of the 100 Prizes.

THE PRIZES

1st prize	**$50.00 in money**
2d prize	**40.00 in money**
3d prize	**30.00 in money**
4th prize	**25.00 in money**
5th prize	**20.00 in money**
6th to 10th prizes . . .	**10.00 in money**
11th to 20th prizes . . .	**5.00 in money**
21st to 50th prizes 1 pair silk **Shirley President Suspenders,** with gilt trimmings (value $1).	
51st to 100th prizes 1 pair **Shirley President Suspenders** (regular 50c stock).	

We want a letter from every one in every walk of life telling what he believes to be the *one best reason* "Why a Man Should Prefer—

SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS"

We will pay $50.00 in Cash for the Best Letter of 200 words *or less*, answering this query. And $215.00 more will be apportioned among the 19 next closest competitors.

Besides these cash prizes, we will distribute 80 pairs of **Shirley President Suspenders** to 80 other contestants.

This contest is wide open to any one, anywhere. There is no fee, no condition, no obligation. Simply state on one side of your paper what you consider the One Best Reason "Why a Man Should Prefer **Shirley President Suspenders.**"

Then sign your name, indicate plainly your address, and give the name of your **Clothing Dealer, or Haberdasher,** and *his address.* It is essential that we have the dealer's address, for the prizes will be distributed through him *whether he sells* **Shirley President Suspenders** *or not.*

Give one reason only. Make your letter short—not more than 200 words. (Date, Address, Signature and Dealer's Name *not* being counted as words.) Forget grammar and avoid "advertisy" adjectives. What we want is a simple expression of your reason for preferring **Shirley President Suspenders** to all other kinds.

CONTEST CLOSES APRIL 15th

and all letters postmarked after midnight of the 15th will be disqualified. Watch our advertisements closely after that date. P. F. Collier & Son and The Frank A. Munsey Company will each furnish an expert to assist Mr. C. F. Edgarton, of The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co., in selecting the Best Letters. The names of the winners will be announced and prizes awarded about May 10th.

There are plenty of Reasons for preferring Shirley President Suspenders, but which particular feature appeals to you—and why? Tell us in a Contest Letter

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.
SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS
1717 Main St., Shirley, Mass.

Manning-Bowman ALCOHOL Gas Stoves

The Alcolite Wick-Feed Burner burns denatured alcohol

MANNING-BOWMAN Alcohol Gas Stoves can be used interchangeably with Chafing Dish or Coffee Pot Style Percolator and, in addition, will take any cooking utensil and cook as complete a meal as can be done on a kitchen range. These stoves are supplied with Manning-Bowman Chafing Dishes or may be bought separately.

All dealers have them and the Manning-Bowman Quality Coffee Percolators, Chafing Dishes, "Eclipse" Bread Mixer, etc.

Write for free Book of Recipes and Catalog "C-22"

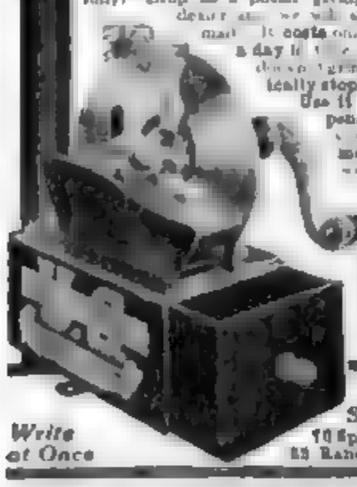
MANNING, BOWMAN & CO.
Meriden, Conn.

No. 84 Stove used with No. 345 Chafing Dish.

Pointers On Pencil Economy

The "U. S." Automatic Pencil Sharpener

Is one of the best Practical Pointers Ever Produced—Try It for 10 Days At Our Expense. Our Free Book explains fully. Drop us a postal giving us the name of your dealer and we will send you one by return mail. It costs only 1c a day, saves 10c a day in time, dirt and pencil waste. It does its work perfectly and automatically stops when pencil is sharp. Use it for 10 days at our expense—test it in every possible way, make the machine prove itself a necessity to you. Then if you are not entirely satisfied after that, return it and the trial does not cost you a cent. Accept this offer today. You need it every day. It is one of the best practical pencil sharpeners made.



Automatic Pencil Sharpener Co., (Inc.)
70 Spring St., New York City
83 Randolph St. Chicago Ill.

Write at Once

Velvet

THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

An unrivaled pipe tobacco

In a metal box, 10c

At all dealers

Spaulding & Merrick
Chicago, Ill.

100 ENGRAVED WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS $7.00

Highest quality, including inside and outside envelopes. Express prepaid. Samples of die stamped stationery and engraved visiting or reception cards, etc., on request.

THE CHAS. E. ELLIOTT CO., 1636 Lehigh Avenue, Philada.

sort of suffering. She ate sparingly and was soon away.

Luncheon over—I was master of ceremonies at that meal—we left the saloon for the deck, climbing up the big stairways with jests and laughter. But as we emerged on deck we came fairly upon Rush and Miss Halsey. He stood on both feet, in his filth and grime, leaning against nothing, his hands clasping nothing, like a man ready to fight. Before him the girl stood, looking at him with her full, intense gaze. A little apart Mary Russell crouched in a chair, her chin in her hand and her scared eyes fixed on them both.

"I don't care how dirty you are," Miss Halsey was saying slowly. "I know what you've done and I want to be fair to you. While the rest of us are enjoying ourselves you are still at work seeing to it that we get to our destination. But while I respect you for that, I wish you to understand distinctly that your attentions and your presumption are distasteful, Mr. Rush."

"But you were anxious enough to share my watch with me," he returned, in apparent perplexity.

"I thought I ought to do my part," she replied, biting her lip. "And you told me that you would save the ship if I would help you. I'll admit," she went on hastily, "that you meant to offer me your affection and that I allowed you to think that I might accept it. But I did it—I did it to save us all!"

"I see," he said. "As long as you were afraid for your own pretty life, you hunted up the only man on the ship that you thought could save it for you, the only man with wit and nerve to go ahead and pull the ship through. And when he's done it, you turn up your nose and confess that you led him on just to save yourself. Now, Miss Halsey, I want you to understand that I usually get what I want. I ain't afraid, either, as you know."

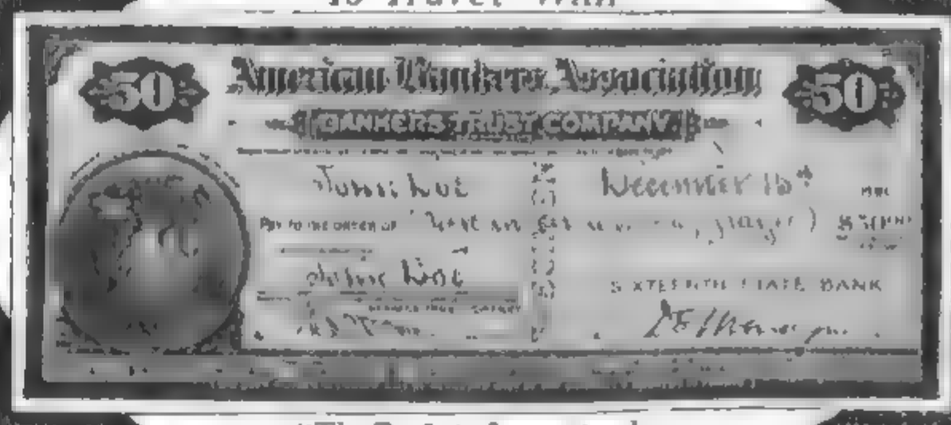
She waved us back with an almost imperceptible gesture. "I didn't intend to say what I'm going to say now," she answered bravely enough. "You are a coward. You are a murderer and a thief and a liar. Because you are in a position of authority, and because your passions have rein over your subordinates, you play the man. You have killed. You have lied. You have even made me offer myself as the price of your saving the ship, the great price, Mr. Rush, of becoming your wife. But I know that you are a coward. If you were a stoker like the poor fellow you shot, you would have been sniveling on the deck, cursing your officers, afraid for your poor, worthless life. Being the chief engineer you have done your duty, no more than your duty, because it gave you a chance, you thought, to buy a woman, and allow your cruelty and your lying to have some little glory all of their own. Oh!" she cried out softly, "to think that you are such a coward!"

The man's sooty face became almost chalk-white. He drew back a step, curling his lip like an angry dog. All his arrogance had changed into rage. "I'll show you who's the coward," he said violently. "I'll show you, my fair lady, just ——"

Some one should long before have closed the rascal's mouth; but we were still under the spell of his arrogance, you understand. We hadn't forgot the brilliancy of his achievement. It remained for Edith Halsey's father, red-faced, breathing heavily, to push forward and strike him full in the mouth. "Get back to your machinery!" he roared at him. "If you dare to address another word to my daughter I'll kill you!"

The fellow's temporary ascendency over us vanished like a soap bubble. He didn't even try to reply, but slunk off, muttering to himself, craven, shaking with impotent rage, all the structure of his insolence and his bravado crumbled about his shoulders by old man Halsey's clean wrath. Really, you see, spite of his doing a big thing, the man was a bad egg. So, having done that thing, he was thrust back from the company of his betters, once more a known scoundrel, infamous, mean, contemptible. Yet Providence, juster than men, rewarded him with the affection of Mary Russell. She married him in Auckland. To start her off in her new life happily the passengers presented her with a splendidly-engrossed memorial, stating in fine words that Edward Rush was a hero and had saved life on the high seas. Among the first signatures was that of Edith Halsey, who thus proudly abjured her great share in the good works of a thoroughly bad egg.

THE Cheque To Travel With



"The Perfect International Exchange"

TRAVELERS' CHEQUES of the AMERICAN BANKERS' ASSOCIATION

THIS cheque, eagerly welcomed at its advent by the traveling public, is now cashed by thousands daily throughout the world. Among the many *good reasons* for this immediate, increasing success are:

The *banking prestige* of the cheque.
Its *universal availability*, due to the support of the Bankers of the World.
Its *safety* and *convenience*, as compared with money.
Its *self-identifying features*, making it superior to any draft.
Its *unfluctuating value* in the moneys of the leading countries of the world.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET FULLY DESCRIBING THE SYSTEM

BUY THEM FROM YOUR OWN BANKER
OR IF MORE CONVENIENT APPLY TO
BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, 7 WALL ST., NEW YORK CITY

Cookies, Ginger Cakes and Jumbles—are *so much* better made with Karo.

Karo is a pure and wholesome syrup that blends naturally with other foods. It makes the best sweetening for sauces, pies and puddings.

Karo
CORN SYRUP

Eat Lots On	Use it for
Griddle Cakes	Ginger-Bread
Hot Biscuit	Cookies
Waffles	Candy

★Send your name on a post card for Karo Cook Book—fifty pages *including* thirty *perfect* recipes for home candy-making.

Corn Products Refining Co.
Dept. B
P. O. Box 161 New York

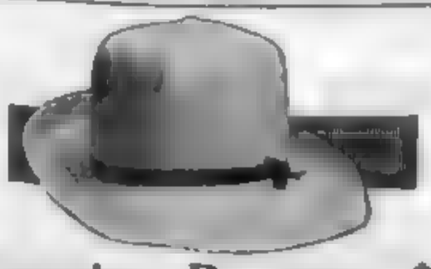
Pens that Write Right

Perfect penmanship—fine hair lines and even shading—is only possible when the pen is perfect. The smoothly rounded points, even temper, correct form and great elasticity of

Spencerian Steel Pens

make every man's "hand" a genuine. A test will prove right for every kind of writing. A sample card of 12 different kinds sent free for 6 cents postage.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.,
349 Broadway, New York.



Genuine Panama $4

Light, cool, dressy, closely woven, adaptable to all shapes, with neat sweat band and soft leather sweat band, a genuine $10.00 value, South American Panama, sent express prepaid for $4.00. We import direct through Galveston from South America and save you two profits. Order today, state size. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address Houston Hat Co., "Panama Hat Kings," Houston, Texas

Sincerity Clothes

Bear wear while others wear bare. Most manufacturers must learn that their customers won't last if their clothes don't. It's hard to patch up a pair of trousers with an explanation and harder still to earn a second sale with an apology for the first.

The reason for Sincerity Clothes was the need for sincerity *in* clothes.

We probably hand-tailor and London Shrink more parts of every garment than any makers in the country, so that Sincerity grace and fit—at collar, lapel, shoulder and breast—is more than appearance deep, more than pressing-iron deep.

It has taken us thirty years to learn our skill. Integrity is a slow growth but a hard wood. It means a lot to realize that every wearer of Sincerity Clothes is commending them to someone else—that fathers are handing down their own satisfactory experience to their sons.

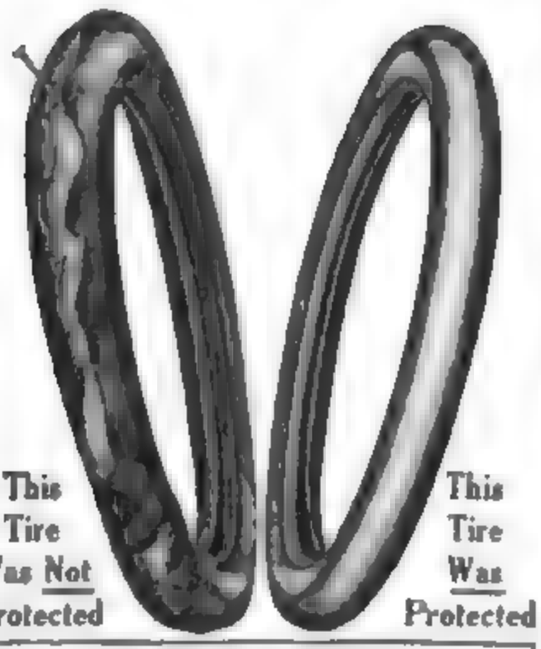
If you haven't worn Sincerity Clothes, won't you grant us the courtesy of trying your first suit this spring? Next year 'twill be still in tip-top shape—ready to do a season's full service as second best.

Write for our Style Book. *Free*—but worth a great deal more. Filled with pictures of clothes for any man of every age. Models full of youth and snap and swing without vulgarity. We are tailors *only* to gentlemen.

Your Easter Suit is waiting for you at a Sincerity Store in almost any town in America. As a rule, it's the best store, because Sincerity Clothes are the best clothes—best, but not highest priced. Splendidly good values—with our guarantee behind them and long wear ahead.

$18 to $35 at retail

KUH, NATHAN & FISCHER CO - MAKERS - CHICAGO



This Tire Was Not Protected

This Tire Was Protected

The Difference in Tire Conditions

On the left we show a naked tire that ran 5,000 miles with the usual result. It is full of gashes and holes and has been punctured a number of times.

On the right is a tire which ran 5,000 miles upon which was placed a Standard Tire Protector. Result? Just as good as new. **No punctures—no blowouts.** The ideal condition for motorists.

Standard Tire Protectors

make these conditions possible. The Protector placed between tire and tube becomes a cushion of thousands of tiny air-cells. We have published a booklet telling all about it, which explains in detail how it does its work. Write for a copy today. A postal will bring you the booklet.

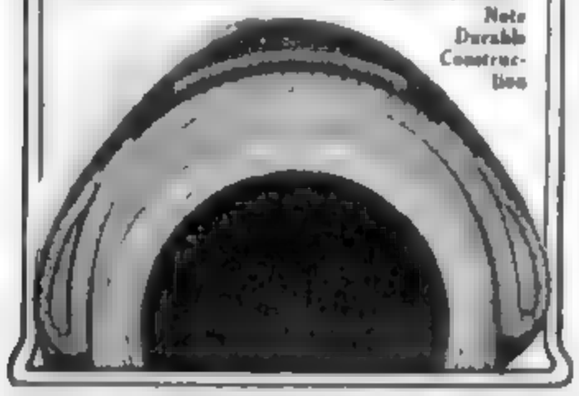
Standard Tire Protectors complete your motoring pleasures. They enable you to travel roads of any description. Sand, water or foreign matter cannot work in. They also save the tread and the life of the tire and are sold fully guaranteed to do the work intended. There are no metal fastenings. Set firmly in casing. Made for any size tire or wheel.

They are scientific puncture protection. The booklet gives full explanation. We guarantee every statement we make. Send for it. Postpaid. Only.

Good dealers wanted in every city. Write for full information.

Standard Tire Protector Co.
800 S. Water St. Saginaw, Mich.

Note Durable Construction



'BOOT BLACKS'
who value their reputation always use

Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

Because they are sure of a

Better Polish Without Injury to the Leather

Finest in Quality Largest in Variety

"Elite" Combination

For gentlemen who take pride in having their shoes look A 1. Restores Color and Lustre to all Black Shoes

Liquid for cleaning and Paste for polishing.

Large, 25 Cents

"Baby Elite" Combination

10 Cents

"Dandy" combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 25c. "Star" size, 10c.

If your dealer does not keep the kind you want send us his address and the price in stamps for a full size package

Whittemore Bros. & Co., 20-26 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.

The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World

Philander Chase's Promotion

(Continued from Page 19)

waited for the attention which these acts were sure to attract.

"Lucy—my dear children—I am in trouble," he began. "The work at the station is more trying than I have ever let you know. Indeed, I don't seem to be equal to it. Something has now gone wrong. Yesterday Edwardy was sent to check up the accounts, secretly, in my absence. He worked from ten o'clock last night until ten this morning."

He paused a moment and contemplated the breathless circle with misery in his eyes, while his throat twitched.

"He isn't through yet, but he has already discovered a shortage of over nineteen hundred dollars. I shall have to pay it or go to jail."

The blanched, frozen faces of his daughters, the low cry of pain which escaped his wife's lips, tore Philander Chase's heart as it had never been torn before. But he quietly rose, kissed them each good-bye, put on his hat and set off for the office.

"And to think how we've been complaining about this house!" exclaimed the mother, tragically, to her brood.

For the better part of the next three days Philander sat in a hard, wood-bottomed chair, near the center of his office, with his hands folded in his lap. Occasionally he answered a question of Edwardy's as to the whereabouts of certain documents; but it was not considered official etiquette, in an investigation of this kind, for an agent to handle any papers himself. He might be tempted to make away with some of them! So, for the most part, Philander gazed out of the sooty windows, across seven layers of track, to where his vision was brought up short by a row of blackened, ramshackle houses, *sans* paint, *sans* curtains, and almost *sans* window-lights.

It was a scene very different from the oatfield at Sparta, with the beautiful elm marking its farther boundary. The difference between the two scenes somehow symbolized the change which had taken place in Philander's fortunes. He had not spent a happy hour in Milledgeville. Outside of his own family, he had not enjoyed fifteen minutes of social intercourse. His health had failed him, and now had come this black tragedy.

Clerks moved to and fro with unwonted quiet, some of them ostentatiously avoiding any appearance of curiosity, others stealing a glance at him out of the tails of their eyes. One man, a billing clerk, stared him impudently in the face each time he passed. But whether they looked or did not look made no difference to Chase. He was scarcely aware of their presence. He was obsessed by a peculiar sense of remoteness, such as might have been laid upon him by a powerful narcotic. He was little concerned with the activities about him. He had never learned to like the room; it had always been a foreign, repugnant quarter to him; and as he sat in a sunken posture, occasionally scanning his fingernails with dull eyes, he could almost believe himself a stranger.

On the second day he had discovered, in a murky, cobwebby corner, a wrinkled, time-stained lithograph advertising a farm-implement company. In the foreground stood a big red threshing-machine and its engine, surrounded by a busy crew. Spick-and-span teams were hauling up the sheafed wheat from one side and hauling away the sacked grain on the other. In the background rose a neat farmhouse, a windmill, a spacious barn and other outbuildings. A flock of pigeons circled gracefully about. A group of cows stood at the barnyard bars, pigs rooted in a fence corner, chickens and turkeys foraged in the stubble.

Chase studied this picture by the hour. No masterpiece of pictorial art could have more completely enthralled him. It made him think of his boyhood home. He could smell the chaff floating in the air; he could hear the shouts of the men, the neighing of the horses, even the crooning of the contented hens. He could imagine the hot stove in the kitchen, bubbling and simmering with all manner of good things to eat, and his fingers ached to get at the teats of the heavy-uddered cows.

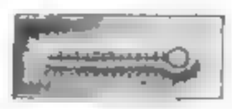
"The farm—the farm!" he murmured often to himself. "The farm is the place for me! I should never have left it!"

THE Halle

Made in Two Heights: Halley 2⅛ in. : Comet 2⅜ in.
It's a Silver Brand Creation, and The Smartest of 1910 Spring Styles.
"The Style can be copied—but not the Buttonholes," in

Silver BRAND

Collars Two for 25c. Quarter Sizes



Linocord Endless Eyelet Buttonholes

are easy-to-button and unbutton and *they don't tear out.* They make permanent the original fit, style, and size of your collars. They save temper and finger nails. Linocord Endless Eyelet Buttonholes are only in Silver Brand Collars.

Send for "WHAT'S WHAT." The dicta of the foremost fashion authorities with reference to every item of men's apparel. Fully illustrated. Invaluable for reference. Yours for the asking.

GEO. P. IDE & CO., 496 River St., Troy, N. Y.

$1.00 DOWN

BURROWES BILLIARD & POOL TABLE

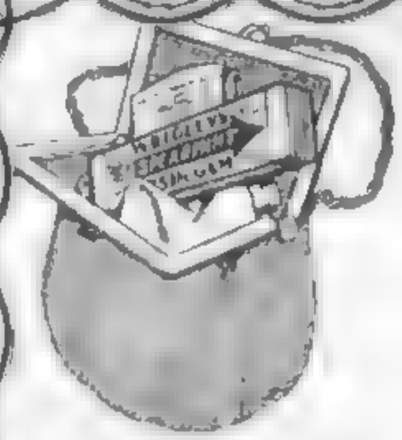
$1 Down puts into your home any Table worth from $6 to $15. $2 a month pays balance. Higher priced Tables on correspondingly easy terms. We supply all cues, balls, &c., free.

BECOME AN EXPERT AT HOME

The BURROWES HOME BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE is a scientifically built Combination Table, adapted for the most expert play. It may be set on your dining-room or library table, or mounted on legs or stand. When not in use it may be set aside out of the way.

NO RED TAPE On receipt of first instalment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and we will refund money. Write today for catalog.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO. 825 CENTER STREET, PORTLAND, MAINE.



Upstairs, downstairs, and in my lady's handbag!

Refreshing breath perfume
Wonderful teeth cleaner
A delicious confection
A soothing occupation

The gum "good all through" is an ideal traveling companion.

Look for the spear

The flavor lasts

The name Patterson on a hammock or hammock-couch is assurance of strength and satisfaction. Patterson products are guaranteed both to the dealer and the consumer. That is why we say—

If it's made by

Patterson

you take no chances

The Patterson Hammock-Couch is a stationary couch—you can't move it. Mattress has vegetable center. Patterson couches are complete outdoors. Backs are adjusted. Valance can be of light cotton back test or white duck. Most dealers handle Patterson Couch-Hammocks and Hammock-Couches. If yours does not, write us and we will see that you are supplied—but do not take a substitute.

Write for Illustrated book "Hammock Comfort"

Patterson Mfg. Co. Indiana Ave. and A St. Philadelphia

New York Office and Salesrooms, 38 W. Union Square

Makers of Guaranteed Hammocks since 1847

Every *genuine* Chocolate Bud has the name WILBUR stamped on its base.

—a taste that is never forgotten; a quality that is the despair of the imitator; a popularity that is unknown to any other form of chocolate.

At dealers, or we will send a pound box for $1. ½-lb. box for your dealer's name and 50c.

H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Inc.

222 Bread Street Philadelphia

Made in three sizes. Small size has only two prongs. Send diameter of chair leg.

Just drive into leg of chair.

THE "HERON" Wool Chair Tip

"Can't Make a Scratch"

For use on chairs wherever there are bare floors. Prevents marring of the floor and is absolutely noiseless. Cannot split chair leg. Will last as long as the chair. On sale at your dealer, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Write for free booklet of chair tips and wool casters.

Agents Wanted. Set of four 25c.

HERON MANUFACTURING CO.

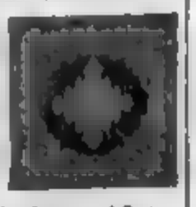
Dept. A UTICA, N. Y.

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.50

Sent to your home by express prepaid

Sizes and Prices	
6 x 6 ft.	$3 50
6 x 7½ ft.	4 00
6 x 9 ft.	4 50
6 x 10½ ft.	5 00
6 x 12 ft.	5 50
6 x 15 ft.	6.50

Beautiful and attractive patterns. Made in all colors. Easily kept clean and warranted to wear. Woven in one piece. Reversible and seamless. Sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory.



New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors, sent free.

ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 534 Bourse Bldg., Philadelphia

Making good his shortage, which had now reached the sum of twenty-three hundred dollars, would practically strip him of the savings of his life. A dishonorable discharge would end his railroad career, for he would be a marked man, in railroad circles, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Apparently the only thing in sight for him was to go to work on his father's farm. This would amount to taking up life again where he had left it off on that bright October day, over a quarter of a century before, to set out for the school of telegraphy. It was not strange that his lips stiffened and twisted in what would have been an agonized sob had he not set his teeth and gripped the arms of his chair.

On the afternoon of the third day of his torture Philander, withdrawing his eyes from his fascinating picture for a season to peer out of the window, became conscious of a policeman's helmet passing back and forth at regular intervals. At first the sight made no impression upon him, but as the helmet continued monotonously to appear and disappear it began to wear upon his nerves. Suddenly a thought occurred to him and he began to shake as with a chill. He called sharply to Edwardy who sat on the opposite side of the room, with his back toward him.

"Bend down!" whispered Philander. "Fred, I'm no thief!"

"Certainly you are no thief," answered Edwardy gently. "Everybody on the division knows that."

"Then why is that policeman out there?"

Edwardy glanced out of the window, and after a moment said softly: "Because there is a thief here. That's the man," inclining his head toward the bookkeeper. "I have run him to his hole. I need him a little longer, to help in checking, and then it will be my painful duty to turn him over to that officer. I would have told you before, but I wanted to make absolutely sure, so as to raise no false hopes. You'll come out of this scrape with a clean record, Phil, and you won't have to make up a cent of the deficit."

Philander gazed pityingly at the little black-haired, blue-eyed man, the one man on the force who had been really good to him.

"It's hard to believe he is a thief, Fred. He will go to the penitentiary, I suppose. What will they do with me?"

"I don't know, Phil. There'll be some change, I fancy. But keep a stiff upper lip. I'll help you all I can. I shall wire a report tonight."

The next day there came a message to Philander, from McNeely, division superintendent: "You are hereby relieved of the Milledgeville agency and restored to the agency at Sparta. Effective at twelve o'clock noon tomorrow."

Chase's heart gave a great bound. He walked to the telephone, called up the Western Union, and dictated a message to Charlie Kirk, of Sparta: "Withdraw all my property from sale. Am coming back to Sparta." Then he sat down in a chair and swooned away.

When he showed McNeely's message to Lucy that night she exclaimed fervently: "Thank God! I hope never to see this town again. But if ever I am inclined to complain of my lot I shall say to myself, 'Milledgeville!'"

The homesick girls clapped their hands over the news; but in the privacy of their room Philander observed to his wife:

"I go back as a failure, Lucy."

"Yes," she answered. "A failure as agent at Milledgeville. Nothing more."

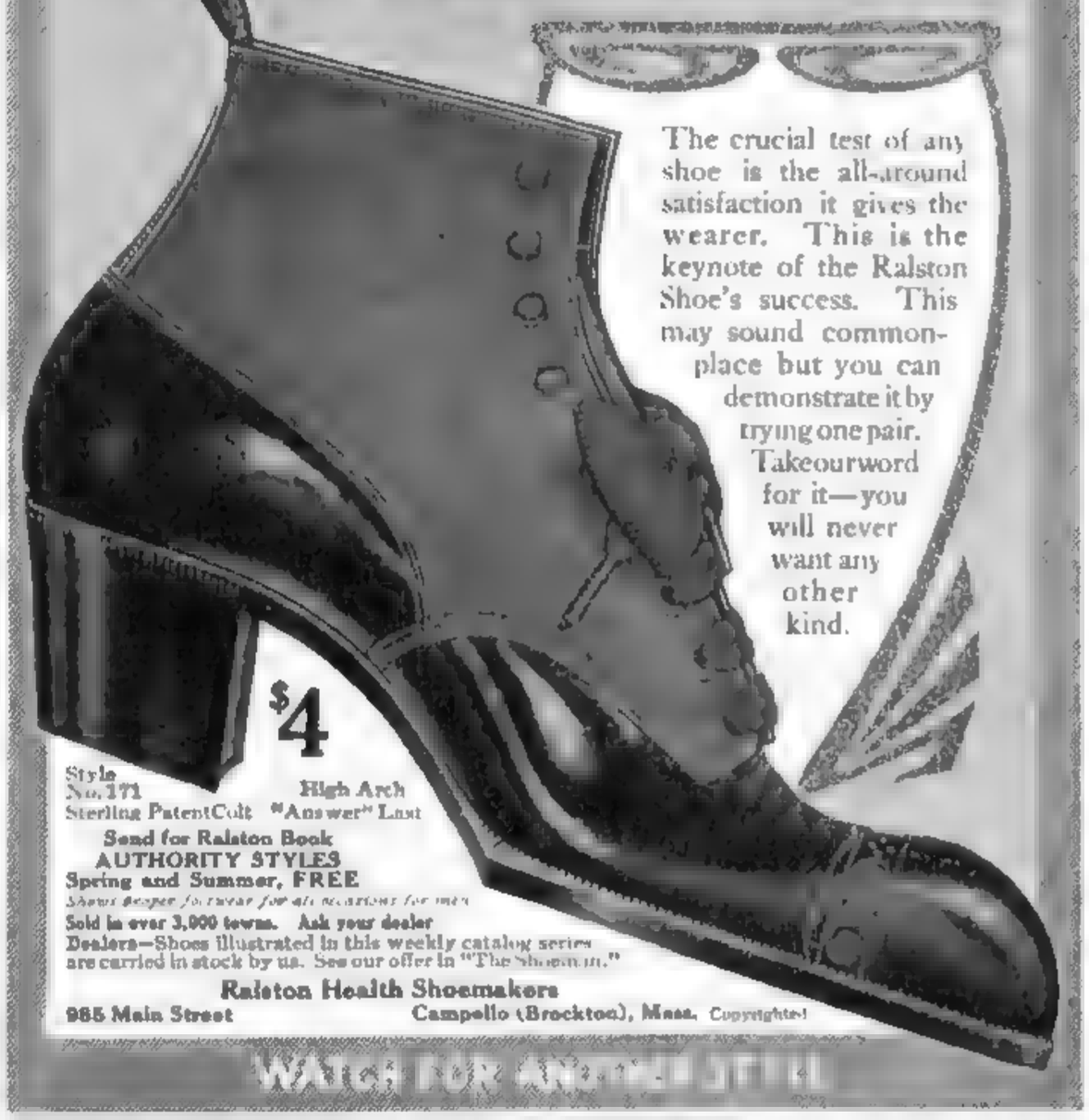
The words braced Philander. Almost the first man he met, on his return to Sparta, was Edward Felton, president of the First National Bank, a man whose good opinion Philander valued, perhaps, above that of any of his friends. Yet, when the banker tactfully asked if he had not liked Milledgeville, Chase replied:

"I didn't like it. But that isn't the reason I'm back here. Milledgeville didn't like me. In other words, I wasn't the right-shaped peg for that hole. I rattled around too much."

As he leaned over his garden fence that same afternoon, with the mild April sun warming the back of his neck, and contemplated the first pale shoots emerging from the black mould, he said, half aloud:

"I reckon I'm one of the world's small potatoes. And being small is the principal reason, I presume, why I am now not crying my eyes out. But I'm the size God made me, so He must have use for such a size somewhere. This is apparently the place."

RALSTON WEEKLY CATALOG



The crucial test of any shoe is the all-around satisfaction it gives the wearer. This is the keynote of the Ralston Shoe's success. This may sound commonplace but you can demonstrate it by trying one pair. Take our word for it—you will never want any other kind.

$4

Style No. 171 High Arch
Sterling Patent Colt "Answer" Last

Send for Ralston Book
AUTHORITY STYLES
Spring and Summer, FREE
Shows footwear for correct dress for all occasions for men

Sold in over 3,000 towns. Ask your dealer
Dealers—Shoes illustrated in this weekly catalog series are carried in stock by us. See our offer in "The Shoeman."

Ralston Health Shoemakers
985 Main Street Campello (Brockton), Mass. Copyrighted

WAITE FOR ANOTHER ISSUE

'Iron Clad'

Silky finish *clear through!*

The beautiful lustre of Iron Clad No. 188 is not a *surface* finish—it's *in* the yarn. Washing after washing does not change it—it stays *silky* as long as you wear it

This sock gives you, at the *price you want to pay*, the soft, silky *feeling*, the handsome appearance and the elastic clinging fit of *pure silk* hose.

In twelve beautiful colors: Heliotrope, Corn, Light Tan, Black, London Smoke, Hunter Green, New Tan, Dark Tan, Oxblood, Dark Blue, Copenhagen Blue, Dark Grey.

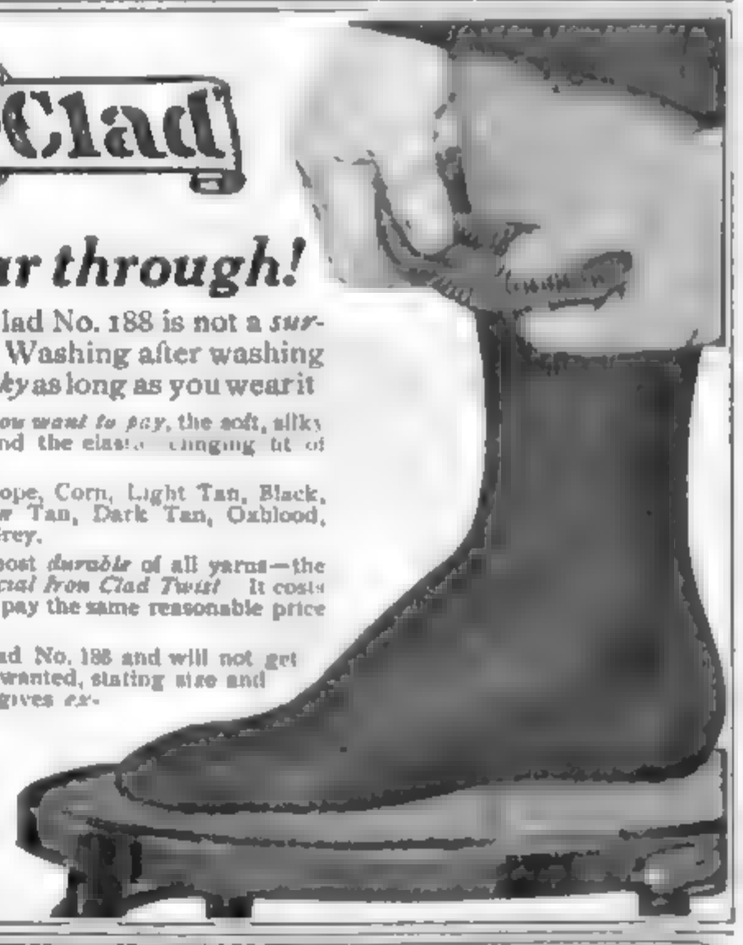
Iron Clad No. 188 is made of the most *durable* of all yarns—the genuine long staple Sea Island, in *special Iron Clad Twist*. It costs us 15% more than last season, but you pay the same reasonable price—only 25c the pair.

If your dealer doesn't keep Iron Clad No. 188 and will not get it for you, send us 25c for each pair wanted, stating size and colors. *You'll* agree that this sock gives *exceptional* all 'round value.

Our beautiful booklet is illustrated in natural colors. Write for free copy

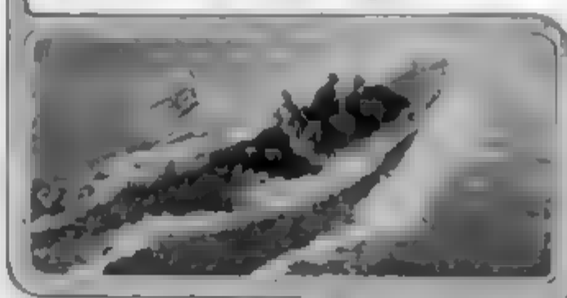
Cooper, Wells & Co.

212 Vine St., St. Joseph, Mich.



MULLINS STEEL BOATS *Are Safest And Fastest*

They keep afloat in the heaviest weather because the hull is made of pressed plates with air compartments like a lifeboat. They keep ahead of all other boats of equal horse-power, because the smooth steel hull offers little resistance to the water, and they are equipped with the new MULLINS ENGINE that is absolutely reliable under all conditions. Can't back-fire; will not stall at any speed. Starts and runs like an automobile engine.



Write for Our Free Catalog

which describes our seven unequalled models and their exclusive improvements, such as One-Man Control, Silent Underwater Exhaust, Inside Stuffing Box, Rear Starting Device, Improved Reversing Gear, Outside Gasoline Intake, etc. We manufacture a complete line of Steel Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats, Marine Engines.

THE W. H. MULLINS CO.

120 Franklin Street Salem, Ohio, U. S. A.

The Largest Boat Builders in the World

POSTAGE STAMP LESSONS

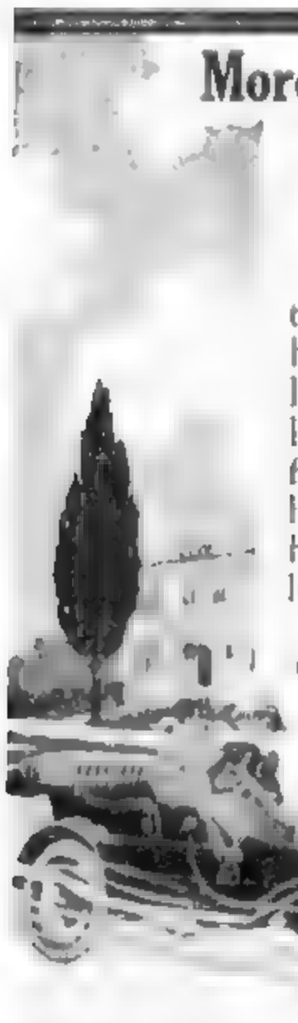
A new Incentive for everybody to collect postage stamps. Write now for a Free Sample Stamp Lesson.

NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO., Washington Bldg., Boston, Mass.

PATENTS THAT PAY Get Protect Your Ideas

Book [illegible] Patents in Patents—What and How to Invent" and 64 page Guide Book. Free report as to Patentability.

E. G. SIGGERS, Patent Lawyer, 856 F, Washington, D. C.



More Motor Fun Less Motor Trouble

Unless you want to be last up the hill, think about lubrication. Unless you enjoy financing the reboring of cylinder heads, think about lubrication again.

There are a lot of things about lubricating oil you may not know.

HAVOLINE OIL

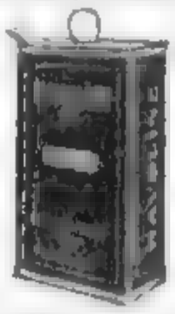
without claiming perfection or miracles, is better than ordinary lubricating oil, for the very simple reason that it has been rendered freer from carbon by *our process* of filtration.

That may sound like an unimportant distinction to *you*—but your engine will understand.

"It Makes a Difference"

1, 5 and 10 gal. cans, barrels, and ½ barrels at auto supply shops, garages or direct from any of our offices.

Send for booklet on "The Common Sense of Automobile Lubrication."



HAVOLINE OIL CO.
80 Broad St., and 1908 Broadway
NEW YORK
CHICAGO, BOSTON,
ST. LOUIS, SAN FRANCISCO.

The Ball Sticks

Catchers who KNOW the good from the bad, Mitt prefer it because of its excellent workmanship finequalityofleather, patent lacing and large, natural, deep

Ball-Holding Pocket

The Goldsmith Official League Ball No. 97 is adopted by many leagues Price $2.25. Fully Guaranteed.

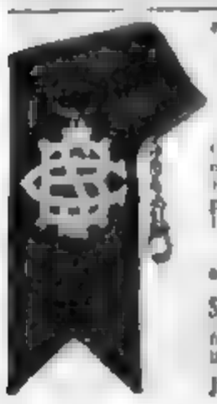
Bats,	5c to $ 1.25	Fielder Gloves,	25c to $ 5.00
Base Ball Uniforms,	$1.75 to 15.00	Catcher Mitts,	25c to 7.00
Baseball Mitts,	1.00 to 4.00	Base Ball Suits,	10c to 1.00

Write for free Uniform Catalog. Goldsmith guarantees perfect goods, or a new article in case of any defect

SCORE CARDS **FREE** also our handsome Base Ball Catalog, for name of your dealer using Base Ball Goods. Ask him for the Goldsmith line mentioned and if he can't supply you, write us and we will send goods direct, prepaid (except bats), on receipt of catalog price.

Write P. GOLDSMITH'S SONS,
211 W. Pearl Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

Goldsmith



The "Boston" Fob

Direct to you from the manufacturer and worth three times what we ask.

[illegible] cut from one solid piece of heavy stock, [illegible] on best [illegible]

Complete with swivel attachment **Only $1.00**

Sent Prepaid and orders filled with most [illegible]. Your money [illegible] short. Write today for 1910 catalog. We want live and reliable agents to write for terms

J. C. Johnston & Co., Sudbury Bldg., Boston, Mass.

What is There in it for Me?

(Concluded from Page 4)

he would run. He has stated unequivocally, on several public occasions, and often privately, that there are no circumstances that will impel him to take another nomination. There have been no ifs and ands about it. He has said he will not run, and he must be taken at his word.

It is easy enough to see how a situation might arise that would make it imperative for the Governor to announce he will run from the viewpoint of the leaders of the party in the state. That viewpoint and the viewpoint of the Governor might never coincide. Like as not the two views never will coincide. Still, of all the men spoken of, so far, as probable candidates for Governor on the Republican ticket next fall, the only one who would have a ghost of a show of winning is Hughes. The people have faith in him.

The plan of finding a good, honest, big business man, not identified with politics, and putting him up, sounds well at this early date, but it will be reasonably hard to find the man and harder to put him up. It would be fine for the leaders, but very depressing to the good, honest, big business man not identified with politics. If any of the men associated with the machine or Albany is nominated the slaughter will be frightful, even if nothing more is disclosed than is now in sight. Once the people of New York State, or any other state, find out about a thing, they rebuke that thing at the polls if it isn't to their liking.

Meantime, Hughes, who has never been popular with the machine leaders in New York, is in absolute control of the situation. The machine leaders know they are in his hands. They resent it, but they dare not protest. They are tamed, subdued, frightened, willing to do anything to be helped out. As a political prophecy, let me put it down here that Governor Hughes will not have the slightest trouble with the machine bosses, the party leaders in the legislature, or anybody else in the Republican party over the laws he wants passed, or whatever else he desires to do this year.

The Possibilities of Hearst

Looking at it Republicanwise, there is a silver lining to the cloud that covers the party black as the pit from pole to pole. That is the dissension in the Democratic party. Trust the Democratic party to get into a wrangle, to engineer a split, to divide and get to calling names at the moment when union would mean success.

The particular fuss that is in progress as this is written is the attempt to oust William J. Conners, of Buffalo, as chairman of the Democratic State Committee, fostered by an organization of Democrats who desire to see the party return to power through the elimination of some of the men who govern it now. Whatever happens, there is bound to be some kind of a split, maybe a big one, maybe a little one, but a split. Things have gone too far for harmony.

The logical candidate for Governor of New York for the Democrats is William R. Hearst. Hearst has proved a lot of strength. His weakness, so far as the state is concerned, is his quarrel with Tammany Hall. If he could get the real support of Tammany Hall there is no doubt he would make a most formidable run for Governor on the Democratic ticket. It is understood that overtures are being made to Leader Murphy with that end in view. Also, it is understood that Conners' party is trying to get in with Hearst.

Coming down to the present the result, thus far, of the investigation at Albany has been salutary. There are plenty of strike bills already introduced, but there will not be much striking done. The chances are that the work of this legislature will be more satisfactory and more in regard with the good and the wishes of the people than for years. The grafting lawmakers are scared. They do not know what the next day may bring forth. As one astute observer of Albany affairs put it: "The atmosphere has cleared. Nobody would ask for or take money in these days. You could leave a bale of thousand-dollar bills on the bar of the Ten Eyck Hotel all day and all night and not one would be touched. The uplift has struck Albany, and there are a lot of people there to be uplifted."

ut in the Union Pacific Country —California

The straight away quick train is

San Francisco

"Overland Limited"

via

Union Pacific-Southern Pacific
"The Safe Road to Travel"

This long established train leaves Chicago every day for the Union Pacific Country—California. It affords the personal comforts you obtain in a metropolitan hotel. Dining car meals and service "Best in the World." The track is ballasted with dustless Sherman gravel and protected by electric block signals.

For literature and information address

E. L. LOMAX, General Passenger Agent
Union Pacific R. R., Omaha, Neb.

Custards, creams, puddings—your home desserts are bound to be right if you use Kingsford's and follow the book.

Kingsford's Corn Starch

has been the stand-by of experienced cooks for generations.

¶ Successful housewives from nearly every state in the Union tell us how they use Kingsford's to improve their cooking. You'll find the recipes in our remarkable little Cook Book "R"—"What a Cook Ought to Know About Corn Starch" with 168 of the best recipes you ever tried.

¶ Mail a post card today. We'll send the book free.

T. KINGSFORD & SON
Oswego, N. Y.
National Starch Co.
Successors

INVISIBLE INK
ALI-BABA POST-CARD SETS

Contains Ten chemically prepared, beautifully designed post cards; one bottle Invisible Ink, one Pen and Holder; all securely packed in neat [illegible] box. Post-paid 25 cents; Sample set 6 cts. Agents wanted quick.

ALI-BABA POST-CARD CO.
Syndicate Trust Bldg. St. Louis

PATENT YOUR IDEAS

$8,500 for one invention. Book, "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents secured for sale at our expense to inventor. Manufacturers, attorneys

Patent Obtained or Fee Returned
CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Att'ys
Est. 10 years. 903 F St., Washington, D. C.

Old English Floor Wax

"The Wax with a Guarantee"

Makes Floors Beautiful

IT can be applied with equal success to either hardwood or pine floors and (if you use "Brightener") once a year is generally sufficient. Old English Floor Wax gives a rich, subdued lustre, and ***lasts*** because it's made ***better*** than ordinary floor wax—has more of the hard (expensive) wax in it. Old English doesn't show scratches or heel marks; never becomes sticky. It is economical and gives the handsomest effect known to **all interior woodwork.** 50c. lb. (1 lb. covers 300 square feet.) Guaranteed to give satisfaction when used as directed, or money refunded.

Send for Free Sample and Floor Book

Please Send

Free Samples and this Book

"Beautiful Floors—their Finish and Care."

It gives you the expert information you need. Tell us what interests you now

- ☐ Finishing New Floors
- ☐ Finishing Old Floors
- ☐ Hardwood Floors
- ☐ Pine Floors
- ☐ Cleaning and Polishing
- ☐ Care Waxed Floors
- ☐ Finishing Dance Floors
- ☐ Kitchen, Pantry and Bathroom Floors
- ☐ Finishing Furniture
- ☐ Interior Woodwork
- ☐ Stopping Cracks
- ☐ Removing Varnish, Etc

SAMPLES OF BOTH
Old English and Brightener
FREE
Use Coupon or post card

Name

Street

City

Dealer's Name

S. E. P. 3-19

To Keep Floors Beautiful and to Make Any Finish Last, Clean Occasionally with a Little

Brightener—easy as dusting; just moisten a cloth and go over the floor—this cleans it. Follow with clean soft cloth and the floor becomes polished and bright as new. In fact, Brightener ***does renew*** the finish—of either wax, varnish or shellac.

Brightener is the ***only*** preparation that will successfully clean and polish a waxed floor without removing the wax or injuring the finish—just as effective on a varnished or shellacked floor. It prevents scratches from showing, and forms a light polished coat over the finish, making it last twice as long. Use this once or twice a month.

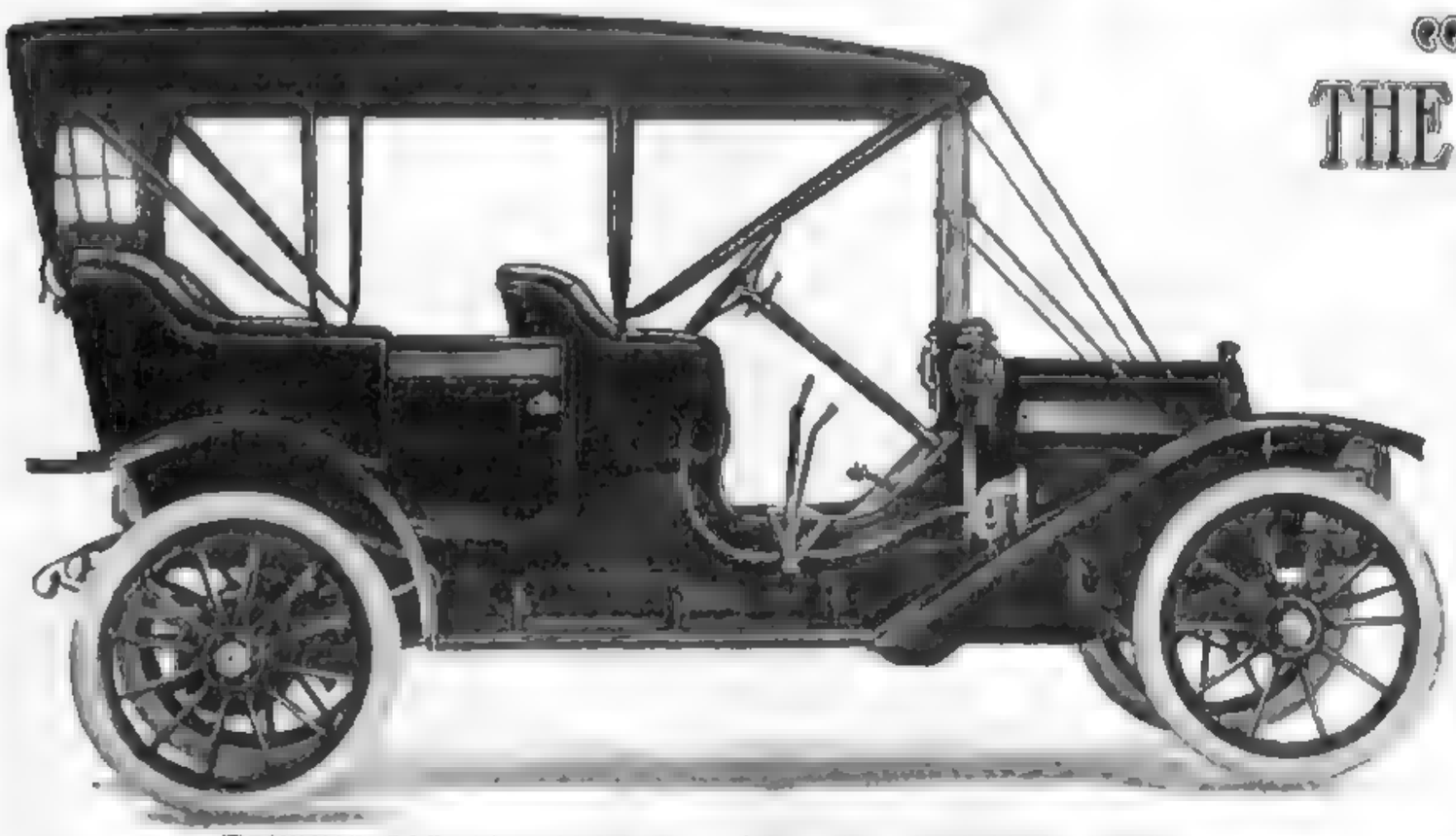
A quart (75c) will last the average home 6 months. Pint 40c; qt. 75c; half-gal. $1.35; gal. $2.50. Try a sample and prove it.

A. S. BOYLE & CO., 1907 West 8th St., Cincinnati, O.

Brightener

SAMPLE SENT FREE

High Class and High Power at a Low Price



TOURING CAR -Finest Mohair Top and Brass-Framed Windshield, $100 Extra

THE "EVERITT 30"

Complete with Magneto, Horn, Generator, Gas and Oil Lamps

$1350

Specifications:

SEATS—Four or five passengers.
WHEEL-BASE—110 inches.
GAUGE -56 inches.
TIRES - 34 x 3½ inches.
BRAKES—Two sets contracting and expanding on rear wheels.
HORSE-POWER—30.
CYLINDERS—Four—En Bloc.
BORE -4 inches.
STROKE—4½ inches.
COLOR - Royal Blue
COOLING -Water
RADIATOR—Vertical tube enameled pressed steel shell.
IGNITION—Jump spark, dry battery and magneto.
CLUTCH—Cone
DRIVE - Shaft.
TRANSMISSION—Selective sliding gear on rear axle
SPEEDS—3 forward, 1 reverse.

Licensed under Selden patent

The first car produced that is equal in appearance, simplicity, strength, safety, economy of operation and maintenance, to any car at two or three times its price, is now yours for $1350, if you are lucky enough to get an "Everitt 30" before the 1910 output is all sold.

The **"Everitt 30"** is possible, at $1350, only by applying the wisdom and experience gained in 10 years of automobile manufacture—profiting by others' successes and mistakes, getting the final best of all, and then making the automobile complete in a brand new factory with brand new machinery specially designed and constructed for the purpose, which cuts out all waste of time—all "lost motion." This saves half the cost of production. **All this saving is taken off the price.**

The "Everitt 30" Is Handsome

has a touring body, highly finished in Royal Blue, as beautiful as any car for two or three times the price, is as wide and roomy and comfortable for driver and occupants. Handsomely upholstered in genuine leather of best grade, splendidly finished with solid mahogany on doortops, dash and steering wheel, and solid brass on exposed parts. It seats five people and has the appearance of a $3,000 car, even to the expert.

"Everitt 30" Is the Latest—

is the last word the latest and most complete evolution. Made possible by improved methods and inventions of phenomenal special machinery for its manufacture. It is **not a cheapened car, but an improved and better** car, produced by economies in the process of manufacture. Factory waste, machinery waste, waste of time by high priced mechanics are all saved. **And all these savings are taken off the price.**

"Everitt 30" Simple and Strong

has fewer parts than any other car. Complicated parts have been simplified, others have been combined and still others dispensed with. The engine **alone has 156 less parts than our nearest competitor** and can easily be repaired by the owner, where another would have to go to the factory just when you probably most wanted to use it. To own an **"Everitt 30"** is to **have it to use all the time.**

The "Everitt 30" Is Economical

Weighs only 2,080 pounds. Has the strength of cars costing double the price and weighing nearly double. Therefore, costs less for gasoline, costs less for tires, costs less for oil. If you want speed, the **"Everitt 30"** will give you 50 miles an hour. Hills to climb? The **"Everitt 30"** will negotiate them much more easily than the heavier cars. Under perfect control always, the **"Everitt 30" stops instantly** and **starts smoothly, without a tremor and without a jerk.**

The "Everitt 30" Is the Safe Car

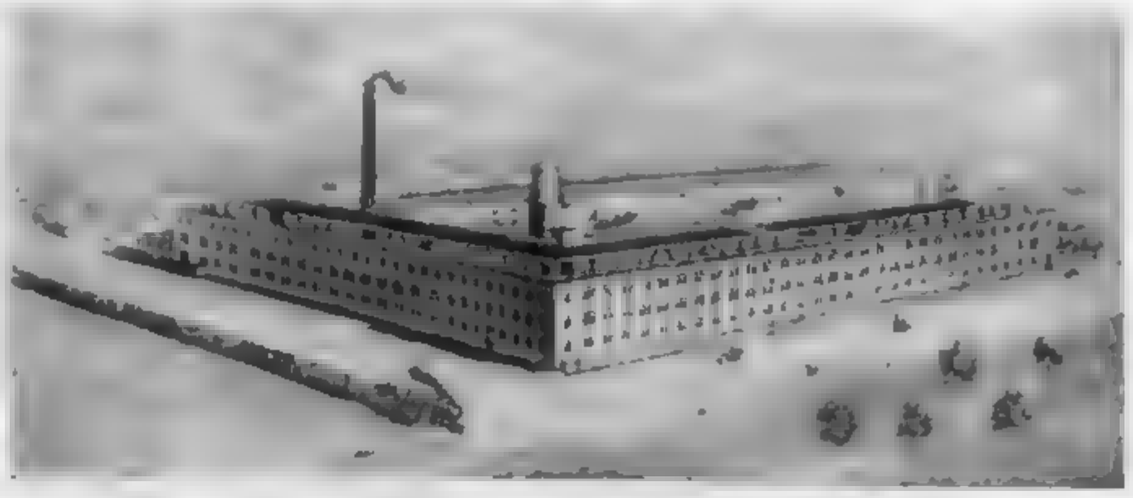
Long wheel base (110 inches) and dropped frame, bringing center of gravity close to the ground, make it keep the road. At the same time it has an unusual clearance (11½ inches) making it less liable to encounter obstructions. Reliability of control is furnished by two sets of brakes, operating on both rear wheels. It is impossible to cross gears (three speeds forward and one reverse) by a special locking device. Any member of your family can operate the **"Everitt 30."**

"Let Us Take You Through the Factory and Show You How the 'Everitt 30' Is Built"

This is the title of our book telling the story of the making of the "Everitt 30" which we want to send every man contemplating the purchase of an automobile this year.

It tells all about our new factory. You go through it step by step as the car is made and the book tells the how and why of each step. What each step means in saving to the "Everitt 30" buyer is carefully explained. Photographic reproductions show the actual scenes from the designing rooms through to the platform where the finished cars are loaded for shipment.

A postal will bring you this book. You ought to have it before you invest your money in any automobile. Write the factory.



Write for booklet—or call on the nearest of these Direct Factory Representatives

METZGER MOTOR CAR Co. DETROIT MICHIGAN

BOSTON—The J. W. Bowman Co.
NEW YORK—H. J. Koehler Co.
PHILADELPHIA—W. Wayne Davis
SYRACUSE—C. Arthur Bertram
INDIANAPOLIS—Motor Car Sales Co.
DETROIT—Security Auto Co.
CHICAGO—Gathers Brothers Co.
MINNEAPOLIS—The McArthur Zollars Motor Co.
KANSAS CITY, MO.—Bond Motor Car Co.
DENVER—The Jo[illegible] Motor Car Sales Co.
[illegible]
SAN FRANCISCO—H. O. Harrison Co.

A LITTLE FLYER IN JUNK

(Continued from Page 10)

tender. Once issued, it did not seem possible to him that it could be recalled. To the Swede it represented value, definite, inalienable, incontrovertible. His ideas of the existing financial system had received a severe jolt. He sat up in bed, wild-eyed with rage and apprehension.

"Den he bane damn t'ief?" he queried.

"Oh, no, he's a Sunday-school superintendent. He wouldn't steal a hot stove. He'd only appropriate it. Here's a fountain pen. Now, indorse that check."

Thorwald made his mark, and Mr. Hinton wrote underneath: "T. Kjellin. His mark." Two minutes later Mr. Hinton was sprinting across the fields, outward bound from the reservation. He dashed at the stone wall, over which he had climbed so leisurely earlier in the afternoon, and cleared it like a greyhound. Up Twelfth Avenue he raced, swung aboard an inbound car and subsided thankfully into an outside seat. Here he lit a cigar, stretched out his legs and drew M. Zollober's check from his vest pocket for more deliberate investigation. He was well pleased with himself. It tickled him to reflect that throughout the entire transaction he had established a new championship record, to be filed away in the archives of commercial prowess. In fact, so absorbed was Mr. Hinton in admiration of his profitable afternoon's work that presently he fell to figuring out how many barrels of Bunk's Nonpareil Boiler Compound he would have had to sell, and how hard he would have had to work to sell it, time consumed and so forth, in order to obtain a clear profit of four hundred dollars that he failed to note the approach of an automobile until its honk, honk, close to the car, caused him to look up. In the tonneau sat M. Zollober. He was so close, as he swept past, that Mr. Hinton could almost have leaned out and touched him with a cane.

Their eyes met in mutual recognition, then M. Zollober turned and stared at the check which Hinton still held in his hand. In an instant it all flashed through the King's mind. Even in that single, fleeting glance Hinton had seen the glint of suspicion in his little, piggy eyes, and the King's next act proved to Hinton that his chances of fingering four hundred dollars of M. Zollober's coin were about as remote as those of a celluloid dog chasing an asbestos cat through Hades.

The King of the Forty Thieves stood up in the tonneau and shook his grimy fist at Hinton.

"Robber!" he yelled. "Bloodsucker! Thief!"

Mr. Hinton was too crushed to make reply until the proper moment to make it had slipped on into eternity. Finally he licked his lips sheepishly, even as a dog caught purloining the treasures of a henhouse.

"Oh, go to blazes, you bloody pirate," he stuttered helplessly. He had to say something. M. Zollober, secure in the knowledge of the relative difference in speed between an auto and a trolley car, turned to his chauffeur.

"Cut her loose, Gawge," he said, "just so you don't get run in for speeding. I have it business at the First National Bank."

Mr. Hinton reached into his hip pocket and his hand toyed lovingly with the handle of a revolver. He was half minded to attempt to shoot a hole in each of the rear tires of M. Zollober's car, but reason at length prevailed. Discharging firearms within the city limits, carrying a concealed weapon, attack with intent to commit murder or great bodily harm, malicious mischief, obtaining money under false pretenses, larceny by trick and device—these were some of the charges that might be lodged against him.

For perhaps two minutes he sat gazing at the fast disappearing auto. He thought regretfully of his fast disappearing four hundred dollars, the product of his master mind. It was terrible. Mr. Hinton was ashamed of himself. Fate had dealt him a good hand and he told himself he had played it like a fool.

"S-t-u-n-g, stung!" he muttered. "If Henry ever hears of this I don't know wha——"

The car was in the middle of the block, on a down grade and tearing along at the rate of twelve miles an hour, but Mr. Hinton took a chance. It had ever been a part of his creed that he who hesitates is lost. He dropped off the car, sat down hard on the bitumen, rolled over twice, regained his feet and raced back up the street. A little red runabout stood panting against the curb. It was a one-lunger, hardly the car Mr. Hinton would have chosen for his purpose had he paused to consider this point—which he did not. He only knew that the car belonged to his friend, Doc Luders, and that he was going to steal it and explain afterward. He leaped into the little car, threw on the power and whirled away.

Five blocks ahead he could see M. Zollober's car bowling along as rapidly as a due regard to the speed laws would permit. Mr. Hinton knew little of speed laws and cared less. His reputation, eight hundred dollars' worth of revenge and four hundred dollars' profit were at stake. He scooted at a right angle up a side street, turned into Bush Street where there are no car-lines and where there is very little traffic to interfere with a man bent on emulating the historic Barney Oldfield, and turned his little car wide open. Mr. Hinton was not an expert motorist, but he did know a thing or two about engines and—boilers. The car jumped forward at a forty-mile clip, Hinton sounding a wild alarm on her little siren. At Buchanan Street a policeman in the act of helping himself to a ripe peach from an Italian fruit-stand saw him coming and sprang out with upraised hand.

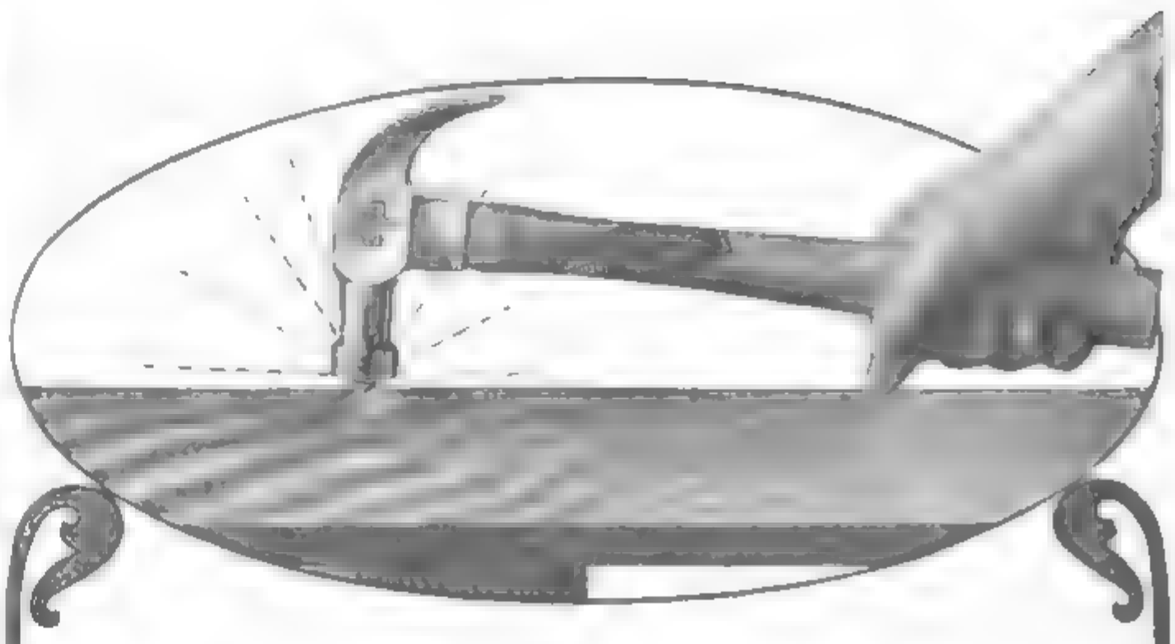
"Stop!" he shouted.

"Ya-a-a-h-h-h!" shrieked Mr. Hinton derisively, and received the peach in the back of the neck. He was going so fast one couldn't see whether he had a number or not, so the policeman went back and helped himself to another peach. The representative of Bunk's Nonpareil Boiler Compound opened the throttle a notch or two, bent his head over the wheel and gazed ahead with the fixed, unseeing stare of the speed maniac. As he streaked it down the grade to Van Ness Avenue, he looked ahead and spied an open sewer yawning to receive him. He slowed down a trifle, swung down Van Ness on two wheels and whirled into Sutter Street just as M. Zollober's car crossed the avenue behind him.

"Police! Murder! Stop thief!" raved M. Zollober. Mr. Hinton turned, and for one fleeting instant he held his right hand to his nose, with fingers distended, performing a gesture signifying, since time immemorial, the acme of scurrility and patronizing contempt. He was now thoroughly speed-crazy, mad with the thrill and joy of the race. On he flew. He heard the big car behind him give a grunt and knew that the race must end in a driving finish.

Suddenly, a block ahead, a four-horse team pulling a long hay-wagon crawled up Leavenworth Street. It came to Mr. Hinton that they would be crossing Sutter Street just about the time he would be crossing Leavenworth. A collision was inevitable. Hinton glanced back. The King's chauffeur was jamming down his brakes, and the sudden stop had thrown M. Zollober in a heap on the floor of the tonneau. Slowly the team crept into view. Mr. Hinton could not slacken speed quickly enough to avoid them, so he didn't try, but merely divested himself of one long, horror-stricken yell and sailed on to destruction. The driver stood up very suddenly and pulled desperately at his leaders. They reared and sank back on their haunches against the wheelers at the instant Mr. Hinton shot by like a comet under their very noses. He had as much as an inch to spare.

On he sped, though his nerve was pretty nearly gone. He noticed some foot-brakes in the floor of the car, but his brain seemed atrophied. It never occurred to him to use the brakes. Coughing, panting, bumping from side to side, the little car whirled on. Pedestrians saw it coming and dashed out of its path like frightened chickens. Suddenly something hit Mr. Hinton a fearful crack in the pit of the stomach and fell to the floor of the car. Mr. Hinton glanced down. It was a policeman's club. A few seconds later another club landed, end first, on his shoulder-blade. The shock awoke the first faint glimmerings of reason in Mr. Hinton's brain. The clubs, coming in such



All Jobs Look Alike to

KEEN KUTTER

Quality Tools

Whether you want to tack up a picture or drive a spike through a cross-grained oak rafter; shave off a rough piece of light wood or lop off the end of a heavy beam—there's a Keen Kutter Tool ready and *willing* for the job.

All Keen Kutter Tools are made to stand the hardest work. And it is this very quality of UTILITY which has made them famous in the home, shop and on the farm.

Keen Kutter Hammers are hard hitters. The edged tools have well earned their name. Saws work fast and true. Bits bore deep and clean. Handles are tight and well balanced. In fact, Keen Kutter Tools are so perfect in construction and so easy and thorough in operation, that not only does the name make you an *expert* in tool-buying, but the tools themselves actually aid in your quickly becoming an expert in their use.

KEEN KUTTER

Look for the Trade Mark.

They cover Saws, Chisels, Bits, Drills, Gimlets, Awls, Planes, Hammers, Hatchets, Axes, Drawing Knives, Screw-drivers, Files, Pliers, Glass-cutters, Ice-picks and a full line of Farm and Garden Tools: Forks, Hoes, Scythes, Trowels, Potato-hooks, Lawn-mowers, Grass-shears, Rakes, etc. Also a full line of Scissors and Shears, Pocket Knives and Table Cutlery. Sold for over forty years under this mark and motto:

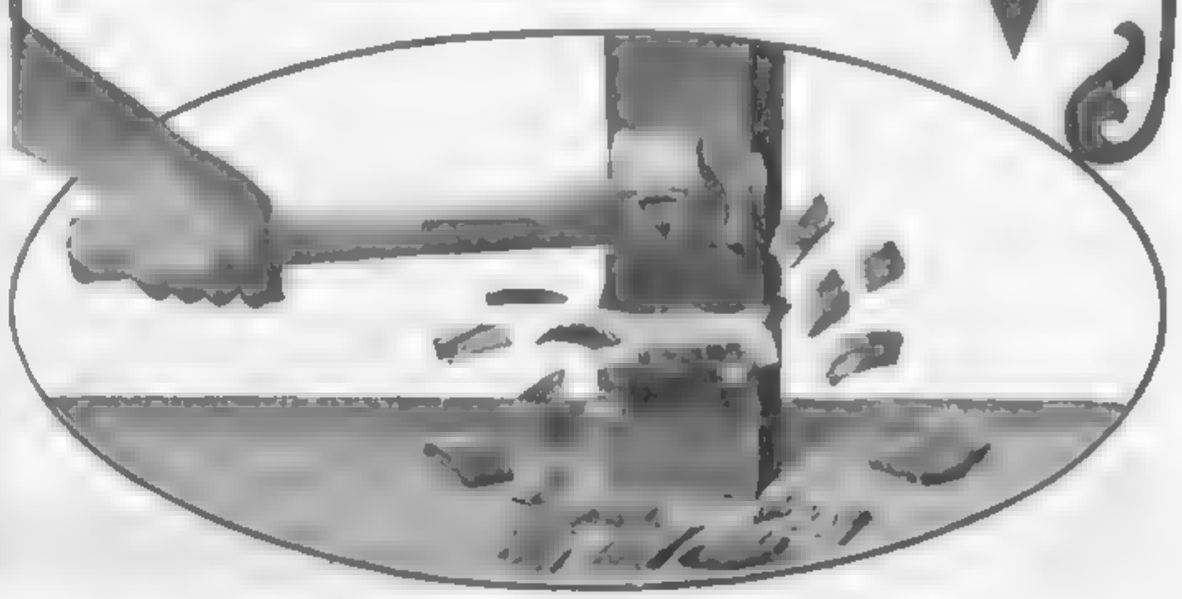
"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten." —E. C. Simmons.

Trade Mark Registered.

If not at your dealer's, write us.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY, Inc.

St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.



Eastwood Play Shoe

For the Boy who is Hard on Shoes

$3.75

Sizes 2 to 5

Real smoke tanned leather, unlined. Natural (Chrome gray) color. Both inner and outer soles the best oak tanned leather obtainable. The shoe is cutting cut, laces low in front. Seamless, easy and very pliable. Spring heel, made with an arch to the last that gives full support to the foot.

Good for all [illegible] of play and [illegible] Always comfortable

Eastwood Play Shoe [illegible]

Youths' sizes, 10 to 13½, $3.25
Boys' sizes, 1 to 5, 3.75
Men's sizes, 6 to 10, 4.25

[illegible]

Wm. Eastwood & Son Co. 199 Main Street, Rochester, N. Y.

The Home of Good Shoemaking

A WOMAN FLORIST

6 Hardy Everblooming Roses On their own roots. ALL WILL BLOOM THIS SUMMER **25c**

Sent to any address post paid, guaranteed to reach you in good growing condition

Gem Rose Collection

Frances E. Willard, [illegible]
Princess Bonnie [illegible]
Marie Van Houtte [illegible]
Maiden's Blush [illegible]
Etoile de Lyon [illegible]
Bridesmaid [illegible]

Special Bargains

6 [illegible], the "Easter Lily" [illegible]
6 Tree Roses [illegible]
6 [illegible]
5 [illegible]
6 [illegible]
15 Plants [illegible]

Any Five Collections for One Dollar Post Paid [illegible]

MISS ELLA V BAINES, Box 58, Springfield, Ohio

ROSES

You will want a [illegible] this year. Don't fail to add a few American [illegible] including the famous **Jeanette Heller Rose**, the ideal garden rose, vigorous and healthy. **Heller's Roses are known all over America.** We are [illegible] growers of all leading roses [illegible] new and rare varieties. We carry in stock a full line of miscellaneous plants, hardy shrubs, vines, perennials, and all flowers worth growing.

Jeanette Heller

A flower [illegible] the [illegible] in the world is named.

Write for our new book,

"Roses of the Garden"

describing all the leading varieties, and showing you how to avoid failure. **It's free.** *We pay postage on all orders.*

HELLER BROTHERS COMPANY

America's Rose Specialists

Box 10, New Castle, Indiana

120-EGG IDEAL $7.50

Hatcher—Freight Paid

GET FREE BOOK

(Other sizes (also Brooders) very low. Metal covered all 'round. Safe, simple, guaranteed. Delivered free east of Missouri River and north of Tennessee. If further, write for delivered prices. Get poultry guide, free.

J. W. Miller Co., Box 120, Freeport, Ill.

80 PAGE POULTRY BOOK FREE

Tells how to succeed with poultry, of the mistakes [illegible] How to make a brooder out of an old piano box. What breeds are best. Plans for poultry houses, how to feed, [illegible] Describes the 1910 Bond Tray **PRAIRIE STATE Incubators and Brooders**

[illegible] Write a postal for copy today.

Prairie State Incubator Co., 434 Main St., Homer City, Pa.

Old Appliance

LAME PEOPLE

New Appliance

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. Worn with any style of ready-made shoes with perfect ease and comfort. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet.

HENRY S. LOTZ, 315 Third Avenue, NEW YORK

Hatchability The QUEEN Incubator made the greatest record of all existing hatches last season. Liberal free trial. Low price. Freight paid. 5 year guaranty. Send for FREE book.

Wickstrum, Queen Incubator Man., Box 77, Lincoln, Neb.

rapid succession, told him that he was getting downtown, where it's murder to speed an auto. He was approaching Montgomery Street now, so he took the hint and slowed down to about fifteen miles an hour; for at Sansome Street, one block farther, he must make the turn up to the bank. He circled far out into the street and took the corner manfully, lost his nerve, jammed down the brakes, skidded, turned a complete circle twice and smashed up against a hydrant, breaking it off. A six-inch stream of water rose twenty feet in the air and descended on the little auto where Mr Hinton still sat huddled at the wheel.

"Holy Crow!" he wailed, "am I at sea again?" He threw open the throttle, but the car refused to move. In his excitement Mr. Hinton had "killed" the engine. Drenched to the skin he sprang from the car and proceeded to break the international hundred-yard record down Sansome Street. As he fled his water-soaked clothing left a well-defined trail of moisture behind him. Up the steps of the First National he leaped three at a time, down through the big banking-room to the paying teller's window. He didn't know a soul in the bank, and he knew he would have to be identified. Many men in his position would have lost the race in the final lap, but Mr. Hinton's brain was working now. He thrust a moist check under the paying teller's nose.

"Certify it," he croaked; "certify it—quick!"

He hopped about in an agony of suspense while the paying teller coolly looked it over, glanced from the check to the water-soaked figure before him, and calmly walked back to the cashier's desk for the necessary signature. A little puddle had formed on the floor where Mr. Hinton stood, before the teller handed back the check duly certified. Mr. Hinton thanked him with a sickly smile—very sickly, for his nerves were still twitching. He was tucking the check into his pocketbook when M. Zollober burst through the swinging doors.

"Stop it," he shrilled. "Frauds! thiefs!" He dashed at the paying teller's window. "Did you cash it that check?" he screamed.

The paying teller didn't like M. Zollober. Therefore, he gazed at the King with the mildly interested air of the being far above such mundane trifles as eight-hundred-dollar checks.

"No," he replied sweetly, "we haven't cashed it yet. We only certified it."

The King of the Forty Thieves turned on Mr. Nicholas Hinton and licked his dry lips in impotent fury.

"Schwindler!" he raved.

Mr. Hinton reached over, grasped M. Zollober's generous nose between thumb and forefinger and twigged it violently.

"Ah, gwan," he said.

. . . . . .

It was noon on the water-front. On the two empty beer-kegs outside the White Cruiser saloon the walking delegate of the Marine Cooks and Waiters' Union and a Jackson Street crimp basked in the sun, looking lazily out across the shimmering blue waters of the bay.

"What's become o' that old boiler that used t' be over there on the bulkhead?" the walking delegate asked presently.

"Funny story connected with that boiler," the crimp answered. "Old Zollober gave the Swede that owned it eight hundred dollars for it. Thought he could make a big turn on it, I guess. The day after he bought it the Board of Public Works notified him that there was a complaint about it jutting out into the street, and they made him move it. It cost him ninety-three dollars to haul it down to Broadway wharf. The Harbor Commissioners got after him down there, and he chartered a barge and a tug to haul the old pile o' junk out t' the Heads and dump it overboard. Must have cost him a hundred and fifty more."

"The Swede made money on it, though," the walking delegate answered.

"Drunk for a week, just like all of them when they get a little money. He blew up to the Barbary Coast, and they rolled him for what he had left, and last week I shipped him on the Adeline Carey for Liverpool. He was so drunk I shipped him f'r an A. B. He wanted to sign on as bo'sun. Say, d'ye know men are scarce? I got thirty-five dollars' blood-money f'r that Swede."

Save the price of a new bowl

Mend the broken one.

You can do it with Cæmentium.

It is a *mineral* paste—not a fish glue.

When set Cæmentium withstands water and all changes in temperature.

It is just as satisfactory for mending kitchen utensils; for it also withstands fire—actually becomes a part of the mended article.

You can use it on furniture, china, earthenware, picture frames, leaky pipe joints, knife handles, marble—practically everything.

Cæmentium is a powerful mineral paste—odorless, non-poisonous. It comes ready to use in patented air tight tins. It is easy to use and does not stick to the fingers.

CÆMENTIUM

Sticks everything, but is not sticky

Sold by hardware, drug and department stores, grocers, stationers, etc.

If your dealer hasn't it we will mail you [illegible] on receipt of his name and [illegible] price, 25c. Never be without it. [illegible] many a dollar. Write for free booklet, "The Tragedies of Everyday Life."

CÆMENTIUM SALES CO.
Sole Agents for U. S. A.
150-F Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.
41 State Street, Chicago
Hudson Terminal Bldg., New York

Vacuum Cleaner Wagons

AT

REMARKABLE BARGAINS

Prices range from $750 to $3000

Establish a permanent and profitable business on a small investment

For Full Particulars Address

THE VACUUM CLEANER CO.
11 East 24th Street NEW YORK

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No "positions"—no "ruled line"—no "shading"—no "word-signs"—no [illegible] notes. Speedy practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study. [illegible] Free booklet explains matter fully. Address Chicago Correspondence Schools, 721 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

SQUAB [illegible]

1910 **BOOK FREE**

[illegible] our handsome 1910 **Free Book** now in many [illegible] 339 pages, 156 [illegible] 4 weeks.

IT'S GREAT. We take subscriptions for the new sportsmen's *National Squab Magazine* (monthly). Sample copy 10 cts.

PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO., 633 Howard St., Melrose, Mass.

GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE

of pure-bred poultry for 1910. 300 pages, [illegible] true-to-life engravings, photos of fine [illegible] pens, [illegible] varieties of land and water fowls, prices low, prices of stock, eggs, incubators, poultry supplies, etc. How to care for poultry and all details. Price [illegible] send today.

R. H. GREIDER, Box 86, Rheems, Pa.

A FLOOD OF LIGHT FROM KEROSENE (Coal Oil)

[illegible] ELAMI kerosene gas that gives a light more [illegible] than gas, electricity or acetylene. [illegible] No dirt, grease, [illegible] or smoke. [illegible]

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY

[illegible] selling [illegible] everywhere. No [illegible] every home. Every lamp guaranteed. Sells [illegible] Burners fit other lamps. Ask our nearest office how you can get a lamp free [illegible] Agency. Write [illegible] **THE MANTLE LAMP CO. of America**, Desk 518, Chicago, Portland, Ore.; Waterbury, Conn.; Winnipeg, Man., Canada.

The "Individual Key Ring"

Silver Plated. The only chain key ring which holds one key separate from the rest [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The Great Millionaire Mill

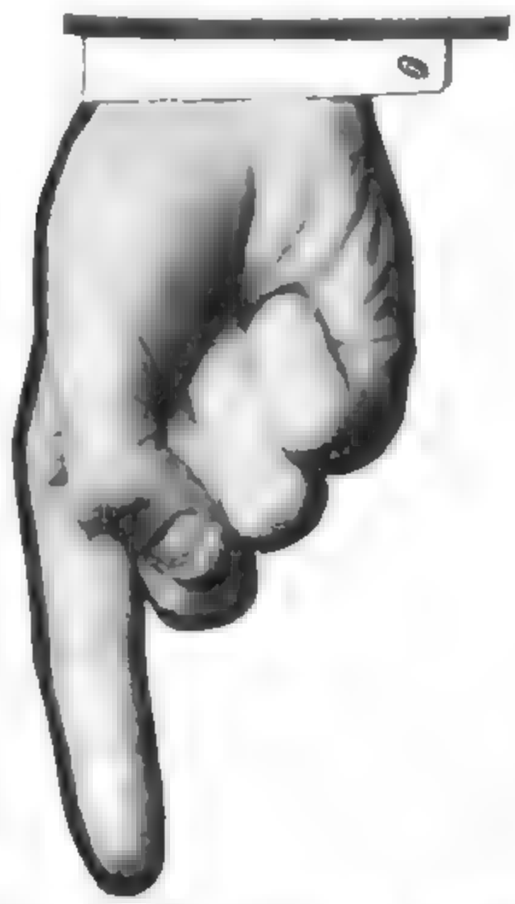
The Story of the Southern Pacific Railroad System and the Great Fortunes Created by it

By Charles Edward Russell

It is not too much to say that the publication of this remarkable series of articles is epochal. Up to this time the real history of the Southern Pacific has never been told.

For the first time the true record of this powerful organization is recounted, giving information from private letters, court records, etc. Mr. Russell's minute analysis of the careers of Collis P. Huntington, Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker and Mark Hopkins throws a strong searchlight upon American railroad methods; shows how the whole state of California was throttled; how the United States Government at Washington was bribed and betrayed; how the "ultimate consumer" has had a staggering burden of debt put upon his shoulders to *increase his cost of living*.

☛ The purpose of this series is to show the American reader and voter specifically one phase of the great industrial and social problem which menaces him. The overcapitalization of our railroads is in a great degree responsible for our struggle to meet higher prices. Mr. Russell takes our most powerful railroad system and clearly tells us upon what iniquities its pre-eminence is founded.



The Vast Riches of Alaska

Will the Morgan-Guggenheim Combination Acquire Them or Will They Benefit the Whole People?

By Benjamin B. Hampton

You will say this is the biggest thing we have ever published. We want every American to read it.

It tells the story of the great natural wealth of Alaska in figures that no mind can grasp. One estimate of the gold, the copper and the coal amounts to $17,079,500,000, and from this the estimates range as high as one trillion, five hundred and thirteen billion, nine hundred and thirty-five million dollars!

All this is the property of the people of the United States! $1,000 worth for each voter, on the low estimate, or $100,000 for each on the greater estimate.

Will you and your sons inherit this property?

Or will it fall into the hands of the Morgans, the Guggenheims, the Rothschilds and perhaps other great trusts?

The fight is on now. It is the most significant and most tremendous struggle between the Vested Interests and the Common People that has occurred in this nation in twenty-five years.

If you read nothing else in the whole month of April we urge you to read this Alaskan sensation.

Peary's Own Story

Thrilling Adventures in Arctic Hunting: Preparations for the Long Night

Here in quick, terse language as vivid and dynamic as lightning, Commander Peary describes the great hunting; the stocking up of game food,—deer, musk oxen, and polar bear; the laying-to of the *Roosevelt* for the long winter night amid the ice, awaiting the Spring and the sunlight for the final dash; the construction of sledges; the building of villages. In general, the thorough preparations for going into winter-quarters.

No narrative since Caesar's own book on the Gallic Wars has contained such graphic detail handled in so simple and self-revelatory a style. *De Bello Gallico* is a Latin Classic; Peary's *Discovery of the North Pole*, as instalment after instalment appears, is slowly forming the convictions in men's minds that here is *an Anglo-Saxon Classic*.

HAMPTON'S

APRIL **ON SALE NOW** **15c a copy**

Get April HAMPTON'S from your newsdealer at once. He will quickly sell out.

Any one of these three articles is enough to cause you to say that HAMPTON'S is "The Best Magazine in America." But there are a dozen other big articles and stories in the April HAMPTON'S which you will read and enjoy. "The Prodigal Daughter," by Rheta Childe Dorr, author of "What Eight Million Women Want," is a thoughtful, important, very interesting article on the dangers confronting young women. John L. Mathews shows how we can add three states to the Union by reclaiming swamp lands. Crackerjack stories by James B. Connolly, Harris Merton Lyon, Catalina Paez, Louise E. Dutton and others, in addition to the splendid departments of dramatic news, personalities, current comment, etc.

SPECIAL—3 Big Feature Numbers for 25c

and a beautiful photogravure portrait of Peary FREE

You must read and enjoy several numbers of HAMPTON'S to really "catch its spirit." When you become acquainted we know you will remain an enthusiastic HAMPTON reader.

Send us 25c (Canada 35c.), stamps or coin, and we'll mail you three numbers, containing Peary's Story, and also send you a superb photogravure portrait of Commander Peary, size 11 x 14 inches, FREE. Send the coupon NOW, before the edition is exhausted.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND MAIL IT TODAY

FREE

A superb photogravure portrait of Commander Peary sent free if you use this coupon at once.

HAMPTON'S MAGAZINE
66 West 35th St., N. Y.

Enclosed is twenty-five cents for which you are to send me the March, April and May numbers of Hampton's, & send me *free* a photogravure portrait of Peary, size 11 x 14 inches.

Name

St. and No.

City State

For Canada send thirty-five cents

EASY MONEY

(Continued from Page 25)

others. Here was Riggsby, too, now. He had gone to disaster on another kind of road—the road that leads up the river—and Derwent had opened up that highway, also. Or so he thought, as he put the question to Beeks.

"Crystal, I suppose—Riggsby—down at Solly Bloom's?"

"I guess so—more'n likely!" the manager sneered.

But Derwent hardly seemed to hear. "Riggsby! Riggsby, too!" he exclaimed under his breath, though loud enough for Beeks to hear. "My soul!"

"I know how you feel. Me, too!" said Beeks sympathetically. "My eye, don't I hate a crook myself!" Here he possessed himself of the memorandum and gravely studied it. "Now, what'll I do, Mr. Derwent? Send out and get the cops?"

Derwent, with an effort, raised himself to his feet. "Do?" he echoed absently. "How should I know what to do?"

But Beeks, in some astonishment, at once suggested the obvious. "Why, that's easy! Ain't the fellow a crook, a skin?"

It seemed to be true; and Derwent, with no change in his abstracted manner, again slowly nodded. "Yes," he responded, his tone hollow and depressed; "they're everywhere. The whole street is filled with them." And when Beeks, in hearty assent, cried "You bet it is!" Derwent took to striding up and down the room.

"Well," he said, after a pause, "you need do nothing, Beeks. I'll see the man in the morning. That's all now," he added dispiritedly.

It was a little astonishing. In his mind's eye, Beeks had already seen himself, as he had suggested, "going after the cops." Now, instead, there was a suggestion in Derwent's manner that caused him to gape in wonder. Better for Beeks had his amazement stricken him dumb. "Say!" he began indignantly, "you ain't going to let him off? I say, now!" he cried. And then the storm that had been raging that day in Derwent's mind arose upon itself and burst, its force descending furiously on Beeks' inspired head.

"Stop!" Derwent raised his arm, his hand quivering with an emotion that shook him from head to foot. "I'm running this office—not you!" he cried, with a wrath extraordinary, even to the occasion. "When I wish your advice or encouragement, I'll ask for it. Until then, you'll see that you hold your tongue. Now, where's that statement of Parsons'?" he demanded tartly. "Get it at once, and tell the man I wish to see him."

Utterly shrunken, overwhelmed, Beeks scuffled to the door. He was shocked and frightened. That it was all astounding to him was evident in the droop of his mouth, in his rounded eyes, in the half-breathed exclamation that burst from his lips once he had closed the door behind him.

"Well, I'm damned!" said Beeks, with a complete and hearty sincerity.

Beyond, in the cashier's cage, he looked and saw the guilty Riggsby still hovering, crook-backed, over his work. A glimpse of the man's face showed him what he would have seen before, had he ever chosen to look at one of his fellow-employees in sympathy or with any other interest. But Beeks' sympathies were rarely extended to others than himself. Now he looked and saw that Riggsby's features were pasty and drawn; that in this and other ways he wore the aspect of one long in need of sleep and untroubled repose.

As Beeks glowered at the man, little Miss Grimper raised herself on tiptoe behind the switchboard; and that Riggsby was unnerved and fearful Beeks well saw by the way the man started when she spoke. Then, laying down his pencil, Riggsby, with a shifty glance about him, made his way toward the telephone booth in the corner.

"The crook!" With a little chill of recollection, Beeks remembered his own account was kept in the falsified books. In Wall Street there is a decided objection against speculation on the part of brokers' employees. Beeks, however, knew too much now to be denied the privilege and what if Riggsby had tampered with this account as well? What if a theft had wiped out the profit in the six hundred shares of Crystal he had "slipped the rubes" that day—the profit in this and other trades? Of course, Hyde & Derwent were good for the balance, but it might cause trouble to make them pay—that and the danger of being made to tell the truth—of owning up that orders had been bucketed and that he had stood for the swindle. "The crook!" snapped Beeks in righteous indignation.

But in Wall Street, if one starts in to picking out the crooks, it depends largely on which angle you approach it. Beeks, however, had no mental reservations. "The skin!" As he turned away from his spying, he made up his mind to investigate the account at once. He must take no chances when there was a thief like that about.

Riggsby, blind to all this, of course, had now entered the booth and closed the door behind him.

"Yes. Well, who is it?" he asked, in a voice that broke in spite of his effort to control it.

Outside, at her seat before the switchboard, Miss Grimper put a hand over the mouthpiece and, leaning sideways, stared into the customers' room. Hers was not by nature a vulgar, prying spirit; yet with her mind awakened to several curious happenings and a growing suspicion of what they meant, she felt she had got wind, that day, of a drama more vital and interesting to her than the best any novel had been able to proffer. This was due, of course, to the fact that she knew the persons concerned. It was life, real life, as she reflected; and already in its grip, she was determined to get at the outcome. This was why she looked into the customers' room. The man that had called Riggsby spoke in the voice of Mr. Parsons. A moment before Mr. Parsons had been sitting in his corner. Now, when she looked, he was gone.

"That you, Riggsby?" said the voice, and then no doubt remained. Mr. Parsons, to call up the bookkeeper, had gone to a near-by telephone. Why he refrained from speaking to the man in person, Miss Grimper immediately learned.

"Listen, Riggsby: You be up there, tonight? Don't you fail me, now."

Riggsby, in a tone plainly filled with emotion, brokenly answered him:

"Yes, I'll be there. But you're—you're not—not going to——" The words paused there. An appreciable wait followed before he coupled on the remainder of the sentence—"going to give me away?" said Riggsby. "Oh—oh, if you did, now!"

Miss Grimper's jaw fell. Though yet ignorant of Riggsby's peculations she was still conscious of the tragic depths of the agony that drove the man to make such a plea over the questionable privacy of a telephone.

"Ah, don't you worry!" assured Parsons, a touch of kindness in his voice. "They can't harm you, even if they do find out. I've got them where I want."

Riggsby drew a sigh. "I know," he responded heavily. "But all the same, it's a dirty trick of me—yes!—after the way he's treated me kindly."

A little laugh of contempt sounded over the wire. "That flimflammer? Oh, you be up there now, do you hear! I want you to bring everything along you can tote."

There the colloquy ended. But—a dirty trick? Miss Grimper sat back in her chair so dismayed and wondering that she forgot even her instinctive duty of pulling out the plugs. A dirty trick—and to a man who had treated him kindly!

Then flashed into her mind the day's concurrent events—the drop in Crystal; its resultant gloom among the throng in the customers' room; that and the thirty-thousand-dollar necklace; Derwent's warning to his wife, and, on top of that, the disclosures of the woman who had pleaded: "It's just an even hundred, Joe." A great deal seemed to be conveyed in these scraps of information, though of the full situation Miss Grimper had no clear idea. All that it meant now was that Derwent was imperiled; that in some way he was the man involved, and that these two others conspired against him.

For who else but Derwent would have treated Riggsby kindly?

A lamp glowed and flickered above one of the four-trunk drops. Central called, and more from instinct than otherwise Miss Grimper plugged in on the wire.

"Hello! Hello! That you, Mamie?"

It was Joe, her "steady," in the near-by brokerage office.

Your food; its taste, cost and results

We all consider the taste.
Most of us must consider the cost.
And our health depends on the results.

You'll agree with this,—There's nothing more delicious than a big dish of Quaker Oats served with sugar and milk or cream.

You can't find a more appetizing food, or one that you can eat more constantly without tiring of it.

It is welcome every day in the year.

Quaker Oats is the most economical food a family can live on; costs only a half-cent a dish.

The healthiest people in the world are the children and men and women who are steady and regular eaters of oatmeal. It is the greatest of all strength-makers, and digests easily and completely.

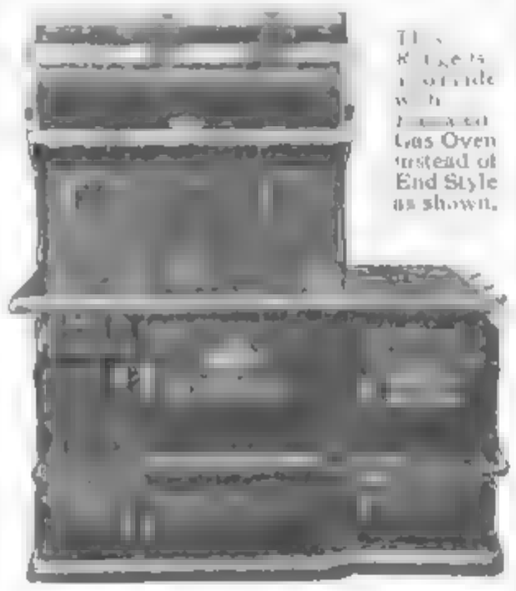
Regular size package 10c, also packed in special round packages at 15c, and in the larger size family packages and in hermetically sealed tins for hot climates.

The Quaker Oats Company
CHICAGO

The 10c and 15c prices do not apply in the extreme South and the far West.

Famous For Baking

No Fussy Ornamentation or fancy nickel on the plain Cabinet Glenwood. Just the natural black iron finish. "The Mission Style" applied to a range. A room saver too—like the upright piano. Every essential refined and improved upon.



This Range is furnished with Enclosed Gas Oven instead of End Style as shown.

"Makes Cooking Easy"

The Broad, Square Oven with perfectly straight sides, is very roomy. The Glenwood oven heat indicator, Improved baking damper, Sectional Top, Drawout grate and Ash-Pan are each worthy of special mention.

Every Part is at Hand

at the front—Ash-pan, Broiler door, Grate and Cleanout door—all are handy. Kitchen doors do not interfere in setting this range, for either end as well as the back may be placed squarely against the wall.

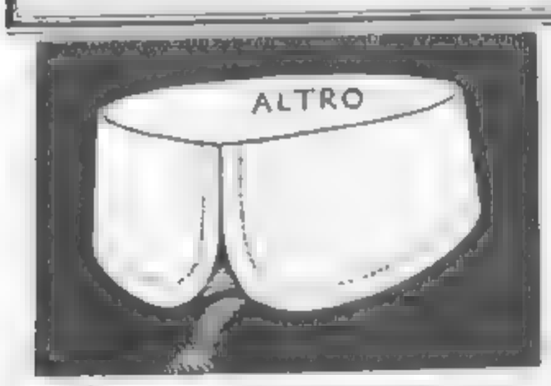
A Gas Range Attachment

consisting of Oven, Broiler and Three Burner Top is made to bolt neatly to the end of this range when a combination coal, wood and gas range is desired. (See illustration.)

Cabinet
Glenwood

Combination Coal and Gas Range

Write for handsome booklet of the Plain Cabinet Glenwood to Weir Stove Co., Taunton, Mass.



ARROW COLLARS

having flexible bending points
DO NOT CRACK
15c. each, 2 for 25c.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Troy, N.Y.

ARROW CUFFS, 25 cents a Pair

French, German, Spanish, Italian

...easily and pleasantly in your own home. You

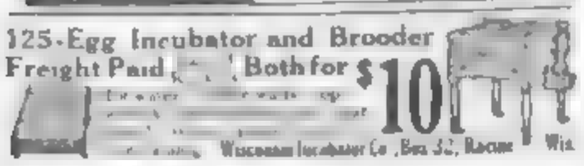
Language-Phone Method

combined with

Rosenthal's Practical Linguistry

The Language-Phone Method
863 Metropolis Bldg., New York

125-Egg Incubator and Brooder
Freight Paid, Both for **$10**



Wisconsin Incubator Co., Box 32, Racine, Wis.

"Say, Mamie," said Joe, in a deprecatory voice, "I'm dead sorry now, but—but——"

"Oh, what is it, Joe?" asked Miss Grimper irritably.

Joe was almost abashed as he answered: "It makes me real sore now, but I guess you've saw what's happened."

"Happened? How?" she asked.

"Why, about that twenty-five of yours—what you drawed down out of the savings-bank. I got it down along with forty of my own—yeh!—over in Solly Bloom's, and—oh, well!" sighed Joe, "we just kinder got burned up, we did. Guess that tip of yourn," he added dolefully, "was just flimflam dope they was handing out to con the outfit."

Until that moment the girl had forgotten the earnings she had set adrift on the precarious seas of bucketshop investment. But the news that it had foundered so shortly affected her with a sudden flux of anger, a feeling almost spiteful. She, too, had been tricked, her money taken from her as it had been from all the others

"Never mind, Joe," she answered. "Tell me tonight the rights of what happened. I'm busy now."

Joe, however, had another speech to add. "Gee! I promised the madam where I'm rooming to come up with the rent tonight. Guess I'll have to sneak out the back way now with my other suit."

"Ring off, Joe," said Miss Grimper, and pulled out the plug.

For some time she sat and reflected. There was a conspiracy on foot against Derwent, but—but—— Oh, he could look out for himself now. She was still frowning at the switchboard when Beeks, who had been looking about the offices, hurriedly came to her.

"Seen that fellow Parsons?" he demanded.

Miss Grimper was about to say he had gone out, when the man himself came in at the door. He had gone only to the corner cigar store to do his telephoning, and now returned—why, they were soon to learn.

"A word with you, Beeks," said he curtly.

Beeks looked up at him, his face as bland as usual. "All right," he responded. He moved away out of earshot of Miss Grimper and then turned. "Well?"

Parsons, without wasting time in prefacing, jumped directly into the matter. "You've closed me out, I suppose?"

Such was the case, and Beeks pompously nodded. "Yep!" said he, at once brisk and businesslike; "I gave you a chance to make good. You wouldn't see it, though."

Parsons took it calmly enough. "Thank you. That's all I wished to know."

He was turning away when the manager halted him. "Mr. Derwent wants to see you, old man. He's waiting now."

"To see me?" A scowl gathered instantly in Parsons' eyes. "What for?" he demanded, and parted his lips in a mocking smile. "Why, I don't owe you fellows anything. Humph! not unless you've cooked the books on me!"

Beeks started. In sudden astonishment he wondered whether Parsons had in some way learned of Ruggsby's thefts. But it was not this that Parsons meant, as his next speech showed: "Unless you're trying to gouge me in every old kind of a way."

The speech was entirely exact; Beeks gripped its meaning at once. "What's that!" he snapped, his jaw thrust out, and a sudden temper evident in the flashing of his eyes. Even then he was smarting over Derwent's snub, and it would ease his mind, indeed, to work off some of his feelings. "What's that!" he snapped a second time.

But Parsons was merely amused. "You heard me!" he retorted. "I said gouge—cheat, you know. That should be clear to you," he added; and with a grin he turned on his heel and walked toward Derwent's office.

Beeks, with his cheeks puffed out in rage, was still snorting impotently as Parsons, without knocking, entered Derwent's room and shut the door behind him.

. . . . . .

There were no reservations in Derwent's thoughts. In the last few days his mind had been cleared of any delusions concerning the trade he was carrying on. Gambler and cheat—that was it. He no longer made any effort to hide it from himself. In time, perhaps, he might learn to forget it—or, if not that, to gloss it over dully.

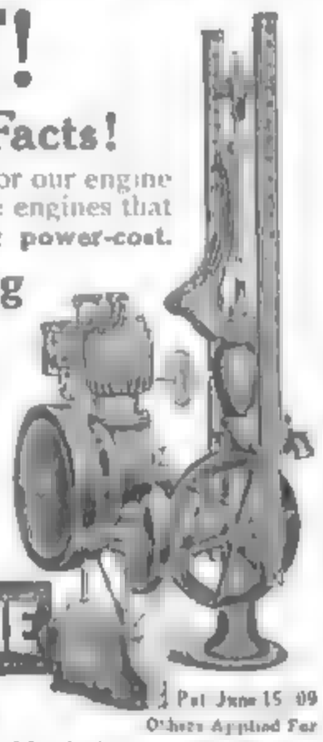
Power for Shop, Factory and Farm at LOWER COST!

Free Engine Books Give Startling Facts!

Every Power-User in America—great and small—should send for our engine books. They tell of startling changes in the design of gasoline engines that add immensely to **convenience** and **efficiency**, while **reducing power-cost.**

New Triumphs of Gasoline Engineering

Our improvements affect both high-powered engines and small engines for pumping and shop work. We recently brought out an entirely new type of small engine which is **a complete and perfect little power plant.** It was built primarily as a pumping engine, to take the place of windmills. Its success was instantaneous. It has broken all records in sales and is rapidly replacing the old-fashioned windmills on farms and country homes. It is meeting the widespread demand for cheap power for little workshops. It is a **startling innovation.**



Fuller & Johnson FARM PUMP ENGINE

Pat. June 15 09 Others Applied For

Pumps Powerfully! Does Shop Work Equally Well!

This midget engine fits any pump and works on any well. No belts, no sprockets, no anchor posts, no jacks, no cement foundation needed. Starts with **half a ton lift** on the sucker rod, makes 35 strokes per minute. Gives abundant fresh water supply for stock or domestic uses. Gives **FIRE PROTECTION,** irrigates gardens, waters lawns, washes buggies, windows, etc. It is a perfectly air-cooled engine, as finely made as best automobile engines. Has 4-inch pulley for running light machinery of all kinds—grindstones, small lathes or printing presses, grindstones, polishing wheels, etc. Runs feed grinders, fanning mills, cream separators and other farm machines.

Cannot freeze or overheat! It has stood the test of the coldest winter and the hottest summer. The engine is **tried and true!** Runs equally well **indoors or out.** Easily moved about. Needs no attention while running. Write for the Special Farm Pump Engine Book and name of nearest dealer who has this reliable engine on exhibition.

Mail the Coupon—Save Power Cost!

FREE ENGINE BOOKS
FULLER & JOHNSON MFG. CO.
756 Clark St., Madison, Wis.

Please send book checked below:

☐ Farm Pump Engine Catalog.
☐ High Powered Engine Catalog.

Name _____

Address _____

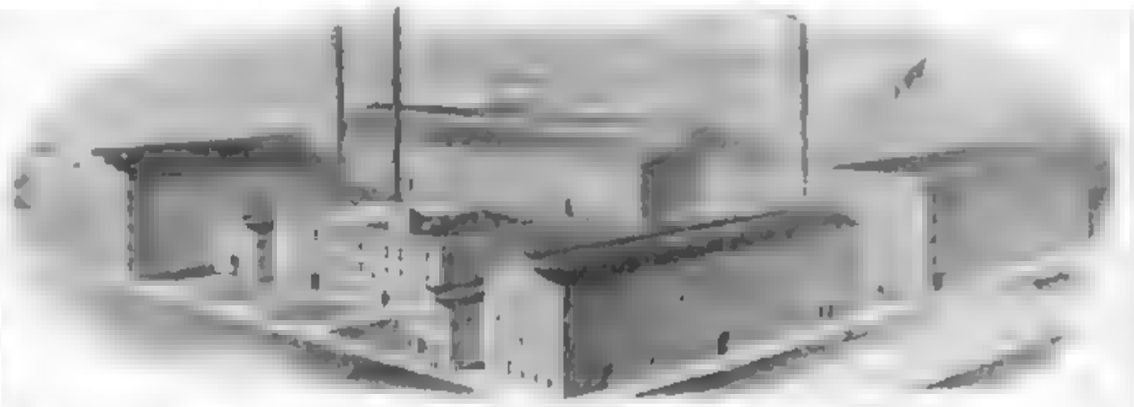
Fuller & Johnson High-Powered Double-Efficiency Engines

We build seven sizes of High-Speed Engines, both Stationary and Portable. Our "F. & J." System of Open Water Jacket construction is a **revolutionary** improvement that places water-cooled gasoline engines in the **first rank** as cheap power-producers. Write for catalog giving full details.

Sold Only Through Dealers

We invite correspondence from dealers in territory where we are not represented. Write for Proposition.

FULLER & JOHNSON MFG. CO.
Established 1840 756 Clark St., Madison, Wis.



Of Course You Are Going to Get a Vacuum Cleaner—But Why Experiment?

Every person of intelligence now recognizes that the Vacuum System is the solution of the House-cleaning Problem. You, as a person of intelligence, must realize that it is high time you availed yourself of this modern system that takes all the hard work out of house-cleaning. You know that there should be in your home a machine that will give you *every day in the week* the kind of cleanliness you used to have only after the grand semi-annual ripping up and tearing down.

But, as you join the throng of purchasers, why experiment? The IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER was the pioneer in electric vacuum cleaning machines. The IDEAL VACUUM

...among the purchasers of the IDEAL are ... of the many Vacuum Cleaners in progress

How You Can Test the IDEAL Without Risk

The proof of a machine, of course, is in the using, and we are glad we can ... the IDEAL, without cost. This is our offer: The price of ... money bring greater ... Electric machines at $35 or $40. Write for Illustrated Booklet. It's free.

THE AMERICAN VACUUM CLEANER CO., Newark, New Jersey

"Baby Go Wif 'ou?"

No trouble to take baby on cars, in elevators, crowds, anywhere. Wherever wheels will run the

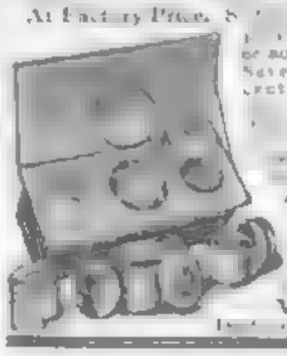
Oriole Go-Basket

...heeled. Where impossible to ... jumper, ... warm. Indorsed by ... Free illustrated booklet tells ...

The Wilcrow Mfg. Co.
243 Walnut Street Cincinnati

Let Me Send You the Rapid FIRELESS COOKER On 30 Days' Trial

At Factory Price. ... no charge. Saves 50 per cent on fuel, and work, but itself ... experience.



SPECIAL ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSILS FREE. Also

WM. CAMPBELL CO.

Meanwhile, with a paper spread before him, he figured out just what the profits were—for just how much or how little he had sold his self-respect. He wished to know, in fact, how cheap he really was.

The work had cost him some labor. It was the same paper he had turned down on his desk when Beeks had entered the room. On it was an account of Hyde & Derwent's transactions in Crystal, and with it the complete array of Hyde's bucketed orders. Meanwhile, in the other room, Shreyer cooled his heels.

He could keep on doing so, thought Derwent. He felt no deference for the man, and whether they got business or not from him in the future seemed a matter of little importance. It gave a kind of ugly pleasure, now, to let Mr. Shreyer cool his heels. In a way, it restrained him from saying personally just what he thought of the man who had found it so easy to make him, Derwent, what he was. As he reflected, it would have done no good to say it. Any one else might have made him what he was just as easily—as easily as many others were made what they were. It was a part of the business, of which he, Derwent, had become a part. So Shreyer still remained cooling his heels in the other room.

Derwent, with a pencil, checked off the rows of figures. Hyde's first 5000 shares had been sold at the average of 101½; the second, at 102¼. Thus he had put the 10,000 across at 101⅞. With this before him, Derwent turned to the bucketed orders and figured rapidly. They amounted, in all, to 8950 shares; and in them was a profit of an even four points and a half—a gain to which Parsons had largely contributed when he switched trades and bought his fatal 2000 shares. As for the others, they had gone on buying up to the high point—and afterward, it may be added. Derwent struck a line beneath the columns and then added up.

$90,225!—and Crystal was still dropping.

Not so bad, was it? Not so bad for the profits of a single day! For the first time, now—since he had it all in black and white for the first time he felt a little thrill of exultation. Here was the cash. He had snatched for the money and grabbed it. Ninety thousand was not much, perhaps—not more than the price of a board seat; but still it was cash. The real thing. Easy money, you know. It had been turned in one day—raked in between morning and afternoon. Though only ninety thousand it was well worth going after. He had not sold himself so cheaply, after all. There was a good deal of consolation in the thought, as Derwent rolled it over and over in his mind. Not just a cheap skate, as the Wall Street lingo has it. Not merely a tin-horn, a shoestring, piker—these were the terms. No! it was a very respectable killing, thought Derwent, and got up and stretched his arms.

"Whew!" he said, and deeply drew in his breath.

Then the door opened and Parsons stepped inside.

At the sound of his entrance Derwent turned slowly. His arms were still outstretched, a vague smile still remained on his lips, and in his pose was yet the suggestion of that momentary feeling of relief. Parsons, however, wore another air. With a hand resting on the doorknob he looked across the room at Derwent, his face fixed, utterly devoid of expression.

It was he who was the first to break the silence. "Well?" he said, in a tone as bald and unemotional as his look; "Beeks said you wanted to see me."

Derwent dropped his arms. "Yes—sit down." Leaning over his desk, he rummaged among the papers, hunting for Parsons' statement. He found it presently—it had been buried under the sheets on which his profits were figured. Attached to it by a pin was a bank check, filled in and signed. Picking it up, he drew out his chair and motioned Parsons to draw up another.

But instead of seating himself Parsons shook his head. "I don't want to sit. What do you want me for?"

During the moment, Parsons had begun to scowl. Derwent looked at him, saw the frown, and again dropped his eyes to the paper. "Very well, Joe," he answered quietly, and unpinned the paper before him. Then he swung around in his chair. "Joe, Beeks tells me you've been wiped out this afternoon."

"Oh, did he!" answered Parsons, his tone mocking.

Derwent chose to overlook it. "I'm sorry, old man," said he, and looked up quietly. "You know I tried to keep you out of this—yes, just as I've tried to steer off my other friends. It was bound to get you in the end."

That Parsons agreed with him fully was evident in his words. "Sure!" said he. "Any game like this is bound to get you!"

Again Derwent saw fit to overlook the thinly-veiled mockery of the speech. In his time he had rubbed elbows with more than one man that had been ruined in a day. Now he set down Parsons' choler to the usual sulkiness of a certain sort of loser. "Well, Joe," he responded with unchanged civility, "I'm not going to profit by your losses. But first of all, I want to ask why you don't get out of the market for good?"

Parsons' scowl changed curiously. His lips parted in obvious astonishment. "Say! what are you driving at?" he inquired.

"This, Joe," Derwent answered, and held up the check. "I've asked you to keep out of Wall Street; and to show I'm not merely talking, here's a check for the full amount of commissions you've paid into Hyde & Derwent. It's enough," he added gently, "to give you a start in some other business."

"What!" Parsons drawled out the word as if in wonder, and then he laughed. "My commissions, eh?" But there was a lack of mirth in the laugh, an absence of any gratitude in the way he both looked and spoke. "My commissions, is it?" he said again; and as Derwent, nodding silently, still held out the bank check, Parsons leaned over and took it from his hand. "Huh!" he grunted, and read the figures aloud: "For thirty-eight hundred and fifty-five fifty! And so you want me to draw out for this?"

"Yes," said Derwent, smiling gently.

Parsons threw back his head and once again he laughed. "Well, you must think me a cheap one to take it," said he.

In Derwent's mind was a little chill, a question. Men that had lost their all were, to him, by no means a novelty. But now in the man's speech was something else than the loser's mere, usual sulkiness. Now it had another ring. There was a meaning to the words "think me a cheap one" that was not to be overlooked. The tone was suggestive, almost palpably bald. In that moment Derwent's mind swiftly went to work.

If Parsons knew! The thought stung like a tonic. If Derwent had sold himself, had bartered his conscience for a price, he still more than ever now demanded the fruits of the bargain. He demanded every dollar of it, every cent of the so-called easy money. It was no longer a case of the honor involved, the merits of what he had done. It was the money only. But that Parsons knew! Oh, impossible, he told himself. What proofs could any one have—when they were all locked up safely in Hyde & Derwent's books—of that business of the bucketed orders and of how Parsons and the rest had been dealt with? No, Parsons knew nothing. It was incredible. Yet why had Parsons made a play like that? He was not the sort to do it, unless he had something up his sleeve.

Then the man spoke. "No, Perry," he said quietly; "you can't think I'd fall for that."

At the words, Derwent leaned back, gasping inwardly with relief. He saw it now, so that the sweat gathered on his brow. "Oh, yes, yes!" he cried, hardly conscious of what he was saying; "you don't want to take it from me. Your pride—a feeling about it. You're a little ashamed."

He had even half risen to lay his hand on Parsons' shoulder, when the man's face suddenly convulsed itself. A fierce and uncontrollable emotion shook Parsons to the core; then with an effort he repressed himself.

"Ashamed? Why, you fumflammer! You bucketshop skate! I'll give you till tomorrow to settle. You'll hand back the twenty thousand you maced out of me, or I'll walk up to headquarters and blow the game you're running. Do you hear?"

Then he walked to the door and opened it. "Thirty-eight hundred!" he mocked. "Why, you welsher! You must think me as cheap as you are!"

But Derwent made no response. He was still sitting frozen in his chair when a slam of the door told him that Parsons had gone.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

IMPERIAL GUARANTEE
This Guarantee in Every Hat Insures Perfect Quality
IMPERIAL
NEW YORK
This Label in Every Hat Insures Correct Hat Style

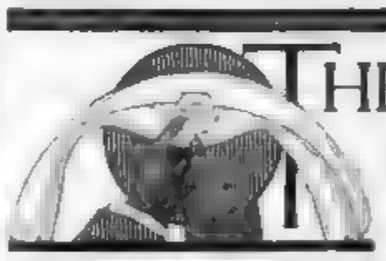
This "**Imperial $3.00 Hat,**" style No. 867, is now being shown in over 900 cities by our exclusive Agents.

Go to the Imperial Agent in your city or send direct to us for our elaborate catalogue showing 14 new styles for Spring.

Samuel Mundheim Co.
Makers
15 Astor Place, New York

Retailed by Smith, Gray & Co. in Greater New York.

To Dealers.—If there is no Agency in your town—write for facts.



THE collars that make all tie-tieing troubles a dim memory of the past—

SLIDEWELL COLLARS

—the collars with the little back-button-shield that lets your tie slide freely back and forth.

ALL THE NEW STYLES
15c, 2 for 25c;
in Canada 20c, 3 for 50c.

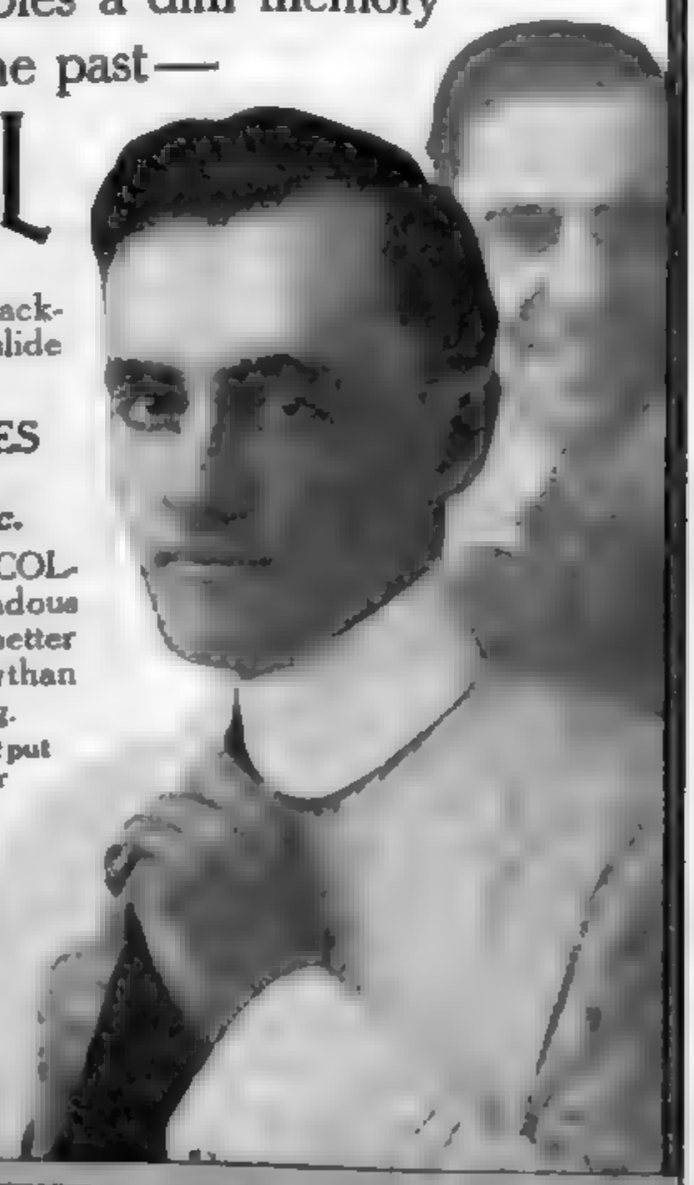
You'll find that SLIDEWELL COLLARS not only save you tremendous annoyance, but are better made, better finished, *better looking in every way* than the collars you've been wearing.

If your dealer (ask him first) has not yet put SLIDEWELLS on sale, you can order direct from us. Send 75c for 6 (in Canada $1.00 for 6) and state your size, and name or names you select from the styles below. Or write for the SLIDEWELL Style Book and send your order from it.

HALL, HARTWELL & CO.
Troy, N. Y.

E. H. WALSH & CO., Canadian Selling Agents, Toronto

GET THE GENUINE SLIDEWELL
—or be disappointed



CONGO NEVER LEAK ROOFING

CONGO is the highest grade ready roofing made. It is very pliable, tough and easy to lay. You simply unroll it on your roof, cement the laps with a special adhesive which we furnish free, and nail it down. Skilled labor is not required—no special tools are necessary. The pliability of the sheet makes it very easy to handle, easy to fit around corners, and easy to make absolutely tight.

A Guarantee Bond With Every Roll

How Long Will It Last?

So much for the roofing. Now the question is, *"How long will it last?"*

After all, that is what the buyer is interested in.

Suppose you could make a contract with your dealer to secure 10 years of protection. Suppose that he *guaranteed* that the roofing which he sold you to-day would give satisfactory service for that period. Wouldn't a roofing *guaranteed that way* be worth more than a roofing which is *not* guaranteed? Of course it would.

That's the kind of proposition we offer with Congo Roofing. *We give you 10 years' guaranteed protection.* Here is how we do it.

Fac-simile of Surety Bond in Every Roll of Congo Roofing

A Real Surety Bond

We have arranged with the National Surety Company of New York to place one of their Surety Bonds in *every roll* of Congo Roofing. This guarantee provides that we will make good any failure of Congo 2 or 3 ply if it gives less than 10 years' service. This guarantee is legally enforceable. It needs no lawyers to operate it. It is a *real insurance policy.* It makes absolutely certain that the money which you pay down to-day will suffice to protect your building for the next ten years. We are the only manufacturer who gives such a broad guarantee.

Other things being equal, doesn't this make Congo a better bargain than any other roofing? Isn't it the kind you want? You will find that its price is no higher than that of any other first class material of this kind.

10 Years' Service Assured

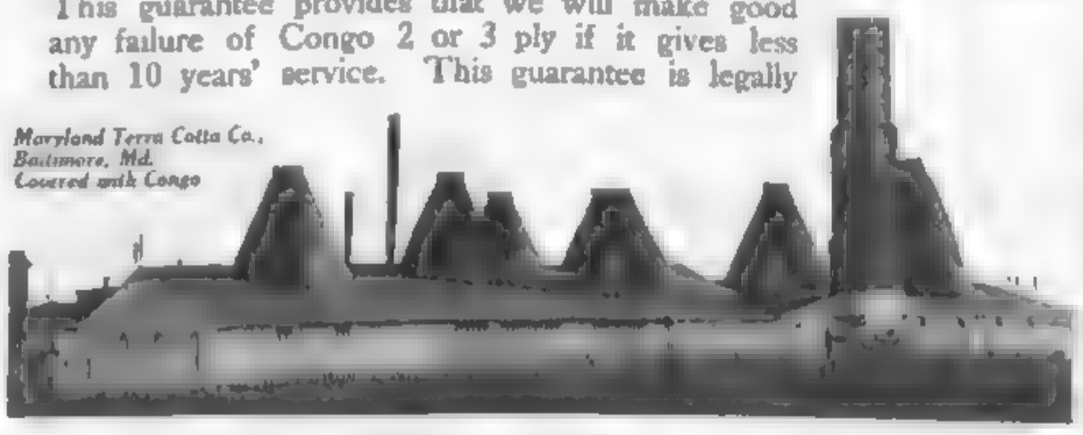
When you put Congo Roofing on your buildings, you have a roof that *will positively* serve you for 10 years. With other roofings you buy something which *may* serve you for 10 years. If you buy the other roofing and it fails to last the full period, you have no legal redress. The National Surety Company Bond stands behind Congo.

No Extras With Congo

When you buy Congo Roofing you buy a complete roof. Inside of each roll we supply the best grade of nails and *galvanized caps*, which will not rust. We also include liquid cement for the laps, which requires no heating and which is a strong waterproof adhesive.

We spare no expense to make Congo the best ready roofing on the market.

Maryland Terra Cotta Co., Baltimore, Md. Covered with Congo



Mason and Felton Lumber Co., Macon, Ga. Covered with Congo

The National Surety Company Satisfied

Remember that before the National Surety Company would issue a Guarantee Bond with every roll, they looked into our standing and into our product. They could not afford to put their name and their reputation behind a roofing that would not make good.

Although we have issued thousands upon thousands of these bonds, in not a single case have we been called upon to make good a Congo Roof. In other words, *there have been no unsatisfactory Congo Roofs.* The roofing is made right, and this is the best proof of its absolute satisfaction.

You take no chances when you cover your building with Congo Roofing.

Congo Means—A Certainty

Congo Roofing will give longer service without painting than any other prepared roofing on the market. In order to be sure of getting the 10 years of service which the Bond guarantees, we ask you to paint it twice during that period. This is a simple and inexpensive job, but it more than pays for itself.

Ordinary roofings involve *hope, fear and guesswork.* Congo Roofing means *positive certainty*

Free Sample

If you care to see a sample of the material which we are willing to guarantee in this way, we shall be glad to send it on request, without charge, together with a booklet explaining the Guarantee Bond in detail.

UNITED ROOFING & MANUFACTURING CO.

572 West End Trust Building, Philadelphia

CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

There's an

ACME QUALITY

Paint or Finish For Every Surface—For Every Object —For Every Condition

LET Acme Quality guide you and, under this trademark, in a convenient package, ready for applying, you'll find just the finish wanted.

Whether it is enameling a stovepipe to prevent rust, or painting the outside of the house to defy weather and decay, refinishing furniture, floors, carriage or auto, there is an Acme Quality product made specifically to meet the requirements of each purpose—to stand the particular conditions to which it will be subjected; to resist wear and to hold its colors without fading.

That's what Acme Quality means—not only *known worth*, but a suitable finish for every finishable surface

Acme Quality House Paint is made from finest materials, thoroughly ground and mixed. Will not fade, wears evenly, will never scale or crack. Color card at your dealer's—or from us on request

Acme Quality Bath Tub Enamel (Neal's) is impervious to hot or cold water, steam or moisture. Gives a hard, white, smooth, lustrous surface, easily kept bright and clean with a wet rag. Other Acme Quality Enamels for every purpose.

Acme Quality Varno-Lac is a combined stain and varnish, easily applied, dries smooth and hard, and doesn't show brush marks. A wide choice of colors, which will reproduce any wood effect you wish

Acme Quality Floor Paint (Granite) is the toughest and most durable kitchen floor coating. Withstands grinding wear. Dries over night. Other Acme Quality floor finishes suitable for every room in the house

ACME QUALITY

Paints, Enamels, Stains and Varnishes

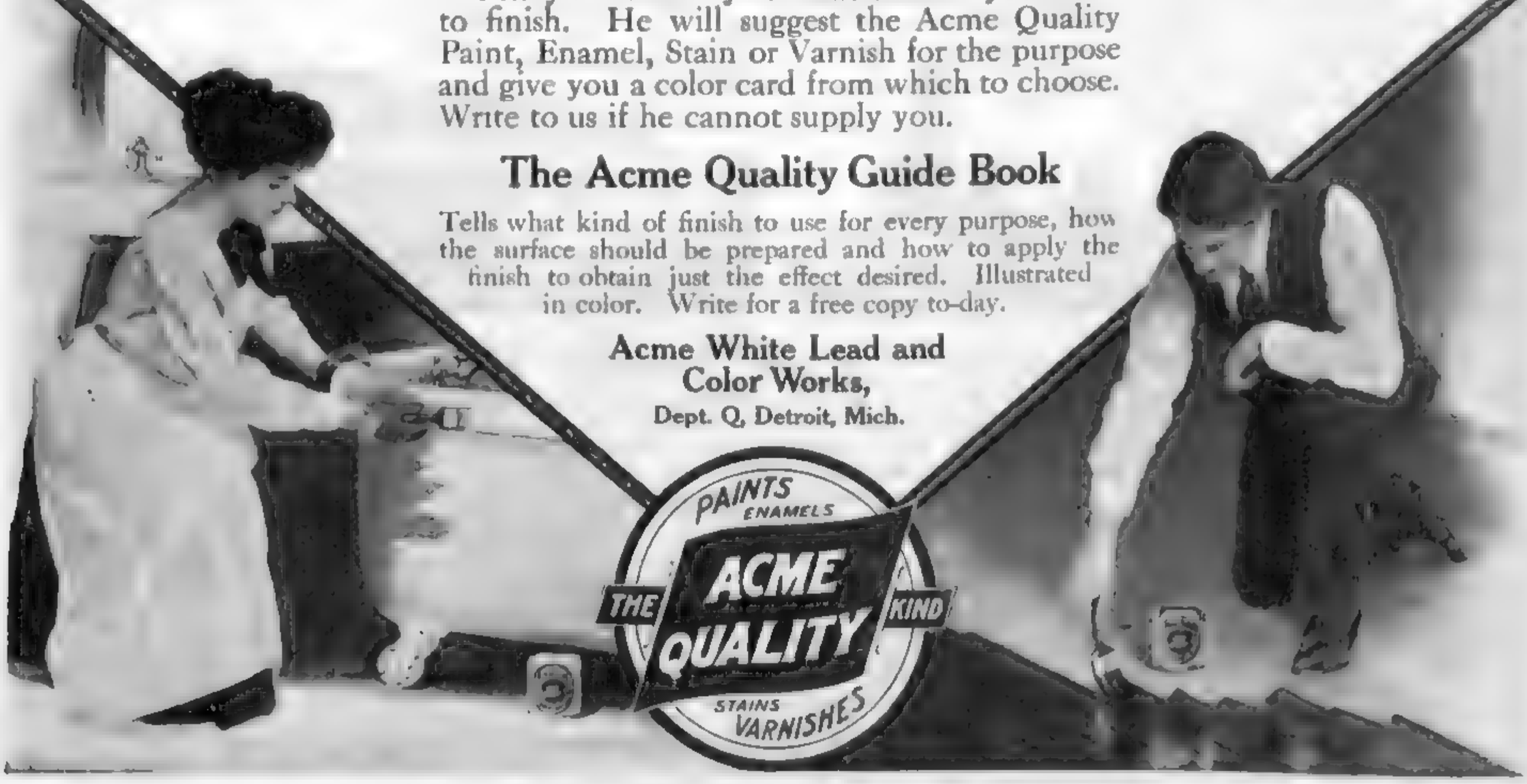
Spring fixing up suggests many things, indoor and out, that you want to make bright as well as to preserve them.

Tell your dealer just what surface you want to finish. He will suggest the Acme Quality Paint, Enamel, Stain or Varnish for the purpose and give you a color card from which to choose. Write to us if he cannot supply you.

The Acme Quality Guide Book

Tells what kind of finish to use for every purpose, how the surface should be prepared and how to apply the finish to obtain just the effect desired. Illustrated in color. Write for a free copy to-day.

Acme White Lead and Color Works,
Dept. Q, Detroit, Mich.



The Farmers' Forward Movement

(Continued from Page 13)

the "practical" farmers who had never tried the "new way." The alfalfa field scenes were also favorites. Among the other lantern-slide subjects are barley-breeding plats, seed-testing laboratory, hayfield with caps, corn in pots showing effects of various fertilizers, inoculated clover, harvesting potatoes, cranberry marshes, photos of various champion cows owned by the University and by private breeders in Wisconsin, prize-winning swine; several views of animals shown at the International Stock Show; typical representatives of each breed of swine, both sexes, young and old; illustrations of good and bad form in horses; all stages in the processes of making butter and cheese, separating milk, ripening cream, pasteurizing milk, bottling; views showing work done at points in various parts of the state on county farm crop tests, potato spraying, orchard spraying.

The course at Jefferson is the first we have given away from the county schools. We are experimenting this year on "how it affects the dog." The obvious advantage of working with the agricultural school is that we get more energetic and efficient local support in working up the thing, and it is, moreover, an elevating factor in the work of the school. For this work at the start the college had an appropriation of two thousand dollars, and was glad to get that much. It bought a good many miles of railroad fare, and many lantern slides – the county agricultural school at which the courses were held paying for the acetylene and electric light. There was no doubt about it, this traveling nickel agricultural theater—without the nickel—was a success. Four of the meetings, in four different schools, had a total attendance of four thousand. Last winter Dean Russell asked the Wisconsin legislators for thirty thousand dollars for this farmers' work—and got it without a discount. They knew all about the work, and applied the paring knife to other appropriations, but not to this one!

But the crux of the whole campaign to get at the farmer who had held these new-fangled notions in derision focused in the Ten-Days Farmers' Course at the college, where all the equipment of the great state institution was at the command of the faculty. Would the farmers who lighted their kitchen fires with experiment-station bulletins and resolutely declined to subscribe to a farm journal come up to this course and pay out their money for ten days' board? The first year one hundred and seventy-five of them came and listened to the educators who were giving up their Easter vacation for the privilege of preaching the gospel of the new farming to them. Last year eight hundred and seventy-five men and four hundred women were on hand and took in the full course. They didn't miss anything of this capsule course of advanced farming for grown men. And they went away shouting for the course. They come again, year after year, so long as they're running the farm. This is the history of those who sat in the first courses. More than this, these men and women go back home and root for the new farming, for the college and for the State University. They send for experiment-station bulletins and read them and argue about them with their neighbors who have not yet seen the light of the Ten-Days Farmers' Course at the college. If they find a neighbor who is still benighted enough to grumble because he is taxed to support the "fool college" they fall upon him and wrestle for his enlightenment until he is brought into the fold or cries quits.

The Easter-Egg Diet for Farmers

But the best part of this grand finale of the Forward Movement is that these Ten-Days Students absorb a surprising amount of education in their miniature course and go home and practice what they have learned. They're farming for money, every day in the year, and, when they see that the new way means dollars more than they've been getting, they go after those dollars with a plow or a pitchfork, as the case may be. They don't have to "ask father," for they are their own bosses and can do as they like. Consequently the Ten-Days Course is planting the state with good improved seed, in soil that is fixed right for it; is cultivating that seed and soil according to enlightened methods. It is drawing contrasts between crops with only a fence separating them, contrasts which make the passing farmer pull his team to a halt, stare at the differing results and ask: "How did you do it?" It is making differences in milk production which provoke questions at the creameries and the shipping stations; it is showing contrasts in potato patches and orchards that are separated by only a few rods of sward, and more particularly in the increased returns that are being secured in such production, especially with corn and barley—and always to the end of disclosing a Ten-Days Convert! There is a saying current in Wisconsin that, if you will "scratch a field that makes the neighboring crop look as if it hadn't got a fair start, you're bound to uncover a farmer who has been 'eating Easter eggs at the agricultural college.'" From the viewpoint of the University a most important service of the farmers' course is that it feeds the College of Agriculture with students.

It is the ordinary rather than the uncommon thing for the farmer who has taken the Ten-Days Course to say:

"If I were only younger by just a few years I'd take the regular short course in that college—I would, family or no family: farm or no farm! But the best I can do now is to send the boy and to pick up what I can from the Ten-Days Course each year."

Dean Russell doesn't claim any patent on the Forward Movement for Farmers. There are some phases of it, as found in Wisconsin, which are distinctively a Wisconsin idea—and these are among its most effective elements—but there is hardly a state having a strong agricultural college and a large farming population which is not working many lines of the Forward Movement to kill out the weeds of prejudice, doubt and superstition and prepare the soil of the adult rural mind for the new way that attempts to work with Nature instead of in opposition to her.

The Best Men Convinced

Illinois' College of Agriculture, for example, does its missionary work mainly through the farmers' institutes and testing or demonstration plats scattered about the state. The farmers' institute is a big thing in Illinois, and in some counties there are as many as four institutes a year, lasting from four days to a full week. Every man of tried ability on the staff of the college, from Dean Davenport down to the latest instructor who has real results behind him, goes from one county seat to another, talking to the farmers and their wives who gather in the courthouse. Sometimes as many as five men from the agricultural college address the same institute. From persona' observation in my own county I know that the ablest farmers attend these institutes, and when a soil specialist or a dairy expert has finished his talk he is promptly surrounded and plied with questions until time to take his train. And the men who are the most attentive listeners and the sharpest questioners are the men who make their farms pay them big money. "It is much the same all over the state," a soil expert assured me. "At every institute there is a group of the big farmers of the county. They're there because they know it pays them. But we want to see more of the other sort, as well. They're the ones we're really anxious to reach and to talk with personally. We always keep an eye out for the farmer who is taking in his first institute and who looks a little ashamed of being found in such theoretical and 'tony' company." The United States Department of Agriculture estimates that three million persons attended farmers' institutes, in this country, in 1909.

There are more than thirty demonstration fields scattered through Illinois and devoted to various crops and purposes. But the one purpose of "showing" the farmer is behind all of them. They are rallying points for new recruits and serve their purpose well. The field meetings at the experimental tracts are sometimes attended by two hundred farmers. "I have one instance in mind," said one of Dr. Hopkins' soil experts, "where the farmers were able to see the harvesting of a corn crop, on an experiment field up in the state, which was twenty bushels to the acre in

Only 5 Days'

time do we require to tailor-to-your-measure a suit of clothes, guaranteed perfect in style and workmanship. Our marvelous organization of 33 years' development has so perfected the tailoring art that we are able to make this startling assertion and back it up.

No need to buy ready-mades when you can have good clothes made to your own measure in five days. We know how.

Our High-Class Suits and Overcoats

To Order $20.00 to $40.00

are recognized as "Standard" throughout the entire U. S.

We have an established dealer in your own city (if perchance you don't know him, write us) who is more than anxious to show you our great Spring line of exclusive woolens, and skillfully take your measure. Call on him and be "shown."

Still time to order your Easter Suit.

Made-to-Order—of course

12 Art Portraits of Champion Athletes and New Spring Fashion Magazine, Edition F, sent free on request. Write today.

Strauss Brothers
MASTER TAILORS
CHICAGO

5000 Representatives Throughout the United States

King Steel In The Office

THE big business concerns which are keenest for new ideas and improvements are buying steel office furniture. Some are even discarding wood and putting in Everlast steel office furniture.

If you are up-to-the-second in your office management, you will investigate this subject of steel office furniture at once. The best way to investigate is to let us send you an Everlast Steel Vertical File on 30 days' free trial, as per coupon below.

After using it a few weeks you will send for more. You may even abandon all your wood files. Not only that, but you'll want all the other Everlast office appliances and furniture.

To put it off means to forget it. So tear off and sign the coupon below and send it to us now while you have it in mind.

EVERLAST

THE NEW STEEL VERTICAL LETTER FILE

Everlasting as Steel—for it is steel. Pull an EVERLAST drawer out its full length, stand a 200-pound man in the extreme end of the drawer and his weight will not spring it a fraction of an inch.

No Depreciation to Charge Off—Lasts as long as your business lasts. In fifty years no depreciation, only a few scratches easily repaired.

Drawers Slide Silent and Light—The heavier the load the smoother the action. Loaded full capacity or with fifty pounds, you can pull them out by a silk thread. Being of suspension roller bearing construction and padded with solid rubber, there's absolutely no noise from sliding of drawers.

Drawers Can't Swell and Stick—Damp weather makes your wood files stick, so do heavy folders. You know all this. EVERLAST drawers can't stick because they run on steel rollers on steel rails.

instead of other files is readily apparent. Other files wear out while EVERLASTS don't.

Has Handy Locking Device—Touching a button locks all drawers. Costs a little extra.

Has Ingenious Folder Compressor which presses letters smoothly and firmly almost as a letter press. Slides sleekly on metal runway—a touch sends it back and forth or sets it solid and [illegible]

Roach, Rat and Vermin Proof [illegible]

Finished to Match any Furniture so that you can't tell which is the mahogany and which the EVERLAST or which is the oak and which the EVERLAST. All woods imitated perfectly. EVERLAST files are olive green. Other finishes a few dollars extra. The beautifully finished enamel is baked on and can't come loose.

All Systems Fit the EVERLAST—Simply transfer your present folders and guides into the EVERLAST.

How Much You Save by purchasing EVERLASTS [illegible]

GET THIS FREE BOOK ON STEEL OFFICE FURNITURE

YOU not only want EVERLAST [illegible] You want EVERLAST desks, filers, [illegible] EVERLAST tables, [illegible] files etc., etc. Here's an [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] more than good words about furniture and are based on exact information of a wealth [illegible] We [illegible] EVERLAST [illegible] it will tell you [illegible] and all about [illegible] or your pen and card now before you forget it. It's very important to you

Everything for the Office in Steel

JAMESTOWN METAL FURNITURE COMPANY

Please deliver to our office one EVERLAST Vertical Letter File [illegible] I want [illegible] EVERLAST [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

excess of the plat next to it, because the soil had been properly treated and handled for some three or four years. This is what convinces them! And they take action on that kind of evidence. Our field near Galesburg was treated with rock phosphate, for example, and responded splendidly. The farmers who saw the results began by ordering a few tons and experimenting cautiously with their own soil. One man, who in 1908 put on one hundred and fifty tons, last year raised the amount to four hundred and fifty tons. His experience is representative. The experimental fields scattered through the state are wonderful evangelists."

The manner in which these experimental fields are located is significant. An Advisory Soil Committee, composed of five active farmers who have made good on their own lands, make a circuit of the state and study the local soil question. Then they talk it over with the faculty of the agricultural college and, together, they not only select locations for new experimental fields, but also decide on the whole soil campaign for the state. This plan puts the farmer himself in the harness for the Farmers' Forward Movement.

There is also an extensive and increasing coöperation between the dairy department at the Agricultural College and State Experiment Station and the dairymen throughout the state. Various dairies are visited, once each nine weeks, by a representative of the Experiment Station who takes tests, makes official records of the production, quantity and quality of product and the effects of certain feeding rations. More than this, he carefully examines each individual cow in the herd and all the physical elements involved in the operation of that dairy and makes suggestions and gives instructions to that dairyman and to any of his neighbors who are on hand to meet the dairy expert.

Far-Sighted Philanthropy

The Farmers' Course of two weeks at the University of Illinois is not exclusively for those "more than twenty-five years old," as in Wisconsin, but the larger part of those who attend are grown-ups who are farming on their own hook. The attendance for the 1909 short course was seven hundred. One prominent farmer has attended every short-course session for twelve years, another for ten years and many for five years.

A peculiar kink of the Farmers' Forward Movement in Illinois is the corn-judging contests for boys at the institutes. The boy who makes the best score at each institute is given a short course scholarship at the State College in January. This includes his railroad fare and living expenses. The boy who wins a short course scholarship seldom stops short of a full course. And the men who are drawn into it through the experiment patches or the visits of state missionaries of the milking stool are generally found sending their own sons, if they have them, or talking up the school to relatives and friends with growing boys. Up in Winnebago County, for example, certain farmers and business men who had "been converted to the new farming gospel" made up a pool of about four hundred dollars to pay the way of eighteen boys to the College of Agriculture for the short course. "It'll do this county several thousand dollars' worth of good in the next few years, for those boys will stick to the farms and make them hum" was the logic by which the hard-fisted business men justified their odd philanthropy. These scholarships were awarded on a competitive basis, the competition being under the direction of O. J. Kern, the superintendent of schools for Winnebago County and a live wire in vocational education.

Just now the Farmers' Forward Movement is getting a peculiar advantage from the fact that a complete soil survey of Illinois is in progress. In winter the soil surveyors can do little or nothing in their regular line; but several of them are now going through a certain large section of southern Illinois which has been so depleted that its soil will not grow clover. These men are going from farmhouse to farmhouse, urging the farmers to put limestone on their acrid soil, thus preparing it for clover, the great nitrogen restorer—instructing them as fully in the way to build up their impoverished lands and retrieve their wasted soil fertility as the sewing-machine agent instructs the interested housewife in the use of the machine which she has bought on trial. And the ordinary, open-season field work of the soil survey specialists is unquestionably among the most effective forms of agricultural evangelization. When one of these men comes to the house of Farmer Dow and plies him with questions about his soil and the general geography of the farm, and then goes in the field, bores for soil samples and bottles them as carefully as if they were samples of gold quartz—when all this happens right under the nose of Farmer Dow, on his own ground, the owner of that soil experiences a sudden awakening and wants to know what it's all about. He sees that the young men who are "sampling dirt for the state" are driving livery teams, and he learns that they are "putting up at the *ho*-tel"—all of which costs money. Then he sounds them to see if they are doing gumshoe political work for the Administration. He finds that the soil experts decline to talk politics, and so is convinced that they must be tending to their business, and that business must be worth while or else the state would not put up for so many livery and hotel bills with no politics behind them!

This angle of his discovery is mighty persuasive to the farmer, and the soil surveyor doesn't escape until he has given up a small lecture on the nature of the soil of that locality and that farm, what it's good for, and what is good for it. In the eight or ten years before the soil survey of the whole state is finished the amount of missionary work done by its various squads will have given the Farmers' Forward Movement a tremendous push.

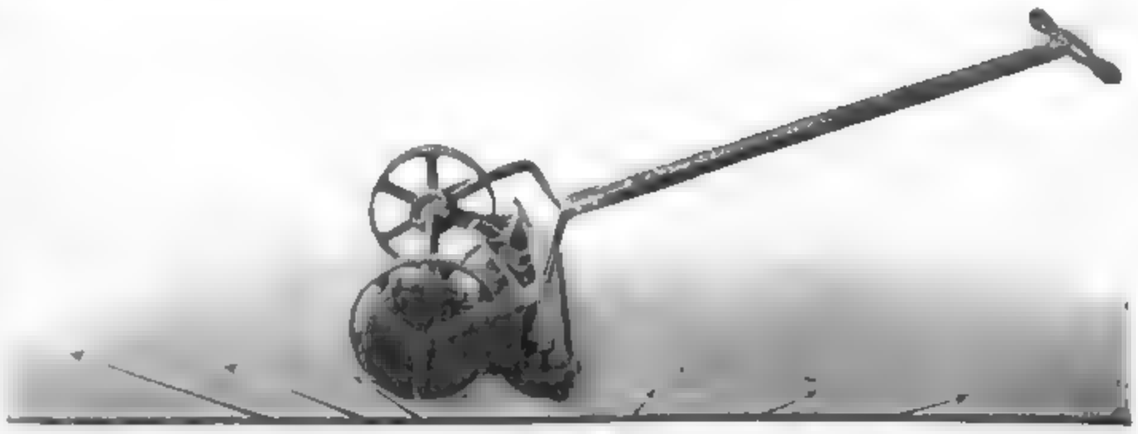
The contact of the soil sampler and the farmer is so close and personal and so unfailing in its opportunity to preach the word of the new way that it is hardly too much to say that the direct, first-hand educational and evangelical value of a survey is worth to a state all it costs, without particular regard for the long-time value upon which it is based.

What the Farmers' Forward Movement is doing for the soil, the crops and the herds of Wisconsin and Illinois is being done to some extent, and by differing means, in every state in the Union where agriculture is something more than a pastime or a joke. As Dean Russell declares:

Dean Russell's Prophecy

"If we're going to break through the crust of the average farmer whose hands are too calloused and knotted by long gripping of the plow handle and the pitchfork to write letters to the State Experiment Station it's not going to be by sitting serenely in our places and cooling our toes in the ashes of scientific investigation; it's going to be by going out into the back towns and beating the bushes with demonstrated results that the farmer can see with his eyes and handle with his hands and sell for real money.

"This Forward Movement for the Farmers of America is one of the biggest and most sweeping waves of organized effort that this country has ever known. It means millions to every state where its influence is felt, and the aggregate of its benefits, in mere dollars and cents, will almost stagger the seasoned statistician whose mind is inured to figures that mount up into the millions. To stop the reckless soil depletion that is going on in any one of the great Middle-West states is alone more than enough to justify the cost of this movement; but to turn soil destruction into systematic construction will be a work of industrial salvation the scope of which makes the tariff and other problems of economics look almost insignificant. Then add to this the beneficent results of all the other activities which are involved in the movement: the breeding of good, sound and profitable cattle, swine and horses instead of poor and unprofitable ones; the teaching of methods which will turn unprofitable dairies into profitable ones and will increase the yield of the farmers' acres from ten to fifty per cent. These but suggest the results for which this Farmers' Forward Movement is striving and which are easily possible to it. Science is making wonderful advancement all along the line—but in no other field are its strides greater than in that of agriculture. The thing is to enlist the average farmer, lift him out of his prejudice and get him to apply the business and scientific principles and methods which will as surely multiply his profits and his creature comforts as the sun is to shine upon his waiting fields."



The Lawn Mower That Cuts Nails

THE Pennsylvania Lawn Mower cuts nails because all the blades are made of *crucible tool steel—hardened and tempered in oil.* This is true of no other lawn mower in existence, because no other mower has all its blades made of crucible tool steel.

These blades are self-sharpening. They are always in the *best* cutting condition without the slightest attention from the sharpener—a feature impossible with anything but crucible tool steel.

All bearings and bearing surfaces are ground true and accurate—making a light running, easy cutting mower—"As True as a Watch." Keep these facts in mind when thinking about that new lawn mower. Once you have bought a

"PENNSYLVANIA" LAWN MOWER

all you need think of is the grass and oil can.

ABOUT THE PICTURE. Just to show the cutting abilities of the Pennsylvania Mower we drove a few nails in the floor, then ran a "Pennsylvania" over them. This performance was then photographed as shown above.

PENNSYLVANIA Quality LAWN MOWERS

We have a booklet of concentrated lawn and mower wisdom—"THE LAWN—ITS MAKING AND CARE," which should settle for the next 25 years your lawn and mower problems. This book was written by a well-known authority. **Glad to send it free.**

SUPPLEE HARDWARE COMPANY, Box 1578, Phila., Pa.

IVER JOHNSON
SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER
Announcement
NEW MODEL
The improved model of the world's safest revolver is now on sale at every progressive firearms dealer's.
This revolver combines the "Hammer the Hammer" feature of past Iver Johnson models with improvements in action *never* before found in *any* revolver at *any price*.
Spiral springs of tempered piano wire replace all flat springs. Tension is maintained throughout the entire length of a spiral spring. The old flat spring exerts greatest tension at one point, where the metal in time gives out. A revolver with old style springs may fail you in a moment of life or death. This can never happen with the new Iver Johnson. In accuracy the New Iver Johnson Revolver is unexcelled. The barrel is of finest forged steel, rifled with an accuracy unexceeded by *any* other revolver. The new Iver Johnson marks the highest achievement in revolver making.
Our Catalogue explains the superior features of our revolvers.
Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver
cartridge, 32 or 38 centerfire cartridge
$6.00
Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver
32 centerfire cartridge
$7.00
Nearly all firearms dealers carry Iver Johnson revolvers. Where unobtainable locally, we ship direct on receipt of price. The owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel mark the *genuine*.
IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS, 147 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
NEW YORK—99 Chambers Street. San Francisco, Cal. HAMBURG, GERMANY—Pickhuben 4. LONDON, ENGLAND—40 Queen St., Cheapside, E. C. PACIFIC COAST—717 Market St.
Makers of Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Iver Johnson Truss Bridge Bicycles.

NOT in any MILK TRUST

HORLICK'S

Rich milk and malted grain extract in powder
A quick lunch

Original and Genuine
MALTED MILK
The Food-Drink for all ages.
Better than Tea or Coffee.
Keep it on your sideboard at home.

***Others are Imitations—Ask for Horlick's—** Everywhere*

MAINE POTATOES The story of the wonderful opportunities for growing potatoes in Maine and Northern New Hampshire, along the line of the MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD is of importance to every person interested. Send for booklet, Industrial Department, Maine Central Railroad Co., Portland, Maine.

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED
Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent; What to Invent; list of inventions wanted; prizes offered; how sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

MEZGER Automatic WINDSHIELD

No Goggles
No Dust
No Wind
No Rattle
Always Ready
Always Works

YOU see how beautiful it is; and it's as good as it looks. It's the original folding windshield, absolutely protected by basic patents, which are winning their way in the courts over other folding windshields which are cheap imitations of the real thing. The Mezger Automatic is made right—always works.

Convenient—you can have any style of Mezger Automatic you like: The original Spring Type, shown in the small pictures, with two positions, up or down ($25 or $27.50 according to size). The Spring Type with Friction Attachment, to prevent slamming ($30 or $32.50 according to size). The Friction Type, which stays automatically in a dozen positions—upright, front or back ($37.50, $30 or $32.50 according to size). The Clear Vision, of the same type, exactly as shown in large picture above ($39.50, $35 or $37.50 according to size). Or the Rain Vision, $50, which keeps out rain, snow or sleet, as the rest do, but gives the driver a clear view of the road even in a storm.

All styles of the Mezger Automatic hold the glass in a patented spring channel which takes up vibration, prevents breakage and allows putting in a new glass in two minutes. No cement to bother with.

All types can be fitted to either touring car, roadster or runabout.

Mezger Automatic (Spring Type) Windshield. One hand lowers it against rubber bumpers—rattle-proof

Mezger Automatic (Spring Type) Windshield. One hand raises it to firm, upright position.

Send for booklet—shows pictures of all and tells details

Up in a Jiffy. Down in a Jiffy. Adds to the Beauty of Your Car.

The United Manufacturers

is the Co-Operative Sales Force of five of the oldest and most successful automobile manufacturers, *i. e.:*

C. A. Mezger, Inc. The Jones Speedometer
The Weed Chain Tire Grip Company
New York and New Jersey Lubricant Company
Connecticut Telephone and Electric Company

The fundamental purpose of this great organization is to reduce the cost of our products to the consumer. To protect the honest dealer by seeing that he gets a profit that will enable him to give the consumer the best possible service. To protect ourselves and the public against the shoddy substituter and infringer.

UNITED STANDARD EQUIPMENT MANUFACTURERS

Buy automobile accessories whose you see this sign. It protects you against the [illegible] and the shoddy service price cutter.

United Manufacturers, 76th Street and Broadway, New York

Please send me information about

Connecticut Ignition System	Mezger Automatic Windshield
Jones Speedometer	Weed Anti-Skid Chains
Jones Electric Horn	Non-Fluid Oil
Semi-Proof Spark Plug	Mo-To-Rol

Name

City State

Dealer's Name

We like mail orders only when you introduce your dealer's name so that we can adjust the matter through him.

WHEN you think of painting your home do not think only of the color scheme, but think also of the quality of the paint that is going to make that color scheme last the longest.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT

made by the largest paint and varnish house in the world, is scientifically mixed from formulas first thoroughly tried out in our own laboratories maintained exclusively for that purpose.

Ask your painter to use Sherwin-Williams Paint and see that the label S W P is on each can.

If you will send us a photograph of your home, we will suggest a color scheme for you. We maintain a staff of decorators exclusively for this purpose.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS & VARNISHES

Address all inquiries to The Sherwin-Williams Co.,
613 Canal Road, Cleveland, O.
In Canada to 639 Centre Street, Montreal.
London Address 7 Well Court, Queen Street, E. C

FERRO

The World's Standard Motor-Boat Engine

Write us today for Ferro Book on boat-motors and equipment. It tells, in simple, non-technical language, what every buyer and owner should know about their construction and operation.

Free to any intending purchaser of boat or engine.

The Engine is the Deciding Factor in Purchasing a Motor-boat

The engine should be your first consideration; for on it depends your ultimate satisfaction.

We help you to select the best boats built for all purposes, as well as the best engine.

Therefore write to us whether you intend buying complete hull or engine alone. We can send you full information on the best motor-boats built.

20,000 Ferros are in use, in all parts of the world.

The Ferro Machine & Foundry Co.

Main Offices and Superior Ave., N. W., Cleveland
New York Office [illegible]

Ferro Motor and Boat Agents in all Principal Cities

An Easily Cleaned Soda Fountain

No apparatus which holds fruit syrup, milk and melting ice can be kept sweet without painstaking and heavy labor—unless it is very ingeniously planned and put together. You can flush with a hose the counter, work board and apparatus of a

Walrus Eitherway Soda Fountain

(Ice or Iceless. Use it "Eitherway.")

and not a drop will drain into anything that goes into a glass of soda, or collect to foul a crack or corner. Metal parts are solid German silver, seamless and stamped to shape. Syrup jars are heavy porcelain and sloped so with no opening exposed to interior of fountain—hence are free from contamination by ice and from intermingling of flavors. Tanks with attached covers, spring pumps, or syrup lifts are interchangeable in these jars, so that whole and crushed fruits are protected and ice cold instead of being served from exposed, uncooled bowls on the counter. Every part easily removed. No other fountain so sanitary or so easily kept clean. There are 38 Walrus points of superiority.

Catalogs upon request. Representatives everywhere. Inquiries intelligently answered.

Address Manager
WALRUS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Decatur, Illinois.
(Manufacturers—Not Assemblers)

Walrus Metal Furniture, Carbonators, Charging Outfits and Steel Tanks are articles of extreme merit and fully guaranteed

Send now 50 cents 6 issues

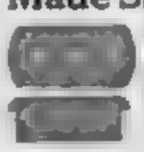
CASH PRIZE ART CONTESTS

In Every Issue of the STUDENTS ART MAGAZINE

[illegible] Designing Cartooning [illegible] trating Lettering and Chalk Talking [illegible]

Address G. H. LOCKWOOD, Editor
Instructor U. S. Art School, Kalamazoo, Mich., Dept. 5

Safety Razor Blades 2½c Made Sharper Than New 2 EA.



[illegible] blades resharpened by Keenedge [illegible] Process. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] repeating. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

KEENEDGE CO., 401 Kenedge Building, CHICAGO

$1,288.20 CLEAR PROFIT IN THE FIRST 60 DAYS

A young man working for about $18 per week installed four of our Box Ball Alleys with the above results. He purchased on our easy payment plan and his original investment was less than $300.00.

A doctor realizing the great value of Box Ball for physical exercise, bought one alley and had it run by a young man, and his profit on one alley was over $500.00 for the first two months.

We want you to start this business in your town. Remember, Box Ball is no gambling device, but legitimate and thoroughly honorable. A high-class amusement and splendid physical exercise, and never fails to attract the patronage of the good people.

Box Ball pays big profits in any town. One man with two alleys in a town of only 500 population took in all the alleys cost him in forty days. We sell only one customer in towns of moderate size. We have sold nearly 6,500 alleys. Quickly installed, conveniently portable, small expense, easy payments. Catalog and particulars free. Write today.

AMERICAN BOX BALL CO.
1233 Van Buren St. (16) INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Macbeth Pearl Glass is the only kind of glass that would ever be used for lamp-chimneys if every maker considered his interests identical with those of the user.

It is only the user's interests, however, that you have to consider.

See that my name, Macbeth, is on the lamp-chimneys you buy, and they won't break from heat.

One quality; to get the correct size and shape for any burner, have my lamp book. Free. Address

MACBETH, Pittsburgh.

Rugs Carpets Curtains Blankets
From the Mill We Pay Freight

Manufacturers' prices save you dealers' profits. We give a binding guarantee of satisfaction and save you 33 1-3 per cent.

You can buy the well known Regal Rug, reversible, all wool finish, at $3.75. Our Brussello Rug, greatest value known, $2.98. Splendid grade Brussels Rug, 9x12 ft., $11. Famous Invincible Velvets, 9x12 ft., $18. Standard Axminsters, 9x12 ft. $15.50. Fine quality Lace Curtains, 45c per pair and up. Tapestry Curtains, Wilton Rugs, Linoleums at Manufacturers.

Write today for our NEW [illegible] CATALOG, No. [illegible] free. Shows latest designs [illegible]

UNITED MILLS MFG. CO.
3450-3462 Jasper St., Phila.

Weak Instep

causes pains through the feet and legs similar to rheumatism. You can prevent all this by wearing the

50c A PAIR. Your dealer or by mail. Give size shoe.

C & H ARCH Instep Supports

C & H Arch Shank Co., Dept. E, Brockton, Mass.

BASE-BALL UNIFORMS

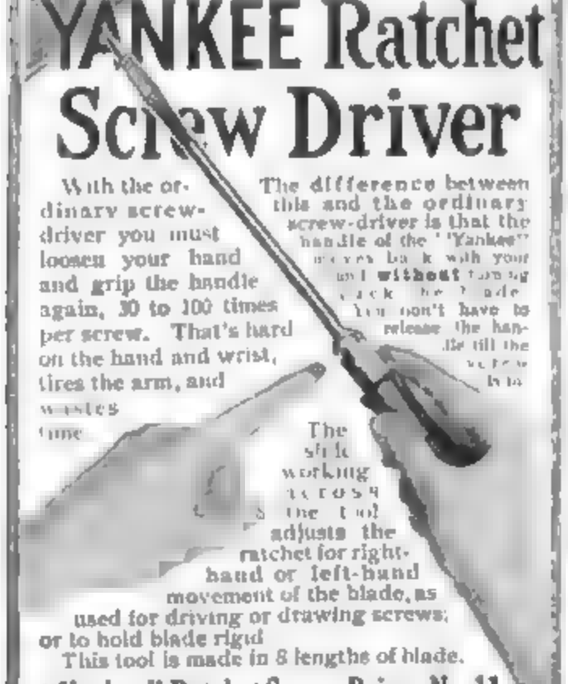
Made up right and delivered on time. Fit guaranteed. LOWEST PRICES TO CLUBS. Catalog and 100 samples free; order from mfrs. and save money.

WESTERN UNIFORM CO.
220 Clark St. CHICAGO

"YANKEE" Ratchet Screw Driver

With the ordinary screw-driver you must loosen your hand and grip the handle again, 30 to 100 times per screw. That's hard on the hand and wrist, tires the arm, and wastes time.

The difference between this and the ordinary screw-driver is that the handle of the "Yankee" moves back with your hand **without** turning the blade. You don't have to release the handle till the screw is in or out.



The shift lever working across the tool adjusts the ratchet for right-hand or left-hand movement of the blade, as used for driving or drawing screws; or to hold blade rigid.

This tool is made in 8 lengths of blade.

"Yankee" Ratchet Screw-Driver No. 11

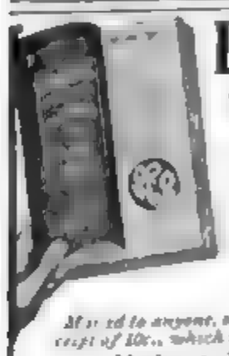
2-in. Blade	35c	6 in. Blade	70c
3 in. "	50c	8 in. "	80c
4-in. "	55c	10 in. "	90c
5-in. "	60c	12 in. "	$1 00

Your dealer can supply you.

"Yankee" Ratchet Screw-Driver No. 10, same adjustments but with ratchet-shifter working lengthwise with the tool. Same sizes and prices.

Send for descriptive booklet about these "Yankee" Tools, for drilling, reaming, tapping, etc. Also, ask about the "Yankee" Tool Book, sent on request.

NORTH BROS MFG CO., Philadelphia



DREER'S GARDEN BOOK

Get this book for cultural notes on How to Grow Flowers from Seeds—1200 varieties listed; on How to Raise Vegetables—600 varieties given; and for descriptions and prices of 2000 plants, besides hardy shrubs, climbers, small fruits, etc. Over 1000 illustrations.

Mailed to anyone, mentioning this publication, on receipt of 10c., which may be deducted from first order.

Variegated-Leaved Nasturtiums

The Queen of Nasturtiums, charming for borders, porch boxes, baskets, etc. The leaves are beautifully variegated white, gold and green and with flowers as varied as the ordinary sorts. **10 cts per pkt.**

"Garden Book" free with each order

Henry A. Dreer, 714 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

Clip Your Horses

Clipped horses work better, feel better, look better, and are worth more than unclipped horses.

Clip off the thick winter coat that causes sweating and fat. Clipped horses dry quickly, rest well and get more good from their feed. They come out refreshed and look and work better.

$7.50

This STEWART BALL BEARING CLIPPING MACHINE

is acknowledged in every civilized country on earth as the finest outfit ever made for horse clipping. It has all the hard cut steel gears, enclosed, protected and swimming in oil. Friction and wear reduced to minimum. Turns easiest, clips fastest and lasts longest. Guaranteed for 25 years. **$7.50**

Price, complete, ...

Get one at your dealer's or send $2 and we will ship C. O. D. for balance. SEND TO-DAY

Chicago Flexible Shaft Co., 148 Ohio St., Chicago

Enchantress Aster

This Packet of Seeds Free

Finest floral novelty of the season. A magnificent large flower with long stem, of perfect shape and just the color of the noted Enchantress Carnation. Free bloomer and you'll like it. Really worth 25 cents per packet, but we desire to place our large, beautifully illustrated catalog of seeds and plants in the hands of every flower lover and will send it with packet of 50 seeds of Enchantress Aster FREE, if you mention magazine. If you have had our catalog, please say so.

Iowa Seed Co., Dept. 39, Des Moines, Ia.

A Sample of Page Fence FREE!

Send for an actual sample of the world-famous Page Woven Wire Fence. See the Basic Open Hearth Page Wire—the strongest fence wire in existence! See the wonderful Page Knot—*the knot that can't come off*. Get a Free copy of the Quarter-Centennial Catalog of Page Fence, explaining its amazing durability, elasticity and economy. Just a postal. Address (3)

Page Woven Wire Fence Co., Box 212-H, Adrian, Mich.

ANYBODY CAN HATCH CHICKENS WITH A BUCKEYE INCUBATOR—$5

Simple and reliable. Only one moisture and regulating adjustment. Incubator and Brooder sent on 60 days free trial, with money back in case of failure. 10,000 now in use. Send for books telling how Buckeye owners get 5c. for eggs and Making Money the Buckeye Way. Both sent free to you.

Buckeye Incubator Co., 1327 Innisfallen Ave., Springfield, O.

THE EASIEST PROFITS

(Concluded from Page 17)

The first processes transformed the starch into sugar, but permitted the gluten to run off into streams and ponds as useless refuse. Here it quickly putrefied, and the stench inseparable from a glucose factory in those days strengthened a popular belief that the stuff was made of old bones. As the industry advanced, however, chemist and salesman joined hands and disposed of every atom of that wasted gluten, which is now an indispensable milk-making food for cattle. Today nothing is wasted in making corn starch and corn sugar.

Another interesting by-product was discovered recently in a Chicago plant devoted to the making of feather pillows.

Grandmother used to pluck feathers from geese and hens, sun them thirty days in the ticks, and then put them on her beds in the belief that she had a prime home article. But the pillow manufacturer does a good many things to feathers that grandmother never dreamed of. They come to him in bales, and he steams them, whirls them around drums that sort them by sizes, curls the stiff quills of the longer ones, and puts them through other operations before they are sewed up in ticks. In the course of his process he takes tons and tons of dirt out of feathers that grandmother put into her pillows in the raw state. This is partly dust gathered by the hen basking in the road. But two-thirds of it consists of tiny dried scales of flesh and skin that have adhered to the quills in plucking. This refuse was all bought at raw-feather prices, being weighed up in the bales and paid for at fifteen to sixty cents a pound. For years the factory paid fifty cents a load to the truckman who hauled it to a public dump.

One afternoon an investigating fertilizer chemist came around and asked for samples of this dust, and since then it has been sold for ten dollars a ton to the fertilizer manufacturers, being rich in ammonia and other plant foods.

These are a few typical instances of waste being turned into clean profits. Our industrial system is full of similar unconsidered wastes, together with men who have made snug incomes by stopping others.

Stock for Ashes

Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as a waste product. For what is looked upon as absolutely worthless in one place may fetch a good price elsewhere. That was brought out strikingly a few years ago in the investigation of an Eastern street-railway company's system of hauling ashes. These ashes, picked up and loaded into cars, were carried at an apparent loss, but it developed that the railway company had an agreement with a real-estate company which was filling in low lands for sale as the city grew toward them. The ashes converted almost valueless swamp into desirable lots. The street-railway company was paid in the real-estate company's stock. By this arrangement the filling proceeded, being paid for in stock at prices that barely covered actual cost to the railway company. The latter agreed to take its profit out of the increased value of the stock after filling had been completed.

Again, what is considered worthless by one manufacturer often furnishes the finest raw material for another.

The superintendent of an Eastern piano factory visited a large car-building plant in the West, nearer the lumber regions than his factory. During the past five years he had solved many a problem presented by decreasing supplies and advancing prices of lumber, being driven from one kind of wood to another as the cost rose, and then to something else, at the same time manoeuvering to utilize every scrap of stock for something, cutting one kind of parts from the waste of another. In the carworks, however, he found two machines busy cutting board-ends and other wood into pieces small enough to be burned under the boilers. At his own plant nothing but shavings and sawdust was burned, and these had to furnish their ascertained amount of power. But in the Western works the odd lumber that went under the boilers would have gone far toward furnishing raw material for a piano factory.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Collins on business economies.

$3 ATLAS 1910 Edition Given FREE

To 1,000 readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST who take advantage of this **Special Offer** now made in connection with the **Just Published**

NEW FROM COVER TO COVER

Webster's New International

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY
THE LATEST AUTHENTIC EDITION OF THE MERRIAM SERIES
G. & C. MERRIAM CO.
WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

In Rich Full Red Leather Binding.

400,000 Words and Phrases

6,000 Illustrations

3,000 Pages

New Gazetteer of the World

New Biographical Dictionary

Readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST can obtain this most known and [illegible] **Reference Library** in [illegible] form on the following remarkably easy terms.

The entire work in full leather (with Atlas)

Delivered for $1.00

and easy payments thereafter of only a few cents a week, in the United States or Canada.

Furthermore

1,000 Complete Atlases of the World

will be given **Absolutely Free** to 1,000 readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST who take advantage of this **Special Offer.**

Highest Praise from Eminent Authorities

Nicholas Murray Butler, President Columbia University: "Marks new advances even upon its excellent predecessor."

President Harris, Northwestern University: "Much pleased with new bibliographical division of the page."

President Jordan, Leland Stanford Jr. University: "Pleased with the compactness and accuracy of the definitions."

President Faunce, Brown University: "It is an encyclopedia covering the entire territory of the world's knowledge and the world's action."

To those who respond at once we will send a copy of an amusing "Test in Pronunciation" (with key), entitled "A Visit to the Dectrig High School," and also a "Red Facsimile Booklet" of interesting questions, with references to their answers.

The ATLAS

is the 1910 "New Reference Atlas of the World," containing new colored maps, showing every country and civil division upon the face of the globe. It contains over 160 pages, size 10½ x 13½ inches, including illustrated description of the Panama Canal with latest maps and plans, and is published by one of the best known map publishers in the world, at the price of $3 a copy.

Mail this coupon at once to

G. & C. MERRIAM CO.
Springfield, Mass.

Home Office (Coupon)

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass.:

Please send me, free of all obligation or expense, a copy of "Test in Pronunciation," and also "Red Facsimile Booklet," with special terms of your SATURDAY EVENING POST free Atlas offer on the enlarged edition of "Webster's NEW International Dictionary."

Name .....

Address .....

Wood-Shine

Registered

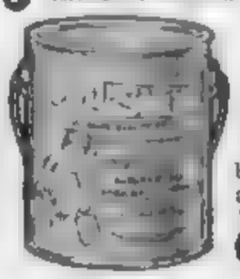
"The Home Beautifier"

Welcome "Handy Andy" to your home

Special Introductory Offer

Try one can of WOOD-SHINE and you will be delighted at the wonderful results it produces. Its magic touch transforms floors, doors, window casings, screens, mantels, chairs, tables, gas or electric fixtures, oil cloth, linoleum, etc., from old to new and from dullness to brilliancy and sheen.

WOOD-SHINE is the greatest of all finishes for furniture. It comes in 15 different colors to match almost any kind of interior finish or shade desired. It restores the original brilliancy, beauty and luster to natural or antique Oak, light or dark, Cherry, Walnut, Maple or Mahogany finish or reproduces any of the more attractive woods. WOOD-SHINE makes soft wood floors look like hard wood and gives them permanent beauty and luster. It is not soft or sticky under the foot like many floor stains. Cut out the coupon, mail to us and get a ¼ pint can of WOOD-SHINE and a handsomely illustrated book which will amuse and instruct the children and tell you about many different ways to brighten up your home.



OUR 25c. OFFER FOR 10c.

To Introduce WOOD-SHINE Into Your Home.

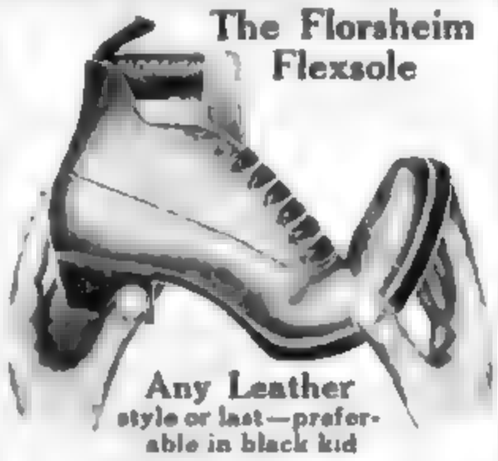
Send 10c. stamps or silver for a 15c ¼ pint can of WOOD-SHINE enough to finish any piece of furniture. Specify shade wanted. Light Oak, Dark Oak, Mahogany, Cherry, Ox Blood, Green, Walnut or Clear Varnish. We include with this offer a copy of our unique book for children "A Day With Helpful Handy Andy" illustrated in full colors by Ike Morgan, brimful of interesting and instructive matter of how to help solve some of the perplexing problems of house keeping. This useful and beautiful book is alone worth more than 10 cents. F. H. MESSENGER CO., Mfrs. (Est. 1865) of Varnish and Paint Specialties, 6 Green St., Auburn, N. Y.

Name .....

Address .....

The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN SHOE



The Florsheim Flexsole

Any Leather style or last—preferable in black kid

You Will Never Know

what shoe-comfort really is until you wear a Florsheim "Natural Shape" Flexsole.

Comfortable from the start as an old shoe.

A light, flexible, specially designed shoe for tender and aching feet.

Ask your dealer about the Florsheim Flexsole Shoe or send $6.00 to cover cost of shoes and express charges, and we will have our nearest dealer fill your order.

Most Styles $5.00 and $6.00

The Florsheim Shoe Company

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Why Not a Profitable Retail Business of Your Own?

I know of many places where new stores are needed—and I will tell you about a retail line which will pay handsome profits on small investment. A line sure to lead to the general or department store. No charge for my services. Write today for particulars and booklet.

Edward B. Moon, 8 West Randolph Street, Chicago

Baseball Suits Made to Order

$5.00 EACH, VALUE $7.00
$6.50 FOR $9 SUITS

We manufacture and make a specialty of selling direct to the baseball teams, giving them all the middle profits. We guarantee our suits for wear and tear. EVERY ARTICLE INCLUDED. CAP, SHIRT, PANTS, BELT, STOCKINGS AND LETTERING. Send for book of samples free. We furnish to D[illegible] Satisfaction guaranteed. No deposit required.

CLARENCE E. MILLER Manufacturer,
35 North [illegible] Philadelphia

AGENTS

[illegible] MADE $40 A WEEK [illegible] for [illegible] No [illegible] necessary. All goods guaranteed. [illegible] every customer [illegible] pleased. [illegible] sample case makes sales easy.

THOMAS MFG CO., 408 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio

Rieger's "Flower Drops" THE NEW PERFUME

50 Times the Strength of Ordinary Perfume

A drop [illegible] the odor of a bushel of blossoms [illegible] odors—Lily of the Valley, Violet, Rose, Moore [illegible] the finest perfume you ever smelt. [illegible] a bottle at druggists or [illegible] Send [illegible] stamps for sample order.

Sample free if [illegible] your druggist

Paul Rieger 20 First St. San Francisco

HIS BACK TO THE WALL

(Concluded from Page 15)

"Ye have blud on the face av ye," whimpered Miss Alice.

"It is a tea-party," answered Jimmy. "O'Shaughnessy, take her back to the car."

"Ye forget who I am," she cried, with tears av indignation.

"I raymember who I am—the Coompany's represintative—and ye must not hinder me at duty," rayplied Jimmy sternly. And back she went. But there was more pride than anger in the luk she gave him.

"Ride the cars, ye rough necks!" roared Jimmy to the striking switchgintlemen, and ride them we did, down grade to the next station where lay the Prisidint's engine with steam up for the road.

Into the coach where sat the Prisidint with his head betwane his hands swept Jimmy.

"We have brought ye the tea thrain," says Jimmy, "and will use yez engine. Do ye want to ride with us?" he called back, for he was already at the door.

The Prisidint had seen the bridge go out with his own eyes. "Perhaps the Sooperintindint swam the river with the thrain under his arm," he rayflects. "Sure, I am going as crazy as a director." Still, he can say nothing whativer; and while Jimmy calls into the telygraph office to clear the line, the couplings are made and we are off.

We tore past cars on sidings with the crackle av a gatling gun, while gravel from the hillsides showered through the glass av the Prisidint's coach.

When we changed engines, the Prisidint glared through the windys at us like a Borneo man; but he stuck to the game, and we turned the tea thrain over to the other Sooperintindint on time.

Jimmy came at us up the platfoorm, luking like the fiend himself. But he stepped like a prize-fighter, and the eyes glowed out av his black face like switch lamps in a storm.

"Are ye on strike?" he wanted to know. And we had hardly life enough left to ixplain that we wud rather strike for him than against him.

"I saw the bridge go out," shouted the Prisidint, who rayfused to believe his senses.

"We swam across with the thrain," ixplains Jimmy.

. . . . . .

"And this is the rayson," concluded the Old Switchman, "that when I saw the new Gineral Manager sitting with his head betwane his hands——"

The Foreman cleared his throat loudly. There was a note of warning in the sound, for early in the narrative Denny had acquired another listener—a gentleman of middle age, in a fur overcoat, who looked on them with level eyes and the manner of authority.

Entering quietly behind Denny, he had made a gesture that the narrator should not be interrupted.

"I am afraid I do not appreciate your interest in me," said this gentleman sternly to Denny, who now faced him with great composure.

"Perhaps sixty days' rest will cure him," decided the General Manager after a moment's reflection, and he stepped outside. Denny sauntered after him.

The General Manager, waiting up the yard, shook hands with the Old Switchman.

"What! wasn't sixty days enough?" he asked with a quiet laugh. And then more thoughtfully: "Denny, perhaps you were right to batter my car the way you did. You've brought to mind the old lesson. Tomorrow I'll go back to headquarters and clean 'em out."

"Are ye all for the Coompany, still?"

"That's why I'm in the fight. But I didn't know you were on this road; if you can keep a still tongue for the sake of discipline, come down during your lay-off and we'll talk good times. I haven't seen one of the old crowd since I went East."

He handed several bills to the Old Switchman. "And how is Miss Alice?" Denny asked.

"You will see her, and can tell your stories to the children. I'll get something better for you at once——"

Denny shook his head rather mournfully: "There are not many switchgintlemen left, and the b'ys cannot spare me. You and I must aich stick to his daypartment, Jimmy—aich with his head up."

The Seng Spring Turkish Rocker is the *Easiest* Easy-Chair

THE spring gives that restful, luxurious comfort you buy a rocker for—delightfully responsive to every motion.

Makes the upholstery last longer.

Made at all prices by principal manufacturers—sold everywhere.

Look for the Seng trademark on the spring and be sure of

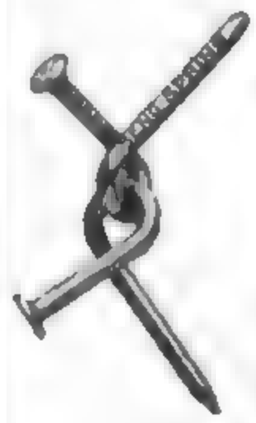
Comfort and Quality

You will enjoy our free booklet—"A Turkish Rocker and Why." Send 2-cent stamp and we will include the famous Seng puzzle.

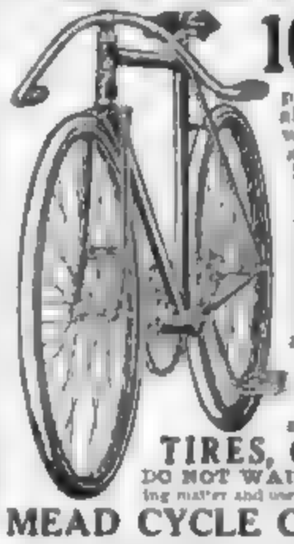
The Seng Co., 1455 Dayton St., Chicago, Ill.

SENG SPRING GUARANTEED FOR [illegible] YEARS SENG SPRING

The Seng Puzzle



Send 2 cent stamp and see if you can get the nails apart.



10 DAYS FREE TRIAL We will ship you a "RANGER" BICYCLE on approval freight prepaid to any place in the United States *without a cent deposit in advance*, and allow ten days free trial from the day you receive it. If it does not suit you in every way and is not all or more than we claim for it and a better bicycle than you can get anywhere else regardless of price, or if for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep it, ship it back to us at our expense for freight and you will *not be out one cent.*

LOW FACTORY PRICES We sell the highest grade bicycles direct from factory to rider at lower prices than any other house. We save you $10 to $25 middlemen's profit on every bicycle—highest grade models with Puncture Proof Tires, [illegible] Coaster Brakes, pedals, etc., all [illegible] at prices asked for cheap mail order bicycles, also reliable [illegible] grade models at unheard of low prices.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED in each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample 1910 Ranger Bicycle furnished by us. You will be astonished at the *wonderfully low prices* and the liberal propositions and special offers we will give on the first 1910 sample going to your town. Write at once for our *special offer.*

DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our catalogue and learn our low prices and liberal terms. BICYCLE DEALERS: you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at $3 to $8 each. Description list mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER BRAKES, [illegible] single wheels, lowest prices, sundries, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write today for our *large* Catalog and Special Offer, containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it now.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. F-55 CHICAGO, ILL.

The Drop Makes the Gurgle

For a sweet, cool, clean, all around satisfying smoke, moisture must be carried away from the tobacco. *The "Gurgle" Spoils the Smoke.*

By the laws of Physics it is impossible for a drop to form on a [illegible]. *My* **CHUM** pipe *has a slot* in the [illegible] of the tobacco bowl which keeps the bowl dry at all. All the disagreeable features of pipe smoking, bad taste, odor and clogging, are removed. Try a few smokes on this principle. By mail, postage prepaid, $1. Extra hard finish, silver trimmed, $1.50. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

J. C. DRUCKLIEB & CO., 221 Canal St., N. Y.

Do you own a Field Glass?

You are missing half the pleasure of outdoor life without one. You may also need a good Field Glass in your business.

ATCO Binoculars

enable you to see farther, to see clearer and to see more of the object than any others at equal cost.

Perplex	$65 up	Simplex	$26 up
Aulocrat	$33 up	Duplex	$10 up

Satisfaction Guaranteed. Not [illegible] —or Money back. Have [illegible] dealer write for catalog 21, and order [illegible] sent.

American Thermo-Ware Co. 16 Warren St. New York

Finishes for Concrete Surfaces

Ordinary paints, when used on concrete, peel, crack and wear off.

Trus-Con Finishes become part of the concrete, resist wear, and are waterproof.

Trus-Con Floor Finishes are dampproof, waterproof and prevent the formation of concrete dust on [illegible] floors. Produce a [illegible] surface which [illegible] by washing.

Trus-Con Wall Finishes make walls absolutely dampproof and allow [illegible] to show its natural texture, preserving its beautiful grain and superior [illegible] at moderate cost by washing.

Trus-Con Finishes for Floors and Walls are furnished in a choice of many pleasing colors.

Tell us condition and size of surface to be finished and we will send *free trial sample. Book of Color Cards free.*

TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL COMPANY
501 Trussed Concrete Building DETROIT, MICH.

Conservative, Long-Headed People are Urged to Investigate This Opportunity

Grow the Golden Grape Fruit—the Money-Making Wonder of Today

Grape fruit growing presents the greatest opportunity in the country today—for people of either large or small means—for the city man, sick of insufficient pay, as well as the farmer. We offer you land now in the best grape fruit section in all America. Investigation by the most careful is urged. We have issued a handsome book, telling the facts. Send for it today. It is FREE.

Rich Grape Fruit Land at 25c a Week per Acre—No "Deposit" Asked

THE profits in grape fruit have become amazing. To one who has not investigated, they are almost beyond belief. Five years ago less than one million grape fruit supplied this entire country. Last year over *fifty million* grape fruit were consumed.

Yet even these fifty million did not meet the demand. It greatly exceeds the supply—and the popularity of grape fruit increases daily.

We now offer you land at Largo, on the Pinellas Peninsula, Florida, as low as $20 an acre—at terms of only 25 cents a week per acre. No "deposit" is required. Your money back with 8% interest at any time within 30 days if you're not wholly satisfied.

We have just secured this land. It has never been advertised—never for sale before. Yet it is in the heart of what has been *proved* the world's richest grape fruit section.

The area where grape fruit can be grown is very small. Most of the choice fruit comes from this Pinellas Peninsula.

Last year more than five hundred solid car loads of grape fruit and oranges were shipped from the town of Largo. The prices secured have made the growers independent.

Commission men do not get all the profit here. There are five buyers for every man's crop. They buy the fruit on the trees. All the picking, hauling and marketing they do themselves.

It is not unusual for grape fruit groves at Largo to yield $1,500 a year per acre clear profit.

The Golden Fruit

S. H. Coachman recently refused $27,000 for his 10-acre grove near Largo.

If you secure an allotment in the tract we offer, you will be a neighbor of Mr. Coachman. Yet your land need cost you only $20 an acre—on long-time payments.

All about Largo are other groves, hugging the border-line of our tract. They are heavy with the golden fruit—golden in color, golden in commercial value.

It is all the same soil—the same climate. Mr. Coachman's grove, for instance, before he set out his grape fruit trees, was such land as we offer you.

Oranges can be raised here, too. But there is more money in grape fruit. Yet it costs no more to bring a grape fruit grove to bearing than the commonest apple orchard.

For making money—for a huge percentage of profit on the investment—grape fruit is the wonder of the day.

You can buy 10 acres on easy terms, live on the land, get your living from truck farming and meanwhile develop a grape fruit grove that will make you independent, if not rich.

Or, you can buy your land, live at home and have it developed for you under contract. In four years you can move upon it. It will be producing a goodly income. Whether your income is $1000 or $10,000 a year, there are big opportunities here for you.

Your Ideal Winter Home at a Surprisingly Small Outlay

If you have no wish to farm, you can secure particularly choice residence sites here. The prices are slightly higher than on the farm land. Yet ridiculously low, considering location. Numbers of sites may be had on the ocean shore. Investigate this.

Truck farming has proved very profitable at Largo.

Two Crops a Year

C. V. Chambers, just south of the Largo tract, between Largo and St. Petersburg, came there three years ago absolutely devoid of agricultural experience. His yields—1908-1909 crop—follow:

CELERY—Over 1000 crates to the acre—netted $1.20 a crate over and above all expenses.

POTATOES—Three crops in the same season from the same piece of land—60 days from planting to harvest, on each crop. Easily averaged 100 bushels to the acre for each crop and has never sold for less than $1.50 per bushel, at the time of harvest.

A Bond for Your Deed on Land at

LARGO

"America's Golden Grape Fruit Garden"

Between St. Petersburg and Belleair, on the Pinellas Peninsula, Florida

LETTUCE—Planted September 22nd and shipped 60 days from the date of planting.

PEAS—Picked 6 weeks from the date of planting—averaged $375 to the acre.

The average yearly yield of celery, in this very COUNTY, is shown by government reports to be $972.29 per acre. (From tenth Biennial Report of the Farm Commission, State of Florida.)

On the same land in the same year a crop of lettuce can also be grown. The Florida Department of Agriculture shows the average returns from lettuce as $953.56 per acre. A return of $1,925.85 per acre in one year, when the two crops are grown—based on these averages.

At the introductory prices, you can NOW buy land at Largo as low as $20 an acre.

We do not admit, however, that this land is less valuable because it is now held at such prices.

People are just beginning to awake to its value. How high the prices soon will go, none can tell.

Largo is in the western portion of Hillsboro County, Florida, on the Pinellas Peninsula (Peninsula of Pines).

It is a fine, open country, *high and dry*, with good drainage. It does not need to be irrigated.

Near the Market

The town of Largo has four fruit-packing houses, churches, schools, stores, telephones and good neighbors.

Our land is only 6 miles from St. Petersburg, a city of 5,000 population. It is one of the most popular winter resorts in the United States.

Thousands of Northern tourists and pleasure-seekers spend their winters on the Peninsula. This makes poultry raising highly profitable. Eggs and poultry are scarce. Good prices can always be had.

Before you buy land, in Florida or elsewhere, find out exactly how far you are from a *market*, from a *railroad* and the *nearest shipping point*. Also how far you are from water transportation. Water rates are not only cheap. They have the effect of keeping railroad rates down.

The *main line* of the Atlantic Coast Line Railway passes through the center of the tract for about three miles.

None of the land is more than five miles from the railroad. Most of it is within 2½ miles.

There are two other shipping points besides Largo on the property, where refrigerator cars may be loaded directly from the field and rushed to Northern Markets.

The average time for freight from Largo to New York by rail is less than 96 hours. But vegetables and perishable fruits are rushed through by express in two days.

At St. Petersburg and Tampa, connections are made with three steamship lines operating regular boats to Mobile, New Orleans, and Jacksonville, Savannah, Charleston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston. Tampa, with its 50,000 population, sixteen miles away, is one of the most *important* deep-water ports on the Gulf.

There are free shipping piers at St. Petersburg. The service, both for freight and passengers, is excellent.

Free Instruction

The man who settles at Largo will not be on the border line of civilization. His children can *walk* to school. There are splendid schools in Largo and throughout the county. Neighborhood feeling is strong at Largo. The right kind of men are welcomed—with a helping hand. For the people here are of the highest type.

A man who settles at Largo does not have to "attend a college" to learn whatever he might not know about fruit growing or truck farming.

We provide competent instructors *free of all charge*. If you wish, the Florida State Agricultural College provides free correspondence courses in agriculture.

We have also arranged with John S. Taylor, of Largo, Florida, who has had 20 years' experience with grape fruit growing, and who owns five groves himself, to plant your trees, care for the land for five years and bring the trees into bearing for you. So you can stay right at home and have all the work done for you if you desire.

Get our book. See what liberal terms we offer you. See how you can buy this rich land at the rate of only 25 cents per acre per week. We urge a thorough investigation.

Send now for our handsome book, *FREE* postpaid. Let that be your first step.

THE salaried man, sick of the city toil, sick of never getting ahead, should look into this.

The man or woman now struggling with an unprofitable, uncertain farm should get our free book—should study the facts and figures—Government reports, etc. The realization will be speedy of what an opportunity is here—at Largo, on the Pinellas Peninsula, Florida.

The Northern purchaser—who desires—can continue to operate a business in the north, spend only the late winter and spring at Largo, and realize a capital profit on his grove. For grape fruit and oranges require practically no cultivation from July to January.

The grape fruit and orange industry of Florida has reached its highest state of development at Largo, on the Pinellas Peninsula.

Its insular position, its climate, soil, water and drainage, make this section peculiarly adapted to growing the finest of fruit. Indeed it seems that this strip of land, 20 miles long and about 8 miles in breadth, might have been created on purpose for an ideal grove.

A country to be thoroughly adapted to citrus fruits must be safe from freezing weather.

When bearing orange and grape fruit groves are valued at $1,000 an acre, a freeze may wipe out their value in a night, unless they are located in a section where freezes do not occur.

Very little of the United States is safely below the frost line. Most of this area is close to the southwest coast of Florida, and warmed by the waters of the Gulf.

At one time growers thought that all Florida was below the frost line, but the great freeze of '95 demolished that theory, ruining thousands of orchards and sending the owners to those sections on the southwest coast that went through the disaster almost unharmed.

That memorable year, known in Florida as the year of the "big freeze," the orange crop for the whole State fell from 6,000,000 to 300,000 boxes. Most of this came from the Pinellas Peninsula and the other protected sections of the west coast.

A damage from freezing, such as occurred over the most of the state in '95, has never been known on the peninsula.

We have only a limited number of acres of this rich land to offer now at these extraordinary easy terms and prices. So it's best for you to send for the book and investigate at once so you can secure an early choice of ground. We allot the tracts to the applicants in the order they apply.

Send Coupon Today For Handsome Free Book

Pinellas Groves, Inc.
1129 First National Bank Bldg.
Chicago, Ill.

You may send me your large Illustrated FREE book about Largo.

Name .....

Street and No. .....

City ..... State .....

Largo—"America's Golden Grape Fruit Garden"

Money Back with 8% Interest if Dissatisfied

JOHN MAGEE, Sole Selling Agent

Pinellas Groves, Incorporated, 1129 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

5,000 MERCHANTS—men of keen judgment, technical knowledge and broad experience, sell *Wunderhose* in preference to all other makes and brands.

This decision, 5,000 strong, should be conclusive enough for *you* to accept as final evidence that *you* are safe in buying ***Wunderhose*** in preference to all others.

Wunderhose are technically right from start to finish. They are manufactured by the most complete and modernized organization in the hosiery business. We control every resource of production that can possibly contribute *the utmost value at the least possible selling price.* We don't buy our cotton, but we raise it. We don't buy our yarn—we comb and spin it right in our own mills. *We* dye it because no one else has ever conceived a process that equals ours.

We make ***Wunderhose*** so much better than the usual 25c grade that **we guarantee the wear.** *It's a very simple sort of a guarantee.*

"We warrant ***Wunderhose*** to wear four months without need of darning in toe, sole or heel, or you receive ***New Stockings Free.***"

Wunderhose for Children

were guaranteed long before any maker conceived the idea of making children's stockings worthy of a guarantee.

Wunderhose for children are not of heavy, clumsy weight, but perfect fitting, proper stockings for children. They fit the foot, the ankle, the calf, the knee and above the kneecap. Just at the points of the toe, the heel and the sole, where children in their rough and tumble games of play are sure to punch through the average stocking, ***Wunderhose*** are cleverly reinforced and laugh at such abuse.

Style 333, Boys' treble knee WUNDERHOSE, double ribbed, *four pairs in a box at $1.00 per box.*

Style 444, Boys' and Girls' black treble knee WUNDERHOSE, single ribbed; *four pairs in a box at $1.00 per box.*

For the Entire Family

Wunderhose

TRADE MARK

One Dollar per box of 4 Pairs

Wunderhose for Men

comprise a fine array of rich color tones and the purest, surest, brightest black.

Wunderhose fit—they are shapely socks. Just the proper weight—not so sheer as to be impractical, not heavy enough to cause sweaty feet, not coarse in knit—like usual popular priced socks, but the kind of half hose that feel good on the feet. A box of four pairs are warranted to serve no less than four months' continuous wear.

Style 222, Men's medium weight, in black, tan, navy, pearl, ox blood, packed *four pairs in a box at $1.00.*

Style 226, Men's white foot, *four pairs in a box at $1.00 per box.*

Style 111, Men's extra light weight fine gauge, in black, tan, Copenhagen, navy, pearl, burgundy, green and wistaria, packed *four pairs in a box at the price of $1.00 per box.*

Wunderhose for Women and Misses

are made in black or tan only. The brightest, truest black, the richest, softest tan. Made full, to fit over the toes, at the heel, in the sole, over the ankle, around the calf, at the knee and full at the top. A light weight stocking that won't pull or tear to the strain and tug of hose supporters.

Style 555, Misses' fine gauge black or tan WUNDERHOSE, *four pairs in a box at $1.00 per box.*

Misses' WUNDERHOSE De Luxe, extra fine gauge mercerized, *THREE pairs in a box at $1.00 per box.*

Style 634, Ladies' WUNDERHOSE, black or tan, hem top, *four pairs in a box at $1.00 per box.*

Style 777, Ladies' ribbed WUNDERHOSE, very elastic. In black or tan. *THREE pairs in a box at $1.00 per box.*

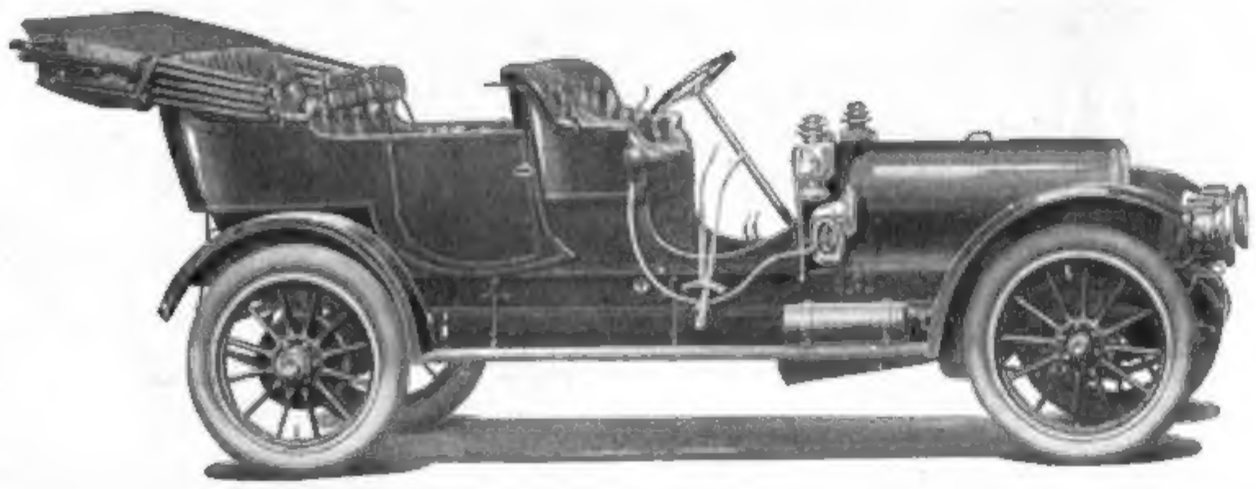
Style 650, Out size in black for extra stout ladies. *THREE pairs in a box at $1.00 per box.*

Perhaps the very store you are used to dealing with is a ***Wunderhose*** merchant or will secure ***Wunderhose*** for you.

If you make inquiry at your store and find that your dealer does not carry ***Wunderhose,*** then send to us direct. State size, color and weight of hosiery desired, and we will send you ***Wunderhose*** prepaid to your address.

Write for our ***Wunderhose*** Wunder Book—it's free.

CHATTANOOGA KNITTING MILLS, Chattanooga, Tenn.



Franklin

No tire trouble
No cooling trouble

Always comfortable

Strange as it may seem, the average automobilist does not know automobile comfort.

Nor does the average man know the sensation of flying in an aeroplane, and he never will unless he tries it. In the same way the automobilist does not know comfort until he uses a really comfortable automobile. He judges easy riding by what he is used to and may permit himself to be satisfied with a standard far below what he might enjoy.

Not to have full comfort is to miss the best part of automobiling. What one will get in comfort, not what he thinks or believes, is what the automobile buyer wants to know. Only in this way can he get the proper standard of comfort.

Find out

If you think the ordinary automobile is as comfortable as a Franklin the thing to do is to make a comparative test.

If you think the rigid steel-frame and the semi-elliptic-spring construction commonly used in any way equals the Franklin full-elliptic-spring and wood-frame flexible construction an investigation will be a revelation.

If you think a certain amount of jarring and jolting must be endured your understanding of what you are entitled to is wrong. Jars, jolts and vibrations from road shocks are no more necessary in an automobile than in a fine carriage.

Our idea of comfort

The Franklin idea of comfort is not how fast you can drive and not throw the passengers out, but how far and how fast you can drive with perfect ease and enjoyment. Built on this idea, the Franklin is always comfortable. It makes the best time; the passengers do not suffer fatigue. The automobile itself is not racked.

And comfort is more than easy riding. If an automobile is comfortable it is proof that it is a good automobile. If it is comfortable it does not pound itself; it does not deteriorate and rattle. It is easy on itself and on the tires.

Comfort and road ability

An easy-riding automobile has the most road ability. Power alone does not give road ability. Unless you can drive along smoothly and consistently you are not getting the full advantage of the power.

That the Franklin has the most road ability and the greatest endurance is evidenced in many ways, and especially by the fact that its San Francisco-New York and Chicago-New York records have stood for years unbroken. Although the roads across the country have been immensely improved other automobiles have not been able to even approach our records, which is very significant.

Advanced design

Comfort, light weight, simplicity—these are the features you want. They are the hall marks of advanced design. Comfort, the great thing to be sure of, means everything; simplicity means lack of trouble; light weight means economy and safety. On the basis of ability and staying qualities the Franklin is the lightest automobile made.

Air cooling that will not overheat

The Franklin new cooling system is the one great success of the year. The cooling system is the engine itself, there being no auxiliary mechanism—something never before accomplished. You really do not know that you have a cooling system for it requires no attention and gives no trouble. It will not overheat nor freeze.

Wrong on the tire question

The tire question, "problem" it is called, is another subject that is not understood. The standard usually accepted is wrong. The carrying of extra tires and submitting to delay and trouble are thought to be "part of the game", and so they are with the average automobile. But investigation—an effort to find out instead of accepting the common belief—will give you the proper standard. There is no tire problem with the Franklin. So reliable is the tire equipment that extra tires are not carried. The tires will not blow out. They give service for four times the mileage of the ordinary tire equipment. You can ask the tire manufacturers.

It is simple enough. Being light and flexible, the Franklin is easy on its tires. We do not stop there, but equip our automobiles with extra large tires so that the tires are not overloaded nor put under stress by fast driving.

Proof

1910 Franklins are not provided with tire carrying irons. At first purchasers were loath to accept them without such irons and without providing extra tires, but they do now—experience has proved our claims.

We have a long list of reports from owners showing almost unbelievable mileage without even a puncture.

Model G, $1850, a challenge

While we take off our hat to the many manufacturers producing splendid automobiles of medium size at low price, there has not yet been one produced that equals Franklin Model G. We brought this model out in 1906. Its tremendous success has spurred manufacturers everywhere to an effort to meet its competition. But none has succeeded. Model G is the only touring car of low price that has enduring quality. So good is it, like any Franklin, that we would match it in a transcontinental contest against any automobile made, no matter what its size or price.

Six-cylinder Model H, $3750

No Franklin ever had less than four cylinders. In 1906 when we brought out Model H other manufacturers, who had just begun making four cylinders and who had been building one, two and three cylinders while we had for years been making four cylinders, said the six was absurd. But we went right ahead, and today Franklin Model H is supreme in the six-cylinder class. Its increase in power is thirty per cent greater than the increase in weight. No other manufacturer has done this. Its upkeep is very much less than the upkeep of a four-cylinder of equal power. This is because it is lighter and because it has a very light fly wheel and is easy on all its parts and on its tires. For high power it is safer construction. A high-powered four-cylinder motor requires a heavy fly wheel, and a heavy fly wheel requires heavy construction throughout. A heavy fly wheel is hard on the mechanism and on the tires and is in itself an element of danger. To be ideal an automobile engine would not require a fly wheel. In the present development, however, the fly wheel is an undesirable necessity, but in a six it is less of a necessity than in a four.

Model D, $2800

Model D has long been the leader in the medium class. It is the best automobile for the average user. It is so well proportioned that it is large enough for touring and at the same time small enough for city work.

Perhaps you wonder why other manufacturers are so slow to employ Franklin construction—light weight, full-elliptic springs all around, wood chassis frame, large wheels, large tires and air cooling. But when you consider that in all the affairs of the world's history it is the one who stands apart from the crowd that turns out to be the leader you know the answer.

The Franklin catalogue, the clearest, frankest expression on the automobile subject ever published, will be sent free on request.

H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY Syracuse N Y

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

The musical instrument with the sweetest, most mellow of tones

If you love good music, and want to hear it as you have never heard it before—with a beauty and expression of tone entirely new—be sure to hear the Victrola.

Victrola XVI
Mahogany, $200
Quartered oak, $200
Circassian walnut, $250

Victrola XII **Mahogany, $125**

Go to the nearest Victor dealer's, and he will gladly play on the Victrola any Victor music you want to hear.

If you are fond of grand opera, ask specially to hear Caruso's "Forza del Destino" solo (88207); if you prefer instrumental music, ask to hear one of Maud Powell's beautiful violin solos; or if you'd rather listen to some amusing songs, ask to hear the new records by that great Scotch comedian, Harry Lauder.

All these records are made by the new Victor process, and show the wonderful advances recently made in the art of Victor recording.

The new Victor catalogue lists more than 3000 selections—both single- and double-faced records. Same quality—only difference is in price. Buy double-faced if the combination suits you.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records

Victrola

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month